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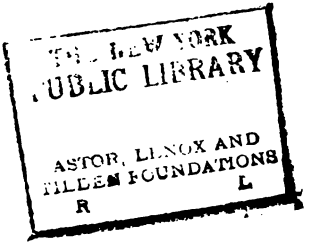
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MICKLE.
Beneath a leafy Vine the nymph reclin'd

Engraved by J Neagle Philad.ª

THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS,

WITH

LIVES OF THE AUTHORS.

EDITED BY

ROBERT WALSH, Jr.

VOL. XXXIV.

MICKLE, J. WARTON, AND T. WARTON.

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SELECT POEMS

OF

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE:

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

THE LIFE

OF

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

THE father of this poet was the Rev. Alexander Mickle, who, exchanging the profession of physic for that of divinity, was admitted, at an age more advanced than usual, into the ministry of the church of Scotland. From that country he removed to London, where he preached for some time in various dissenting meetings, particularly that of the celebrated Dr. Watts. He was also employed by the booksellers in correcting the translation of Bayle's Dictionary, to which he is said to have contributed the greater part of the notes. In 1716, he returned to Scotland, on being presented to the living of Langholm, in the county of Dumfries; and in 1727 he married Julia, daughter of Mr. Thomas Henderson, of Ploughlands, near Edinburgh. By this lady, who appears to have died before him, he had ten children.

Our poet, his fourth son, was born Sept. 29, 1734, and educated at the grammar-school of Langholm, where he acquired that early taste for works of genius which frequently ends, in spite of all obstacles, in a life devoted to literary pursuits. He even attempted, when at school, a few devotional pieces in rhyme, which, however, were not superior to the common run of juvenile compositions. About his thirteenth year, he accidentally met with

Spenser's Faerie Queene, which he studied with so much perseverance as produced a lasting impression on his mind, and made him desirous of being enrolled among the imitators of that poet. To this he joined the reading of Homer and Virgil during his education at the high school of Edinburgh, in which city his father obtained permission to reside, in consideration of his advanced age and infirmities, and to enable him to give a proper education to his children.

About two years after the Rev. Mr. Mickle came to reside in Edinburgh, upon the death of a brother-in-law, a brewer in the neighbourhood of that city, he embarked a great part of his fortune in the purchase of the brewery, and continued the business in the name of his eldest son. Our poet was then taken from school, employed as a clerk under his father, and, upon coming of age, in 1775, took upon him the whole charge and property of the business, on condition of granting his father a share of the profits during his life, and paying a certain sum to his brothers and sisters at stated periods after his father's decease, which happened in 1758.

Young Mickle is said to have entered into these engagements more from a sense of filial duty, and the peculiar situation of his family, than from any inclination to business. He had already contracted the habits of literary life: he had begun to feel the enthusiasm of a son of the Muses; and while he was storing his mind with the production of former poets, and cultivating those branches of elegant literature not usually taught at schools at that time, he felt the employment too delightful to admit of much interruption from the concerns of trade. In 1761, he contributed, but without his name, two charming compositions, entitled Knowledge, an Ode, and A Night Piece, to a collection of poetry published by Donaldson, a bookseller of Edinburgh. He had also finished a dramatic poem of

considerable length, entitled The Death of Socrates, and had also begun a poem on Providence, when his studies were interrupted by the importunities of his creditors.

The confusion in his affairs was partly occasioned by his intrusting that to servants which it was in their power to abuse without his knowledge, and partly by imprudently becoming a joint security, for a considerable sum, with a printer in Edinburgh, to whom one of his brothers was then apprentice, which, on his failure, Mickle was unable to pay.

In this dilemma, had he at once compounded with his creditors, and disposed of the business, as he was advised, he might have averted a series of anxieties that preyed on his mind for many years. But some friends interposed at this crisis, and prevailed on his creditors to accept notes of hand in lieu of present payment, a measure which, however common, is generally futile, and seldom fails to increase the embarrassments which it is kindly intended to alleviate. Accordingly, within a few months, Mickle was again insolvent, and almost distracted with the nearer view of impending ruin ready to fall, not only on himself, but on his whole family. His reflections on this occasion, which he expressed in a letter to his brother in London, are such as do honour to his moral and religious sentiments.

Perhaps an unreserved acknowledgment of insolvency might not yet have been too late to shorten his sufferings, had not the same friends again interfered, and again persuaded his creditors to allow him more time to satisfy their demands. This interference, as it appeared to be the last that was possible, in some degree roused him to a more close application to business; but as business was ever secondary in his thoughts, he was induced at

the same time to place considerable reliance on his poetical talents, which, as far as known, had been encouraged by some critics of acknowledged taste, in his own country. He therefore began to retouch and complete his poem on Providence, from which he conceived great expectations, and at length had it published in London by Becket, in August, 1762, under the title of Providence, or Arandus and Emilée. The character given of it in the Critical Review, was highly flattering; but the opinion of the Monthly, which was then esteemed more decisive, being less satisfactory, he determined to appeal to Lord Lyttelton. Accordingly, he sent to this nobleman a letter, dated January 21, 1763, under the assumed name of William Moore, begging his lordship's opinion of his poem, "which," he tells him, "was the work of a young man, friendless and unknown; but that, were another edition to have the honour of Lord Lyttelton's name at the head of a dedication, such a favour would enable him to put it in a much better dress than what it then appeared in." He concluded with requesting the favour of an answer to be left at Seagoe's coffee-house, Holborn. This letter he consigned to the care of his brother in London, who was to send it in his own hand, and call for the answer. The whole was the simple contrivance of a young man, unacquainted with the real value of the favour he solicited, and who, perhaps, had no very distinct ideas of his own expectation from it.

But before he could receive any answer, his affairs became so deranged that, although he experienced many instances of friendship and forbearance, it was no longer possible to avert a bankruptcy; and suspecting that one of his creditors intended to arrest him for an inconsiderable debt, he was under the painful necessity of leaving his home, which he did in the month of April, and reached

London on the eighth of May. Here, for some time, he remained friendless and forlorn, reflecting, with the utmost poignancy, that he had, in all probability, involved his family and friends in irremediable distress.

Among other schemes which he hoped might eventually succeed in relieving his embarrassments he appears to have had some intentions of going to Jamaica, but in what capacity, or with what prospects, he perhaps did not himself know. There was, however, no immediate plan so easily practicable, by which he could expect, at some distant period, to satisfy his creditors; and the consciousness of this most painful of all obligations, was felt by him in a manner that can be conceived only by minds of the nicest honour and most scrupulous integrity.

While in this perplexity, he was cheered by a letter from Lord Lyttelton, in which his lordship assured him, that he thought his genius in poetry deserved to be cultivated, but would not advise the re-publication of his poem without considerable alterations. He declined the offer of a dedication, as a thing likely to be of no use to the poet, "as nobody minded dedications," but suggested that it might be of some use if he were to come and read the poem with his lordship, when they might discourse together upon what he thought its beauties and faults. In the mean time, he exhorted Mickle to endeavour to acquire greater harmony of versification, and to take care that his diction did not *loiter into prose*, or become hard by new phrases, or words unauthorized by the usage of good authors. Whatever may be thought of Lord Lyttelton's subsequent conduct, it cannot be denied that this letter was condescending and friendly; and it is certain, that he readily and zealously performed what he had undertaken.

In answer, Mickle informed him of his real name, and inclosed the elegy of Pollio for his advice.

This was followed by another kind letter from Lord Lyttelton, in which he gave his opinion, that the correction of a few lines would make it as perfect as any thing of that kind in our language, and promised to point out its faults when he had the pleasure of seeing the author. An interview accordingly took place, in the month of February, 1764, when his lordship, after receiving him with the utmost politeness and affability, begged him not to be discouraged at such difficulties as a young author must naturally expect, but to cultivate his very promising poetical powers: and with his usual condescension, added, that he would become his schoolmaster. Other interviews followed this very flattering introduction, at which Mickle read with him the poem on Providence, and communicated his plan of treating more fully a subject of so much intricacy, intimating that he had found it necessary to discard the philosophy of Pope's ethics.

But as, in order to render his talents as soon productive as possible, he had now a wish to publish a volume of poems, he sent to his noble friend that on Providence, Pollio, and an Elegy on Mary Queen of Scots. This produced a long letter from his lordship, in which, after much praise of the two former, he declined criticising any part of the Elegy on Mary, because he wholly disapproved of the subject. He added, with justice, that poetry should not consecrate what history must condemn; and in the view his lordship had taken of the history of Mary, he thought her entitled to pity, but not to praise. In this opinion Mickle acquiesced, from convenience, if not from conviction, and again sent his lordship a copy of Providence, with further improvements, hoping probably that they might be the last; but he had the mortification to receive it back from the noble critic so much marked and blotted, that he began to despair of completing it

to his satisfaction. He remitted therefore a new performance, the Ode on May Day, begging his lordship's opinion "if it could be made proper to appear this spring (1765), along with the one already approved."

Whether any answer was returned to this application, we are not told. It is certain no volume of poems appeared, and our author began to feel how difficult it would be to justify such tardy proceedings to those who expected that he should do something to provide for himself. He had now been nearly two years in London, without any other subsistence than what he received from his brothers, or procured by contributing to some of the periodical publications, particularly the British and St. James Magazines. All this was scanty and precarious, and his hopes of greater advantages from his poetical efforts were considerably damped by the fastidious opinions of the noble critic who had voluntarily undertaken to be his tutor. It now occurred to Mickle to try whether his lordship might not serve him essentially as a patron, and having still some intention of going to Jamaica, he took the liberty to request his lordship's recommendation to his brother William Henry Lyttelton, esq. who was then governor of that island.

Lord Lyttelton so far complied as to write to his brother in his favour, at the time when Mickle was bent on going to Jamaica; but the latter had, in the meantime, "in order to avoid the dangers attending on uncertainty," accepted the offer of going as a merchant's clerk to Carolina, a scheme which, being delayed by some accident, he gave up for a situation more agreeable to his taste, that of corrector of the Clarendon press at Oxford.

To whom he owed this appointment we are not told. As it is a situation, however, of moderate emolument, and dependant on the printer employed, it required no extraordinary interference of

friends. He removed to Oxford in 1765, and 1767 published The Concubine, in the manne Spenser, which brought him into notice more t any thing he had yet written. It was attribute some of the highest names on the list of li poets, while he concealed his being the aut We may here remark, that when he publishe second edition, in 1778, he changed the nam Sir Martyn, as The Concubine conveyed a very proper idea both of the subject and spirit of poem.

In the beginning of 1768, he lost an amiable favourite brother, whose death he lamented pathetic poem, of which the introduction only been recovered. Mickle appears to have t greatly affected by this event, and to have so consolation where only it can be found.

In 1772, he formed that collection of fug poetry, which was published in four volume George Pearch, bookseller, as a continuatio Dodsley's collection. In this Mickle inserted Hengist and May, and the Elegy on Mary Que Scots. He contributed about the same time o occasional pieces, both in prose and verse, to periodical publications, when he could spare lei from his engagements at the Clarendon press, from a more important design which he had revolved in his mind, and had at length the r lution to carry into effect, in preference to e other employment.

This was his justly celebrated translation of Lusiad of Camoens, a poem which he is said to read when a boy, in Castera's French transla and which, at no great distance of time, he d mined to familiarize to the English reader. this purpose he studied the Portuguese langu and the history of the poem and of its author, without greatly over-rating the genius of Cam dwelt on the beauties of the Lusiad, until he ca

the author's spirit, and became confident that he could transfuse it into English, with equal honour to his original and to himself. But as it was necessary that the attention of the English public should be drawn to a poem at this time very little known, he first published proposals for his translation, to be printed by subscription, and afterwards sent a small specimen of the fifth book to be inserted in the Gentleman's Magazine. This appeared in the Magazine for March, 1771, and a few months after he printed at Oxford the first book of The Lusiad. These specimens were received with indulgence sufficient to encourage him to prosecute this undertaking with spirit, and that he might enjoy the advantage of leisure and quiet, he relinquished his situation at the Clarendon press, and retired to an old mansion occupied by a Mr. Tompkins, a farmer at Forest Hill, about five miles from Oxford. Here he remained until the end of 1775, at which time he was enabled to complete his engagement with his numerous subscribers, and publish the work complete in a quarto volume, printed at Oxford.

With the universal approbation bestowed on this work by the critical world he had every reason to be satisfied, and the profits he derived from the sale were far from inconsiderable to a man in his situation: yet the publication was attended by unforeseen circumstances of a less pleasing kind; for he had again the misfortune to be teased by the prospect of high patronage, which again ended in disappointment.

Soon after the publication of The Lusiad, he returned to London, and was advised by some, who probably in this instance consulted his fame less than his immediate interest, to write a tragedy. The profits of a play, although its merit may not be very high, are generally so great that we ought not to be surprised at his acquiescing in this scheme. The story of his tragedy, which was entitled The

Siege of Marseilles, was taken from the French history in the reign of Francis I. When completed, his friends recommended it to Garrick, who allowed its general merit, but complained of the want of stage effect, and recommended him to take the advice of Dr. Warton. This able critic was accordingly called in, with his brother Thomas, and with Home the author of Douglas. In compliance with their opinion, Mickle made great alterations, and Thomas Warton earnestly recommended the tragedy to Garrick, but in vain, and Mickle, his biographers inform us, was so incensed at this, that he resolved to appeal to the judgement of the public by printing it.

His conduct on this occasion must be ascribed to irritation arising from other disappointments. The mere printing would have been harmless, and might have been a profitable experiment. The public are not sorry to be constituted the judges in a matter where their judgment can seldom be of much use, since a play may be very pleasing in the closet, and yet very unfit for the stage. It is unnecessary to say more of this play, than that it was afterwards rejected by Mr. Harris and Mr. Sheridan. As it contains many pathetic passages and interesting situations, every reader will yet wonder that, when the author's fame became established, and when a trial on the stage might have been made with no great risk, a succession of managers persisted in rejecting it.

The first edition of the Lusiad, consisting of a thousand copies, had so rapid a sale, that a second edition, with improvements, was published in June, 1778. About the same time, as he had yet no regular subsistence, some means were employed, but ineffectually, to procure him a pension from the crown, as a man of letters. Dr. Lowth, then Bishop of London, had more than once intimated that he was ready to admit him into holy orders, and provide for him; but Mickle refused

the offer, lest his hitherto uniform support of revealed religion should be imputed to interested motives. This offer was highly honourable to him, as it must have proceeded from a knowledge of the excellence of his character, and the advantage which the church would probably derive from the accession of such a member. Nor was his rejection of it less honourable, for he was still poor. Although he had received nearly a thousand pounds from the sale and for the copyright of The Lusiad, he appropriated all of that sum which he could spare from his immediate necessities, to the payment of his debts, and the maintenance of his sisters. He soon issued proposals for printing an edition of his original poems, by subscription, in quarto, at one guinea each copy. For this he had the encouragement of many friends, and probably the result would have been very advantageous; but the steady friendship of the late commodore Johnstone relieved him from any further anxiety on this account.

In 1779, this gentleman being appointed commander of the Romney man of war, and commodore of a squadron, immediately nominated Mickle to be his secretary, by which, though only a non-commissioned officer, he was entitled to a considerable share of prize-money. But what probably afforded him most delight, in the commencement of this new life, was the destination of the squadron to the native shores of his favourite Camoens, which the fame of his translation had already reached. On his landing at Lisbon in November, 1773, he was received with the utmost politeness and respect by Prince don John of Braganza, duke of Lafoens, and was introduced to the principal nobility, gentry, and literati of Portugal. In May, 1780, the Royal Academy of Lisbon admitted him a member, and the duke of Braganza, who presided on that occasion, presented him with

his portrait as a token of his particular regard. It is almost needless to add, that the admirers of Mickle owe his beautiful, though neglected poem of Almada Hill to this visit. He is also said to have employed some of his leisure hours in collecting materials for a history of Portugal, which he did not live to prepare for the press.

On his arrival in England, in November, 1780, he was appointed joint agent for the disposal of the valuable prizes taken during the commodore's cruise, and by the profits of this place, and his share of the prize-money, he was enabled to discharge his debts. This had long been the ardent wish of his heart, the object of all his pursuits, and an object which he at length accomplished with the strictest honour, and with a satisfaction to his own mind the most pure and delightful.

In 1782, he married Mary, the daughter of Mr. Robert Tompkins, with whom he resided in Oxfordshire, while employed in translating The Lusiad. The fortune which he obtained by his marriage, and what he acquired under commodore Johnstone, would have enabled him to pass the remainder of his days in ease and independence, and with that view he took a house at Wheatley, near Oxford; but the failure and death of a banker, with whom he was connected as agent for the prizes, and a chancery suit in which he engaged rather too precipitately, in order to secure a part of his wife's fortune, involved him in much anxiety and expense. He still, however, employed his pen on occasional subjects, and contributed essays entitled The Fragments of Leo, and some other articles, to the European Magazine. His last production was Eskdale Braes, a song in commemoration of the place of his birth.

He died, after a short illness, at Forest Hill, on the 28th of October, 1788, and was buried in the churchyard of that parish. His character, as drawn

by Mr. Isaac Reed and Mr. John Ireland, who knew him well, may be adopted with safety. "He was in every point of view a man of the utmost integrity; warm in his friendship, and indignant only against vice, irreligion, or meanness. The compliment paid by Lord Lyttelton to Thomson, might be applied to him with the strictest truth; not a line is to be found in his works, which, dying, he would wish to blot. During the greatest part of his life, he endured the pressure of a narrow fortune without repining, never relaxing in his industry to acquire, by honest exertions, that independence which at length he enjoyed. He did not shine in conversation, nor would any person, from his appearance, have been able to form a favourable judgment of his talents. A very close observer might have passed many hours in Mr. Mickle's company, without suspecting that he had ever written a line of poetry. A common physiognomist would have said that he had an unmeaning face. Lavater would have said otherwise; but neither his countenance nor manners were such as attract the multitude. When his name was announced, he has been more than once asked if the translator of Camoens was any relation to him. To this he usually answered, with a good-natured smile, that they were of the same family. Simplicity, unaffected simplicity, was the leading feature in his character. The philosophy of Voltaire and David Hume was his detestation. He could not hear their names with temper. For the Bible he had the highest reverence, and never sat silent when the doctrines or precepts of the gospel were either ridiculed or spoken of with contempt."

In 1794, an edition of his poems was published by subscription, with an account of his life, by Mr. Ireland. A more full and correct collection of his poems appeared in 1807, with a Life, by the Rev.

John Sim, who was his intimate friend when at Oxford, and has done ample justice to his memory.

Although there is no species of poetry of which he has not afforded favourable specimens, and many striking images and animated descriptions are discoverable in his original pieces, and while we allow that his imagination is considerably fertile, his language copious, and his versification rich and various, yet it cannot be denied that there are too many marks of imitation in all his minor poems, and that his fame must rest principally, where it is more than probable he intended it should, on his translation of The Lusiad. This work is inferior only to Pope's Iliad. Pope has given an English poem of unquestionable beauty, but we may say with Bentley, it is not Homer. Mickle has not only transfused the spirit, but has raised the character of his original. By preserving the energy, elegance, and fire of Camoens, he has given an English Lusiad, a work which, although confessedly borrowed from the Portuguese, has all the appearance of having been invented in the language in which we find it. In executing this, indeed, it must be confessed that Mickle has taken more liberties with his original than the laws of translation will allow; but they are of a kind not usually taken by translators, for he has often introduced beauties of his own equal to any that come from the pen of Camoens. In acknowledging that he has taken such freedom, however, he has not specified the individual passages, a neglect for which some have praised his humility, and others have blamed his injustice. But with this exception, he has successfully executed what he purposed, not only to make Camoens be understood and relished, but "to give a poem that might live in the English language." Nor ought it to be omitted in this general character of The Lusiad, that in his preliminary dissertations, he has distinguished himself as a *scholar*, a *critic*, and a historian.

SELECT POEMS.

KNOWLEDGE.

AN ODE.

S. ANN. ÆT. AUCT. 18.

Ducit in errorem variorum ambage viarum. OVID.

HIGH on a hill's green bosom laid,
At ease, my careless fancy stray'd,
And o'er the landscape ran:
Reviv'd, what scenes the seasons show,
And weigh'd, what share of joy or woe
Is doom'd to toiling man.

The nibbling flocks around me bleat;
The oxen lowe beneath my feet,
Along the clover'd dale;
The golden sheaves the reapers bind,
The ploughman whistles near behind,
And breaks the new-mown vale.

"Hail, Knowledge, gift of Heaven! (I cried)
Ev'n all the gifts of Heaven beside,
Compar'd to thee, how low!
The blessings of the earth, and air,
The beasts of fold and forest share,
But godlike beings KNOW.

"How mean the short-liv'd joys of sense;
But how sublime the excellence
Of wisdom's sacred lore!
In death's deep shades what nations lie,
Yet still can wisdom's piercing eye
Their mighty deeds explore.

"She sees the little Spartan band,
With great Leonidas, withstand
The Asian world in arms;
She hears the heavenly sounds that hung
On Homer's and on Plato's tongue,
And glows at Tully's charms.

"The wonders of the spacious sky
She penetrates with Newton's eye,
And marks the planets roll:
The human mind with Locke she scans;
With Cambray, virtue's fame she fans,
And lifts to Heaven the soul.

"How matter takes ten thousand forms
Of metals, plants, of men and worms,
She joys to trace with Boyle.
This life she deems an infant state,
A gleam, that bodes a life complete,
Beyond this mortal toil.

"What numerous ills in life befall!
Yet wisdom learns to scorn them all,
And arms the breast with steel:
Ev'n Death's pale face no horror wears;
But, ah! what horrid pangs and fears
Unknowing wretches feel!

"That breast excels proud Ophir's mines,
And fairer than the morning shines,
Where wisdom's treasures glow:
But, ah! how void yon peasant's mind,
His thoughts how darken'd and confin'd,
Nor cares he more to know.

"The last two tenants of the ground,
Of ancient times his history bound;
Alas! it scarce goes higher:
In vain to him is Maro's strain,
And Shakspeare's magic powers in vain;
In vain is Milton's fire.

"Nor sun by day, nor stars by night,
Can give his soul the grand delight
To trace Almighty power:
His team thinks just as much as he
Of nature's vast variety,
In animal and flower."

As thus I sung, a solemn sound
Accosts mine ear; I look'd around,
And, lo! an ancient sage,
Hard by an ivied oak, stood near,
That fenc'd the cave, where many a year
Had been his hermitage.

His mantle grey flow'd loose behind,
His snowy beard wav'd to the wind,
And added solemn grace;
His broad bald front gave dignity,
Attention mark'd his lively eye,
And peace smil'd in his face.

He beckon'd with his wrinkled hand;
My ear was all at his command,
And thus the sage began:
"Godlike it is to know, I own;
But, oh! how little can be known
By poor short-sighted man.

"Go, mark the schools where letter'd pride,
And star-crown'd science, boastful guide,
Display their fairest light;
There, led by some pale meteor's ray,
That leaves them oft, the sages stray,
And grope in endless night.

"Of wisdom proud, yon sage exclaims,
Virtue and vice are merely names,
And changing every hour;
Ashley! how loud in virtue's praise!
Yet Ashley with a kiss betrays,
And strips her of her dower.

"Hark, Bolingbroke his God arraigns;
Hobbes smiles on vice; Descartes maintains
A godless passive cause:
See Bayle, oft slily shifting round,
Would fondly fix on sceptic ground,
And change, O Truth! thy laws.

"And, what the joy this lore bestows?—
Alas, no joy, no hope it knows
Above what bestials claim:
To quench our noblest native fire,
That bids to nobler worlds aspire,
Is all its hope, its aim.

" Not Afric's wilds, nor Babel's waste,
Where ignorance her tents hath plac'd,
More dismal scenes display:
A scene where virtue sickening dies,
Where vice to dark extinction flies,
And spurns the future day.

" Wisdom, you boast, to you is given;
At night then mark the fires of Heaven,
And let thy mind explore;
Swift as the lightening let it fly
From star to star, from sky to sky,
Still, still are millions more.

" The' immense ideas strike the soul
With pleasing horror, and control
Thy wisdom's empty boast:
What are they?—Thou canst never say:
Then silent adoration pay,
And be in wonder lost.

" Say, how the self-same roots produce
The wholesome food and poisonous juice;
And adders, balsams yield?
How fierce the lurking tiger glares,
How mild the heifer with thee shares
The labours of the field?

" Why, growling to his den, retires
The sullen pard, while joy inspires
Yon happy sportive lambs?
Now scatter'd o'er the hill they stray;
Now weary of their gambling play,
All single out their dams.

" Instinct directs—But what is that?
Fond man, thou never canst say what:
  Oh, short thy searches fall!
By stumbling chance, and slow degrees,
The useful arts of men increase,
  But this at once is all.

" A trunk first floats along the deep,
Long ages still improve the ship,
  Till she commands the shore;
But never bird improv'd her nest,
Each, all at once of powers possess'd,
  Which ne'er can rise to more.

" That down the steep the waters flow,
That weight descends, we see, we know,
  But why, can ne'er explain:
Then, humbly weighing Nature's laws,
To God's high will ascribe the cause,
  And own thy wisdom vain.

" For still the more thou know'st, the more
Shalt thou the vanity deplore
  Of all thy soul can find;
This life a sickly woful dream,
A burial of the soul will seem,
  A palsy of the mind.

" Though knowledge scorns the peasant's fear,
Alas! it points the secret spear
  Of many a nameless woe.
Thy delicacy dips the dart
In rankling gall, and gives a smart
  Beyond what he can know.

"How happy then the simple mind
Of yon unknown and labouring hind,
Where all is smiling peace!
No thoughts of more exalted joy
His present bliss one hour destroy,
Nor rob one moment's ease.

"The stings neglected merit feels,
The pangs the virtuous man conceals,
When crush'd by wayward fate;
These are not found beneath his roof,
Against them all securely proof,
Heaven guards his humble state.

"Knowledge or wealth to few are given,
But mark, how just the ways of Heaven!
True joy to all is free:
Nor wealth, nor knowledge, grant the boon;
'Tis thine, O Conscience! thine alone,
It all belongs to thee.

"Bless'd in thy smiles the shepherd lives;
Gay is his morn; his evening gives
Content and sweet repose:
Without them—ever, ever cloy'd,
To sage or chief, one weary void
Is all that life bestows.

"Then would'st thou, mortal, rise divine,
Let innocence of soul be thine,
With active goodness join'd:
My heart shall then confess thee bless'd,
And, ever lively, joyful taste
The pleasures of the mind."

So spake the sage——My heart replied,
"How poor, how blind, is human pride;
All joy how false and vain;
But that from conscious worth which flows,
Which gives the death-bed sweet repose,
And hopes an after reign!"

ELEGIES.

A NIGHT PIECE.

The scene is an old church-yard, (now the principal street of the city of Edinburgh) where the famous Buchanan, and some of the most celebrated personages of his age and nation, lie interred.

So now, the doors are shut; the busy hand
Of industry suspends her toil awhile,
And solemn silence reigns; the men of law
Nor throng the passage to the wrangling bar,
Nor clients, walking o'er the pavement, curse
Their cause's long delay. The labourer
Lies wrapt in sleep, his brawny nerves unbrac'd,
Gathering new vigour for to-morrow's toil.
And happy he who sleeps! Perhaps, just now,
The modest widow, and the weak old man,
Fainting with want, recline the languid head;
While o'er their riotous debauch, the rout
Of Bacchanalians, with impetuous laugh,
Applaud the witless but envenom'd jest.

Wild round the gates the dusky wall-flowers creep,
Where oft the knights the beauteous dames have led;
Gone is the bower, the grot a ruin'd heap,
Where bays and ivy o'er the fragments spread.

'Twas here our sires, exulting from the fight,
Great in their bloody arms, march'd o'er the Lea,
Eying their rescued fields with proud delight;
Now lost to them! and, ah, how chang'd to me!

This bank, the river, and the fanning breeze,
The dear idea of my Pollio bring;
So shone the moon through these soft nodding trees,
When here we wander'd in the eves of spring.

When April's smiles the flowery lawn adorn,
And modest cowslips deck the streamlet's side;
When fragrant orchards to the roseate morn
Unfold their bloom, in heaven's own colours dy'd:

So fair a blossom gentle Pollio wore,
These were the emblems of his healthful mind;
To him the letter'd page display'd its lore,
To him bright fancy all her wealth resign'd:

Him, with her purest flames, the Muse endow'd,
Flames, never to the' illiberal thought allied;
The sacred Sisters led where virtue glow'd
In all her charms; he saw, he felt, and died.

Oh, partner of my infant griefs and joys!
Big with the scenes now past, my heart o'erflows,
Bids each endearment, fair as once, to rise,
And dwells luxurious on her melting woes.

Oft with the rising sun, when life was new,
Along the woodland have I roam'd with thee;
Oft by the moon have brush'd the evening dew,
When all was fearless innocence and glee.

The sainted well, where yon bleak hill declines,
Has oft been conscious of those happy hours;
But now the hill, the river crown'd with pines,
And sainted well, have lost their cheering powers:

For thou art gone—My guide, my friend, oh! where,
Where hast thou fled, and left me here behind?
My tenderest wish, my heart to thee was bare,
Oh, now cut off each passage to thy mind!

How dreary is the gulf, how dark, how void,
The trackless shores that never were repast!
Dread separation! on the depth untried
Hope falters, and the soul recoils aghast.

Wide round the spacious heavens I cast my eyes;
And shall these stars glow with immortal fire,
Still shine the lifeless glories of the skies,
And could thy bright, thy living soul expire?

Far be the thought—the pleasures most sublime,
The glow of friendship, and the virtuous tear,
The towering wish that scorns the bounds of time,
Chill'd in this vale of death, but languish here:

So plant the vine on Norway's wintry land,
The languid stranger feebly buds, and dies;
Yet there's a clime where virtue shall expand,
With godlike strength, beneath her native skies,

The lonely shepherd on the mountain's side
With patience waits the rosy opening day;
The mariner, at midnight's darksome tide,
With cheerful hope expects the morning ray:

Thus I, on life's storm-beaten ocean tost,
In mental vision view the happy shore,
Where Pollio beckons to the peaceful coast,
Where fate and death divide the friends no more.

Oh, that some kind, some pitying kindred shade,
Who now, perhaps, frequents this solemn grove,
Would tell the awful secrets of the dead,
And from my eyes the mortal film remove!

Vain is the wish—yet surely not in vain
Man's bosom glows with that celestial fire,
Which scorns earth's luxuries, which smiles at pain,
And wings his spirit with sublime desire.

To fan this spark of heaven, this ray divine,
Still, oh, my soul! still be thy dear employ;
Still thus to wander through the shades be thine,
And swell thy breast with visionary joy:

So, to the dark-brow'd wood, or sacred mount,
In ancient days, the holy seers retir'd,
And, led in vision, drank at Siloe's fount,
While rising ecstacies their bosoms fir'd;

Restor'd creation bright before them rose,
The burning deserts smil'd as Eden's plains,
One friendly shade the wolf and lambkin chose,
The flowery mountains sung, "Messiah reigns!"

Though fainter raptures my cold breast inspire,
  Yet let me oft frequent this solemn scene,
Oft to the Abbey's shatter'd walls retire,
  What time the moonshine dimly gleams between.

There, where the Cross in hoary ruin nods,
  And weeping yews o'ershade the letter'd stones,
While midnight silence wraps these drear abodes,
  And soothes me wandering o'er mykindred bones,

Let kindled fancy view the glorious morn,
  When from the bursting graves the just shall rise,
All nature smiling, and, by angels borne,
  Messiah's Cross far blazing o'er the skies.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Quod tibi vitæ sors detraxit,
Fama adjiciet posthuma laudi;
Nostris longum tu dolor et honor.
BUCHANAN.

The balmy zephyrs o'er the woodland stray,
  And gently stir the bosom of the lake:
The fawns that panting in the covert lay,
  Now through the gloomy park their revels take.

Pale rise the rugged hills that skirt the north,
  The wood glows yellow'd by the evening rays,
Silent and beauteous flows the silver Forth,
  And Annan murmuring through the willows strays.

But, ah! what means this silence in the grove,
Where oft the wild notes sooth'd the love-sick boy?
Why cease in Mary's bower the songs of love?
The songs of love, of innocence, and joy!

When bright the lake reflects the setting ray,
The sportive virgins tread the flowery green;
Here by the moon full oft in cheerful May,
The merry bride-maids at the dance are seen.

But who these nymphs that through the copse appear,
In robes of white adorn'd with violet blue?
Fondly with purple flowers they deck yon bier,
And wave in solemn pomp the boughs of yew.

Supreme in grief, her eye confus'd with woe,
Appears the Lady of the' aerial train,
Tall as the sylvan goddess of the bow,
And fair as she who wept Adonis slain.

Such was the pomp when Gilead's virgin-band,
Wandering by Judah's flowery mountains, wept,
And with fair Iphis, by the hallow'd strand
Of Siloe's brook, a mournful sabbath kept.

By the resplendent cross with thistles twin'd,
'Tis Mary's guardian Genius lost in woe:
"Ah, say, what deepest wrongs have thus combin'd
To heave with restless sighs thy breast of snow?

"Oh, stay, ye Dryads, nor unfinish'd fly
Your solemn rites! Here comes no foot profane:
The Muse's son, and hallow'd is his eye,
Implores your stay, implores to join the strain.

"See, from her cheek the glowing life-blush flies!
Alas, what faltering sounds of woe be these!
Ye nymphs, who fondly watch her languid eyes,
Oh, say what music will her soul appease!"

"Resound the solemn dirge, (the nymphs reply)
And let the turtles moan in Mary's bower;
Let grief indulge her grand sublimity,
And melancholy wake her melting power;

"For art has triumph'd—art that never stood
On honour's side, or generous transport knew,
Has dy'd its haggard hands in Mary's blood,
And o'er her fame has breath'd its blighting dew.

"But come, yé nymphs, ye woodland spirits, come,
And with funereal flowers your tresses braid,
While in this hallow'd bower we raise the tomb,
And consecrate the song to Mary's shade.

"O sing what smiles her youthful morning wore,
Her's every charm, and every loveliest grace,
When nature's happiest touch could add no more
Heaven lent an angel's beauty to her face.

"Oh! whether by the moss-grown bushy dell,
Where from the oak depends the misletoe,
Where creeping ivy shades the druid's cell,
Where from the rock the gurgling waters flow;

"Or, whether sportive o'er the cowslip beds,
You through the fairy dales of Teviot glide,
Or brush the primrose banks, while Cynthia sheds
Her silvery light o'er Esk's translucent tide:

Hither, ye gentle guardians of the fair,
By virtue's tears, by weeping beauty, come!
Unbind the festive robes, unbind the hair,
And wave the cypress bough at Mary's tomb.

"And, come, ye fleet magicians of the air,
(The mournful Lady of the chorus cried)
Your airy tints of baleful hue prepare,
And through this grove bid Mary's fortunes glide;

"And let the songs, with solemn harpings join'd,
And wailing notes, unfold the tale of woe!"
She spoke, and waking through the breathing wind,
From lyres unseen the solemn harpings flow.

The song began—"How bright her early morn!
What lasting joys her smiling fate portends!
To wield the awful British sceptres born!
And Gaul's young heir her bridal bed ascends.

See round her bed, light floating on the air,
The little loves their purple wings display;
When, sudden shrieking at the dismal glare
Of funeral torches, far they speed away.

Far with the loves each blissful omen speeds,
Her eighteenth April hears her widow'd moan,
The bridal bed the sable hearse succeeds,
And struggling factions shake her native throne.

No more a goddess in the swimming dance,
May'st thou, O Queen! thy lovely form display;
No more thy beauty reign the charm of France,
Nor in Parisian bowers outshine the day.

For the cold north the trembling sails are spread;
Ah, what drear horrors gliding through thy breast
While from thy weeping eyes fair Gallia fled,
Thy future woes in boding sighs confess'd!*

A nation stern, and stubborn to command,
And now convuls'd with faction's fiercest rage,
Commits its sceptre to thy gentle hand,
And asks a bridle from thy tender age."

As weeping thus they sung, the omens rose,
Her native shore receives the mournful Queen:
November wind o'er the bare landscape blows,
In hazy gloom the sea-wave skirts the scene.

The House of Holy Rood, in sullen state,
Bleak in the shade of rude pil'd rocks appears;
Cold on the mountains side, type of her fate,
Its shatter'd walls a Romish chapel rears.

No nodding grove here waves the sheltering bough
O'er the dark vale, prophetic of her reign:
Beneath the curving mountain's craggy brow
The dreary echoes to the gales complain.

* The unhappy Mary, in her infancy, was sent to France to the care of her mother's family, the House of Guise. The French court was at that time the gayest and most gallant of Europe. Here the Princess of Scotland was educated with all the distinction due to her high rank; and as soon as years would allow, she was married to the Dauphin, afterwards Francis II. and on the death of this monarch, which closed a short reign, the politics o the House of Guise required the return of the young Queen t Scotland. She left France with tears, and the utmost reluctance and on her landing in her native kingdom, the different appearance of the country awakened all her regret, and affected h with a melancholy which seemed to forebode her future misfortunes.

Beneath the gloomy clouds of rolling smoke,
The high-pil'd city rears her gothic towers;
The stern-brow'd castle, from his lofty rock,
Looks scornful down, and fix'd defiance lours.*

Domestic bliss, that dear, that sovereign joy,
Far from her heart was seen to speed away;
Straight dark-brow'd factions entering in, destroy
The seeds of peace, and mark her for their prey.

No more by moonshine to the nuptial bower
Her Francis comes, by love's soft fetters led;
Far other spouse now wakes her midnight hour,†
Enrag'd, and reeking from the harlot's bed.

"Ah! draw the veil!" shrill trembles through the air:—
The veil was drawn—but darker scenes arose,
Another nuptial couch‡ the fates prepare,
The baleful teeming source of deeper woes.

The bridal torch her evil angel wav'd,
Far from the couch offended prudence fled;
Of deepest crimes deceitful faction rav'd,
And rous'd her trembling from the fatal bed.

* These circumstances, descriptive of the environs of Holy Rood House, are local; yet, however dreary the unimproved November view may appear, the connoisseur in gardening will perceive that plantation, and the efforts of art, could easily convert the prospect into an agreeable and most romantic summer landscape.

† Lord Darnley, the handsomest man of his age, but a worthless debauchee, of no abilities.

‡ Her marriage with the Earl of Bothwell, an unprincipled politician, of great address.

The hinds are seen in arms, and glittering spears,
Instead of crooks, the Grampian shepherds wield;
Fanatic rage the ploughman's visage wears,
And red with slaughter lies the harvest field.

From Borthwick-field, deserted and forlorn,
The beauteous Queen, all tears, is seen to fly;
Now, through the streets* a weeping captive borne,
Her woe the triumph of the vulgar eye.

Again, the vision shifts the woful scene;
Again, forlorn, from rebel arms she flies,
And, unsuspecting, on a sister-Queen,
The lovely injur'd fugitive relies.

When wisdom, baffled, owns the' attempt in vain,
Heaven oft delights to set the virtuous free;
Some friend appears, and breaks affliction's chain:
But, ah, no generous friend appears for thee!

A prison's ghastly walls and grated cells
Deform'd the airy scenery as it past;
The haunt where listless melancholy dwells,
Where every genial feeling sinks aghast.

No female eye her sickly bed to tend!†
"Ah, cease to tell it in the female ear!
A woman's stern command! a proffer'd friend!
Oh, generous passion, peace; forbear, forbear!

* When she was brought prisoner through the streets of Edinburgh, she suffered almost every indignity which an outrageous mob could offer. Her person was bedaubed with mire, and her ear insulted with every term of vulgar abuse. Even Buchanan seems to drop a tear when he relates these circumstances.

† This is according to the truth of history.

"And could, oh, Tudor! could thy heart retain
No softening thought of what thy woes had been,
When thou, the heir of England's crown, in vain
Didst sue the mercy of a tyrant Queen?

"And could no pang from tender memory wake,
And feel those woes that once had been thine own;
No pleading tear to drop for Mary's sake,
For Mary's sake, the heir of England's throne?

"Alas! no pleading touch thy memory knew:
Dried were the tears which for thyself had flow'd;
Dark politics alone engag'd thy view;
With female jealousy thy bosom glow'd!

"And say, did wisdom own thy stern command?
Did honour wave his banner o'er the deed?
Ah —Mary's fate thy name shall ever brand,
And ever o'er her woes shall pity bleed.

"The babe that prattled on his nurse's knee,
When first thy woful captive hours began,
Ere Heaven, ah, hapless Mary! set thee free,
That babe to battle march'd in arms—a man."

An awful pause ensues—With speaking eyes,
And hands half-rais'd, the guardian wood-nymphs wait;
While, slow and sad, the airy scenes arise,
Stain'd with the last deep woes of Mary's fate.

With dreary black hung round the hall appears,
The thirsty saw-dust strews the marble floor,
Blue gleams the axe, the block its shoulders rears,
And pikes and halberds guard the iron door.

The clouded moon her dreary glimpses shed,
And Mary's maids, a mournful train, pass by;
Languid they walk, and pensive hang the head,
And silent tears pace down from every eye.

Serene, and nobly mild, appears the Queen;
She smiles on Heaven, and bows the injur'd head:
The axe is lifted——From the deathful scene
The guardians turn'd, and all the picture fled—

It fled: the wood-nymphs o'er the distant lawn,
As rapt in vision, dart their earnest eyes;
So when the huntsman hears the rattling fawn,
He stands impatient of the starting prize.

The sovereign dame her awful eye-balls roll'd,
As Cuma's maid when by the god inspir'd;
"The depth of ages to my sight unfold,
(She cries) and Mary's meed my breast has fir'd.

"On Tudor's throne her sons shall ever reign,
Age after age shall see their flag unfurl'd,
With sovereign pride, wherever roars the main,
Stream to the wind, and awe the trembling world.

"Nor Britain's sceptre shall they wield alone,
Age after age, through lengthening time, shall see
Her branching race on Europe's every throne,
And either India bend to them the knee.

"But Tudor, as a fruitless gourd, shall die!
I see her death scene!—On the lowly floor
Dreary she sits; cold grief has glaz'd her eye,
And anguish gnaws her, till she breathes no more.

"But hark! loud howling through the midnight gloom,
Faction is rous'd, and sends the baleful yell!
Oh, save! ye generous few, your Mary's tomb;
Oh, save her ashes from the baleful spell!

"And, lo, where Time, with brighten'd face serene,
Points to yon far, but glorious opening sky;
See Truth walk forth, majestic awful Queen!
And party's blackening mists before her fly.

"Falsehood, unmask'd, withdraws her ugly train;
And Mary's virtues all illustrious shine—
Yes, thou hast friends, the godlike and humane
Of latest ages, injur'd Queen, are thine."*

The milky splendours of the dawning ray,
Now through the grove a trembling radiance shed;
With sprightly note the wood-lark hail'd the day,
And with the moonshine all the vision fled.

* The author of this little Poem to the memory of an unhappy Princess, is unwilling to enter into the controversy respecting her guilt or her innocence. Suffice it only to observe, that the following facts may be proved to demonstration:—The Letters, which have always been esteemed the principal proofs of Queen Mary's guilt, are forged. Buchanan, on whose authority Francis and other historians have condemned her, has falsified several circumstances of her history, and has cited against her public records which never existed, as has been lately proved to demonstration. And to add no more, the treatment she received from her illustrious Cousin, was dictated by a policy truly Machiavelian—a policy which trampled on the obligations of honour, of humanity, and morality. From whence it may be inferred, that, to express the indignation at the cruel treatment of Mary, which history must ever inspire, and to drop a tear over her sufferings, is not unworthy of a writer who would appear in the cause of virtue.

LIBERTY:

AN ELEGY TO THE MEMORY OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, FREDERIC, LATE PRINCE OF WALES.

Carmina tum melius cum venerit ipse canemus.
VIRG.

The wood-lark wakes, the throstle hails the dawn,
The lambkins bleating pour along the green;
In festive pomp, advancing o'er the lawn,
The nymphs of Liberty surround their Queen.

Embosom'd in a grove her temple rose,
Where oaks and laurels form'd a grateful shade;
Her walks adorn'd with every flower that blows,
Her walks where with the Loves the Muses play'd.

In awful state, on Parian columns rais'd,
With silver palms entwin'd, appear'd the throne,
In heaven's own colours, where the altars blaz'd,
The glories of her reign illustrious shone.

The first of times their native joys display!
Beneath his vine the rural patriarch sleeps;
The cattle o'er the boundless common stray,
And nature one unblemish'd sabbath keeps.

There o'er the landscape dark ambition lowers;
From council deep the awful patriots rise;
Their sudden vengeance blasts the traitor's towers,
And prostrate in the dust the tyrant lies.

Here shone thy heroes, Greece, thy fathers, Rome,
Ere Persian luxe your better times defac'd;
But shone not all whose deeds your pride would plume,
Here Brutus lower'd in shades ambiguous cast.

A gloomy horror there invests the skies:
'Tis there your polish'd chiefs their trophies raise;
With mingled grief and rage the native eyes
Wide o'er his fields the hostile standards blaze;

His wife, his altars, babes, and hoary sire,
Rush on his thoughts—the battle fires his breast;
Thus glows, Caractacus, thy noble ire,
With all the goddess in thy mien confess'd.

With holy mitre crown'd, and awful eye,
There Mattathias frowns, and points the place
Where low on earth his country's altars lie,
And bids his sons revenge the foul disgrace.

The barbed spears seem trembling in their hands,
While ardour kindling in their eye-balls glows;
With sword half drawn the godlike Judas stands,
And victory fires his soul, and marks the foes.

Fair o'er the rest the shrine of Alfred shone,
From Gothic night the Muses guard his toils;
There juries sit; the laws support his throne,
And freedom o'er the piece triumphant smiles.

High o'er the dome the festive standard flows,
The nymphs obey the sign, and leave the dells
Where blooms the lilac, where the wild rose blows,
Where hermit peace with mild contentment dwells.

Sublime as Pallas, arm'd with helm and spear,
(The tyrant's dread) the goddess march'd along;
Bare was one knee, one snowy breast was bare,
The bow and quiver o'er her shoulder hung.

Her woodland train in solemn pomp she led,
(The Muse beheld them trip the sacred ground)
Fair freedom o'er their mien its graces shed,
Their brows with oak and purple blossoms bound.

The rocky cliffs and winding dales reply,
While to their queen they raise the votive strain;
"Wide o'er the world," they sung, "from sky to sky,
Extend, O goddess, thy benignant reign.

"Though constant summer clothes the Indian soil,
Though Java's spicy fields embalm the gale,
Though Ganges sees unbidden harvests smile,
All, all these sweets without thee nought avail.

"The fainting native eyes with dumb despair
The swelling clusters of the bending vine,
The fruitful lawns confess his toilful care,
Alas! the fruits his languid hopes resign!

"On Tigris' banks still rise the palmy groves,
And still Euphrates boasts his fertile plains;
Ah! vain the boast—'tis there the murd'rer roves,
'Tis there wild terror solitary reigns!

"On Tadmore's site the lonely shepherd stands,
And as he views the solemn waste around,
With eager watch explores the Turkish bands,
And dreads the plund'rer's rage in every sound.

"Return, O queen, O patroness of joy!
With ancient splendour to thy Greece return:
Ignoble slaves thy once lov'd seats destroy,
On Pindus, thee, the silent Muses mourn!

"Nor Po's fair banks, nor Baia's sands invite;
Fallen genius there her broken urns deplores;
Nor Gallia's fairest landscapes please the sight,—
Thy dictates exil'd from her hostile shores.

"But o'er the realms, where thy mild influence beams,
O'er Britain's plains, the Muse delighted roves,
Delighted wanders o'er the banks of Thames,
Or rests secure in Clifden's rural groves.

"There by the dawn, elate with lightsome glee,
The joyous shepherd and the hind are seen,
The voice of mirth, when evening shades the lea,
Heard loud and natural o'er the village-green.

"No tyrant there the peasant's field invades,
Secure the fold, his labour all his own;
No ravisher profanes his osier shades,
His labours wealth and independence crown."

'Twas thus the chorus struck the Muse's ear
As through Elysian shades she sportive rov'd—
The British nymphs in mournful pomp appear,
The British nymphs to freedom best belov'd.

Loose to the wind their snow-white vestments flow,
The cypress binds their locks with darksome green;
Yet grateful raptures mid their sorrows flow,
While thus with Fred'ric's praise they hail their Queen.

" 'Twas not in vain thy dictates swell'd his breast,
'Twas not in vain he vow'd his heart to thee;
Fair midst thy heroes stands his name confess'd,
The friend of men, the patron of the free.

" Though cypress now his lowly bed adorns,
Though long ere eve at life's bright noon he fell,
Yet shall the song, oft as this day returns,
At freedom's shrine his happy labours tell.

" The drooping spirit of a downward age
Beneath his smile with ancient splendour rose,
Corruption blasted, fled his virtuous rage,
And Britain triumph'd o'er her bosom foes.—

" Oh! whether, sportive o'er the cowslip beds,
You through the haunted dells of Mona glide,
Or brush the upland lea when Cynthia sheds
Her silver light on Snowdon's hoary side.

" Hither, ye British Muses, grateful come,
And strew your choicest flowers on Fred'ric's bier!
'Tis Liberty's own nymphs that raise the tomb,
While o'er her Son the goddess drops a tear.

" Fair to his name your votive altars raise;
Your bowers he rear'd, to him your strains belong;
Even virtue joins to gain the Muse's praise,
Him loves the Muse whose deeds demand the song!"

ON THE DEATH OF

THE PRINCESS DOWAGER OF WALES.

IN 1772.

Aspers'd by malice and unmanly rage,
Disgraceful stamp on this flagitious age,
In conscious innocence secur'd from blame;
She sigh'd—but only sigh'd o'er Britain's shame:
She saw her children throng their early tomb,
Disease slow wasting fade her Glo'ster's bloom!
She saw—but death appear'd a friendly guest,
His arrow pointing to the realms of rest!
Calmly she views him, dauntless and resign'd,
Yet drops one tear for those she leaves behind.
Warm from the heart these honest numbers flow
Which honour, truth, and gratitude bestow.

EPITAPH

ON GENERAL WOLFE,

Slain at Quebec, 1759; *aged* 34.

Briton, approach with awe this sacred shrine,
And if the Father's sacred name be thine,
If thou hast mark'd thy stripling's cheeks to glow
When war was mentioned, or the Gallic foe,
If shining arms his infant sports employ,
And warm his rage—here bring the warlike boy,

Here let him stand, whilst thou enrapt shalt tell
How fought the glorious Wolfe, how glorious fell:
Then, when thou mark'st his bursting ardours rise,
And all the warrior flashing in his eyes,
Catch his young hand, and while he lifts it here,
By Wolfe's great soul the future Wolfe shall swear
Eternal hate against the faithless Gaul,
Like Wolfe to conquer, or like Wolfe to fall.
What future Hannibals shall England see
Rais'd and inspir'd, O gallant Wolfe, by thee!

EPITAPH

ON JOHN HAMILTON MORTIMER, R. A.

Who died in 1779, *at the age of* 40.

O'ER Angelo's proud tomb no tear was shed;
Pleas'd was each Muse, for full his honours spread:
To bear his genius to its utmost shore,
The length of human days could give no more.
Oh, Mortimer! o'er thy untimely urn,
The Arts and all the gentle Muses mourn;
And shades of English heroes gliding by,
Heave o'er thy shrine the languid hopeless sigh.
Thine all the breathing rage of bold design,
And all the poetry of painting thine.
Oh! long had thy meridian sun to blaze,
And, onward, hovering in its magic rays,
What visions rose!—Fair England's patriots old,
Monarchs of proudest fame, and barons bold,
In the fir'd moments of their bravest strife,
Bursting beneath thy hand again to life!

So shone thy noon—when one dim void profound
Rush'd on, and shapeless darkness clos'd around.
Alas! while ghosts of heroes round thy tomb,
Rob'd of their hope, bewail the Artist's doom,
Thy friend, O Mortimer, in grief sincere,
Pours o'er the man sad memory's silent tear;
And in the fond remembrance of thy heart,
Forgets the honours of thy wondrous art.

TO THE MEMORY OF

*COMMODORE JOHNSTONE.**

THROUGH life's tempestuous sea to thee 'twas given
Thy course to steer, yet still preserv'd by Heaven;
As childhood clos'd thy ceaseless toils began,
And toils and dangers ripen'd thee to man:
Thy country's cause thy ardent youth inspir'd,
Thy ripen'd years thy country's dangers fir'd;

* George Johnstone was one of the younger sons of Sir William Johnstone, Bart. Dumfriesshire, and early devoted himself to the sea service. After passing through the subordinate stations, he was, on the 6th of February, 1760, appointed master and commander; and on the 11th of August, 1762, was advanced to be a captain in his Majesty's service. On the peace, which soon after succeeded, he was nominated governor of West Florida, where he resided for some time. Returning to England, he took a very active part in the affairs of the East India Company, particularly in opposition to Lord Clive. In 1766 he was supposed to have contributed very materially to a pamphlet, entitled, "A Letter to the Proprietors of East India Stock, from John Johnstone, Esq. one of the Council at Calcutta, Bengal," 8vo; and in 1771, he is known to have written "Thoughts on our Acquisitions in the East Indies, particularly respecting Ben-

All life to trace the councils of the foe,
All zealous life to ward the lifted blow.*
When dubious peace, in gilded clouds array'd,
Fair o'er Britannia threw her painted shade,
Thy active mind illiberal ease disdain'd;
Forth burst the senator, unaw'd, unstain'd!
By private aim unwarp'd as generous youth,
Thy ear still listening to the voice of truth,
That sacred power thy bursting warmth control'd,
And bade thee at her side be only bold.
Nor toils of state alone thy cares employ'd;
The Muses in thy sunshine glow'd and joy'd.
When filial strife unsheath'd the ruthless brand,
And discord rioted on Salem's strand,

gal," 8vo. In 1773 he was a candidate for the Directorship, in which he did not succeed. He was chosen into Parliament, through the interest of Sir James Lowther, for Cockermouth, and in 1774 for Appleby. In the course of his parliamentary duty, he threw out some reflections on Lord George Germaine, (afterward Viscount Sackville) which occasioned a duel between them on the 17th of December, 1770. He afterwards was named one of the commissioners to treat with America, and went there, but without success. In 1779 he resumed his naval employment, and distinguished himself by his bravery and conduct. He died May 24, 1787.

* The Commodore was remarkably happy in procuring intelligence. He sent the first notice of the Spanish declaration of war in 1761 to Admiral Rodney, then commanding in the West Indies, in consequence of which the Havanna was taken. He sent also the first account of the sailing and destination for the West Indies of the grand Spanish fleet in 1780 to Admiral Rodney, then also commander on that station. In consequence of this intelligence, many of the Spanish transports were taken, and the operations of the combined force of France and Spain in the West Indies retarded for that season.

Thy hands to Salem's strand the olive bore,
Alas! denied—and liberal peace no more
Smil'd on the crest of hope; thy country's weal
Again to action wak'd the patriot zeal;
Old Tagus saw the British red-cross stream
O'er Gallia's lilies, and the tawny gleam
Of proud Iberia's castles: Belgia mourn'd
Her broken faith, and Afric's shores return'd.*
Her Lisboan groans for British friendship spurn'd.
Again life's tempest beaten ocean roar'd,
And round thy head the mists of faction pour'd;
Dark lour'd the storm; but Heaven's own light
rose mild,
And rescued honour on thy death-bed smil'd,†
Soft shedding peaceful joy; the blissful sign,
That Heaven's forgiveness and its balm were thine.
All hail, sooth'd shade! The Muse that own'd thy
care
Hails thee, and blesses Heaven that heard her pray'r.
For ever green the laurel o'er thy tomb
Shall flourish, ever white its flowery bloom;
And gratitude, oh Johnstone! round thy shrine,
And friendship, heave the sigh, and thy fair wreath
entwine.

* Alluding to the French and Dutch prizes he sent into the Tagus in 1779 and 1780, and to his capture of four Dutch Indiamen in Saldanna-bay, in 1781.

† Alluding to the sentence against him in the cause of Captain Sutton, being reversed by the House of Lords, the account of which he received about twenty-four hours before his death.

AN

INSCRIPTION ON AN OBELISK,

AT LANGFORD IN WILTS,

The seat of the Earl of Radnor, commemorating the unfortunate fate of Mr. Servinton, who was formerly in possession of that Estate.

WHILE o'er these lawns thine eye delighted strays,
Allow a pause to hear the tale of woe;
Here stood the parent elm in elder days,
Here o'er its Lord slow wav'd the wither'd bough,
While pale and cold his famish'd cheek full low
On the rude turf in death's last swooning lay.

Ev'n now methinks his anguish'd look I see,
As by the menials taunted from the door;
Fainting he wander'd—then beneath the tree
Sunk down—sweet Heaven, what pangs his bosom tore,
When o'er yon lordly dome, his own no more,
He roll'd his dying eyes.—Ah! what compare
To this the lessons taught of sages hoar?
By his mad revels, by the gilded snare,
By all thy hopes of joy, *oh fortune's child*, beware!

SACRED TO THE

HEIRS OF RADNOR CASTLE.

O Thou, whose hopes these fair domains inspire,
The awful lesson here bestow'd attend,
With pensive eye here let thy steps retire,
What time rapt fancy's shadowy forms descend.

Hark! from yon hall as headlong waste purveys,
What Bacchanalian revels loud resound,
With festive fires the midnight windows blaze,
And fever'd tumult reels his giddy round.

'Tis past—the mansion owns another Lord,
The ousted heir, so riotous erewhile,
Now sits a suppliant at his wonted board,
Insulted by the base-born menials' smile.

By the base menials taunted from the door,
With anguish'd heart resistless of his woe,
Forlorn he strays those lawns, his own no more,
Unknowing where, on trembling knees and slow:

Till here, beneath an aged elm's bleak shade,
Fainting he sinks—Ah! let thy mind descry,
On the cold turf, how low his humbled head,
On yon fair dome how fix'd his ghastly eye.

By his mad revels, by his last heart-sigh, [heir,
Oh, thou, of these proud towers the promis'd
By every manly virtue's holy tie,
By honour's fairest bloom, oh fortune's child, beware!

BALLADS.

HENGIST AND MEY.

Hæc novimus esse nihil.

In ancient days when Arthur reign'd,
Sir Elmer had no peer;
And no young knight in all the land,
The ladies lov'd so dear.

His sister Mey, the fairest maid
Of all the virgin train,
Won every heart at Arthur's court;
But all their love was vain.

In vain they lov'd, in vain they vow'd,
Her heart they could not move;
Yet at the evening hour of prayer
Her mind was lost in love.

The Abbess saw—the Abbess knew,
And urg'd her to explain:
"O name the gentle youth to me,
And his consent I'll gain,"

Long urg'd, long tir'd, fair Mey replied,
"His name—how can I say?
An angel from the fields above
Has rapt my heart away.

"But once, alas! and never more,
His lovely form I spied;
One evening by the sounding shore,
All by the green wood side.

"His eyes to mine the love confess'd,
That glow'd with mildest grace;
His courtly mien and purple vest
Bespoke his princely race.

"But when he heard my brother's horn,
Fast to his ships he fled;
Yet while I sleep, his graceful form
Still hovers round my bed.

"Sometimes, all clad in armour bright,
He shakes a warlike lance;
And now, in courtly garments dight,
He leads the sprightly dance.

"His hair, as black as raven's wing;
His skin—as Christmas snow;
His cheeks outvie the blush of morn,
His lips like rose-buds glow.

"His limbs, his arms his stature, shap'd
By Nature's finest hand;
His sparkling eyes declare him born
To love, and to command."

The live-long year fair Mey bemoan'd
Her hopeless pining love:
But when the balmy spring return'd,
And summer cloth'd the grove;

All round by pleasant Humber's side
The Saxon banners flew,
And to Sir Elmer's castle-gates
The spear-men came in view.

Fair blush'd the morn, when Mey look'd o'er
The castle walls so sheen;
And lo! the warlike Saxon youth
Were sporting on the green.

There Hengist, Offa's eldest son,
Lean'd on his burnish'd lance,
And all the armed youth around
Obey'd his manly glance.

His locks, as black as raven's wing,
Adown his shoulders flow'd;
His cheeks outvied the blush of morn,
His lips like rose-buds glow'd.

And soon the lovely form of Mey
Has caught his piercing eyes;
He gives the sign, the bands retire,
While big with love he sighs;

"Oh! thou for whom I dar'd the seas,
And came with peace or war;
Oh, by that cross that veils thy breast,
Believe thy lover's care!

"For thee I'll quit my father's throne;
With thee the wilds explore;
Or with thee share the British crown;
With thee the cross adore."

Beneath the timorous virgin blush,
With love's soft warmth she glows;
So blushing through the dews of morn
Appears the' opening rose.

'Twas now the hour of morning prayer,
When men their sins bewail,
And Elmer heard King Arthur's horn,
Shrill sounding through the dale.

The pearly tears, from Mey's bright eyes,
Like April dew-drops fell,
When with a parting dear embrace
Her brother bade farewell.

The cross with sparkling diamonds bright,
That veil'd her snowy breast,
With prayers to heaven, her lily hands
Have fix'd on Elmer's vest.

Now, with five hundred bowmen true,
He's march'd across the plain;
Till with his gallant yeomanry
He join'd King Arthur's train.

Full forty thousand Saxon spears
Came glittering down the hill,
And with their shouts, and clang of arms,
The distant valleys fill.

Old Offa, dress'd in Odin's garb,
Assum'd the hoary god;
And Hengist, like the warlike Thor,
Before the horsemen rode.

With dreadful rage the combat burns,
The captains shout amain;
And Elmer's tall victorious spear
Far glances o'er the plain.

To stop its course young Hengist flew
Like lightning o'er the field;
And soon his eyes the well-known cross
On Elmer's vest beheld.

The slighted lover swell'd his breast,
His eyes shot living fire;
And all his martial heat before,
To this, was mild desire.

On his imagin'd rival's front
With whirlwind speed he press'd,
And glancing to the sun, his sword
Resounds on Elmer's crest.

The foe gave way, the princely youth
With heedless rage pursued,
Till trembling in his cloven helm,
Sir Elmer's javelin stood.

He bow'd his head—slow dropt his spear;
The reins slipt through his hand,
And stain'd with blood—his stately corse
Lay breathless on the strand.

'O bear me off, (Sir Elmer cried)
Before my painful sight
The combat swims—yet Hengist's vest
I claim as victor's right."

Brave Hengist's fall the Saxons saw,
And all in terror fled;
The bowmen to his castle gate
The brave Sir Elmer led.

"O wash my wounds, my sister dear;
O pull this Saxon dart,
That, whizzing from young Hengist's arm,
Has almost pierc'd my heart.

"Yet in my hall his vest shall hang,
And Britons, yet unborn,
Shall with the trophies of to-day
Their solemn feasts adorn."

All trembling, Mey beheld the vest,
"Oh, Merlin! (loud she cried)
Thy words are true—my slaughter'd love
Shall have a breathless bride!

"Oh Elmer, Elmer, boast no more
That low my Hengist lies!
O Hengist, cruel was thine arm!
My brother bleeds and dies!"

She spake—the roses left her cheeks,
And life's warm spirits fled:
So nipt by winter's withering blasts,
The snow-drop bows the head.

Yet parting life one struggle gave,
She lifts hér languid eyes;
"Return, my Hengist, oh, return,
My slaughter'd love!" (she cries:)

"Oh—still he lives—he smiles again,
With all his grace he moves;
I come—I come, where bow nor spear
Shall more disturb our loves."

She spake—she died. The Saxon dart
Was drawn from Elmer's side,
And thrice he call'd his sister Mey,
And thrice he groan'd, and died.

Where in the dale, a moss-grown cross
O'ershades an aged thorn,
Sir Elmer's and young Hengist's corse
Were by the spearmen borne.

And there, all clad in robes of white,
With many a sigh and tear,
The village maids to Hengist's grave
Did Mey's fair body bear.

And there, at dawn and fall of day,
All from the neighbouring groves,
The turtles wail, in widow'd notes,
And sing their hapless loves.

THE

PROPHECY OF QUEEN EMMA.

O'ER the hills of Cheviot beaming
Rose the silver dawn of May;
Hostile spears and helmets gleaming,
Swell'd along the mountains grey.

Edwin's warlike horn resounded
Through the winding dales below,
And the echoing hills rebounded
The defiance of the foe.

O'er the downs, like torrents pouring,
Edwin's horsemen rush'd along,
From the hills, like tempests louring,
Slowly march'd stern Edgar's throng.

Spear to spear was now protended,
And the yew bows half were drawn,
When the female scream ascended,
Shrilling o'er the crowded lawn.

While her virgins, round her weeping,
Wav'd aloft their snowy hands,
From the wood Queen Emma shrieking
Ran between the dreadful bands:

"Oh, my sons, what rage infernal
Bids you grasp the [illegible]'d spear
Heaven detests the war fraternal:
Oh, the impious [illegible]

"Ah, how mild and sweetly tender
Flow'd your peaceful early days!
Each was then of each defender,
Each of each the pride and praise.

"O my first-born Edwin, soften,
Nor invade thy brother's right;
O my Edgar, think how often
Edwin dar'd for thee the fight.

"Edgar! shall thy impious fury
Dare thy guardian to the field?
Oh, my sons, let peace allure ye;
Thy stern claims, O Edwin, yield.

"Ha, what sight of horror waving,
Sullen Edgar, clouds thy rear!
Bring'st thou, Denmark's banners braving,
Thy insulted brother's spear?

"Ah, bethink how through thy regions
Midnight horror fearful howl'd,
When, like wolves, the Danish legions
Through thy trembling forests prowl'd;

"When, unable of resistance,
Denmark's lance thy bosom gor'd——
And shall Edwin's brave assistance
Be repaid with Denmark's sword?

"With that sword shalt thou assail him
From whose point he set thee free,
While his warlike sinews fail him,
Weak with loss of blood for thee?

"Oh, my Edwin, timely hearken,
And thy stern resolves forbear:
Shall revenge thy councils darken!
Oh, my Edgar, drop the spear!

"Wisdom tells and Justice offers
How each wound may yet be balm'd:
Oh, revere these holy proffers;
Let the storms of hell be calm'd.

"Oh, my sons"———But all her sorrows
Fir'd their impious rage the more:
From the bow-strings sprung the arrows;
Soon the valleys reek'd with gore.

Shrieking wild, with horror shivering,
Fled the Queen all stain'd with blood,
In her purple bosom quivering,
Deep a feather'd arrow stood.

Up the mountain she ascended
Fierce as mounts the flame in air;
And her hands, to Heaven extended,
Scatter'd her uprooted hair:

"Ah, my sons, how impious, cover'd
With each other's blood," she cried:
While the eagles round her hover'd,
And wild scream for scream replied—

"From that blood around you steaming,
Turn, my sons, your vengeful eyes;
See what horrors o'er you streaming,
Muster round the' offended skies.

"See what burning spears protended,
Couch'd by fire-ey'd spectres glare,
Circling round you both, suspended
On the trembling threads of air!

"O'er you both Heaven's lightning vollies,
Wither'd is your strength ev'n now;
Idly weeping o'er your follies,
Soon your heads shall lowly bow.

"Soon the Dane, the Scot, and Norman,
O'er your dales shall havoc pour,
Every hold and city storming,
Every herd and field devour.

"Ha, what signal new arising
Through the dreadful group prevails!
'Tis the hand of Justice poising
High aloft the' eternal scales.

"Loaded with thy base alliance,
Rage and rancour all extreme,
Faith and honour's foul defiance,
Thine, O Edgar, kicks the beam!

"Opening mild and blue, reversing
O'er thy brother's wasted hills,
See the murky clouds dispersing,
And the fertile shower distils.

"But o'er thy devoted valleys
Blacker spreads the angry sky;
Through the gloom pale lightning sallies,
Distant thunders groan and die.

"O'er thy proudest castles waving,
Fed by hell and magic power,
Denmark towers on high her raven,
Hatch'd in freedom's mortal hour.

"'Cursed be the day detested,
Cursed be the fraud profound,
When on Denmark's spear we rested,'
Through thy streets shall loud resound.

"To thy brother sad imploring,
Now I see thee turn thine eyes—
Ha, in settled darkness louring,
Now no more the visions rise!

"But thy rancorous soul descending
To thy sons from age to age,
Province then from province rending,
War on war shall bleed and rage.

"This thy freedom proudly boasted,
Hapless Edgar!" loud she cried—
With her wounds and woes exhausted,
Down on earth she sunk, and died.

THE SORCERESS;

OR,

WOLFWOLD AND ULLA.

Prisca fides. VIRG.

"Oh, low he lies; his cold pale cheek
Lies lifeless on the clay;
Yet struggling hope—O day-spring, break,
And lead me on my way.

"On Denmark's cruel bands, O Heaven!
Thy red-wing'd vengeance pour;
Before my Wolfwold's spear be driven—
O rise, bright morning hour!"

Thus Ulla wail'd, the fairest maid
Of all the Saxon race;
Thus Ulla wail'd, in nightly shade,
While tears bedew'd her face.

When sudden, o'er the fir-crown'd hill,
The full orb'd moon arose;
And o'er the winding dale so still,
Her silver radiance flows.

No more could Ulla's fearful breast
Her anxious care delay;
But deep with hope and fear impress'd,
She holds the moonshine way.

She left the bower, and all alone
  She trac'd the dale so still;
And sought the cave with rue o'ergrown,
  Beneath the fir-crown'd hill.

Black knares of blasted oak, embound
  With hemlock, fenc'd the cell:
The dreary mouth, half under ground,
  Yawn'd like the gate of hell.

Soon as the gloomy den she spied,
  Cold horror shook her knee;
"And hear, O Prophetess! (she cried)
  A Princess sue to thee."

Aghast she stood! athwart the air
  The dismal screech-owl flew;
The fillet round her auburn hair
  Asunder burst in two.

Her robe of softest yellow, glow'd
  Beneath the moon's pale beam;
And o'er the ground, with yew-boughs strew'd,
  Effus'd a golden gleam.

The golden gleam the Sorceress spied,
  As in her deepest cell,
At midnight's magic hour, she tried
  A tomb-o'erpowering spell.

When, from the cavern's dreary womb,
  Her groaning voice arose,
"O come, my daughter, fearless, come,
  And fearless, tell thy woes."

As shakes the bough of trembling leaf,
When whirlwinds sudden rise;
As stands aghast the warrior chief,
When his base army flies;

So shook, so stood, the beauteous maid,
When from the dreary den
A wrinkled hag came forth, array'd
In matted rags obscene.

Around her brows, with hemlock bound,
Loose hung her ash-grey hair;
As from two dreary caves profound
Her blue-flam'd eye-balls glare.

Her skin, of earthy red, appear'd
Clung round her shoulder bones,
Like wither'd bark, by lightning sear'd,
When loud the tempest groans.

A robe of squalid green and blue
Her ghostly length array'd,
A gaping rent, full to the view,
Her furrow'd ribs betray'd.

"And tell, my daughter, fearless, tell,
What sorrow brought thee here!
So may my power thy cares expel,
And give thee sweetest cheer."

"O mistress of the powerful spell,
King Edric's daughter see,
Northumbria to my father fell,
But sorrow fell to me.

"My virgin heart Lord Wolfwold won;
My father on him smil'd:
Soon as he gain'd Northumbria's throne,
His pride the youth exil'd.

"Stern Denmark's ravens o'er the seas
Their gloomy black wings spread,
And o'er Northumbria's hills and leas
Their dreadful squadrons sped.

"Return, brave Wolfwold, (Edric cried)
O generous warrior, hear;
My daughter's hand, thy willing bride,
Awaits thy conquering spear.

"The banish'd youth in Scotland's court
Had past the weary year:
And soon he heard the glad report,
And soon he grasp'd his spear.

"He left the Scottish dames to weep;
And, wing'd with true love speed,
Nor day, nor night, he stop'd to sleep,
And soon he cross'd the Tweed.

"With joyful voice, and raptur'd eyes,
He press'd my willing hand;
'I go, my fair, my love, (he cries)
To guard thy father's land.

'By Edon's shore, in deathful fray,
The daring foe we meet,
Ere three short days I trust to lay
My trophies at thy feet.'

"Alas, alas, that time is o'er,
And three long days beside,
Yet not a word from Edon's shore
Has cheer'd his fearful bride.

"O mistress of the powerful spell,
His doubtful fate decide;"—
"And cease, my child, for all is well,"
(The grisly witch replied.)

"Approach my cave, and where I place
The magic circle, stand;
And fear not aught of ghastly face,
That glides beneath my wand."

The grisly witch's powerful charms
Then reach'd the labouring moon,
And, cloudless at the dire alarms,
She shed her brightest noon.

The pale beam struggled through the shade,
That black'd the cavern's womb,
And in the deepest nook betray'd
An altar and a tomb.

Around the tomb, in mystic lore,
Were forms of various mien,
And efts, and foul-wing'd serpents, bore
The altar's base obscene.

Eyeless, a huge and starv'd toad sat
In corner murk aloof,
And many a snake and famish'd bat
Clung to the crevic'd roof.

A fox and vulture's skeletons
A yawning rift betray'd;
And grappling still each other's bones,
The strife of death display'd.

"And now, my child, (the Sorceress said)
Lord Wolfwold's father's grave
To me shall render up the dead,
And send him to my cave.

"His skeleton shall hear my spell,
And to the figur'd walls
His hand of bone shall point and tell
What fate his son befalls."

O cold, down Ulla's snow-like face,
The trembling sweat-drops fell,
And borne by sprites of gliding pace,
The corpse approach'd the cell.

And thrice the witch her magic wand
Wav'd o'er the skeleton;
And slowly, at the dread command,
Up rose the arm of bone.

A cloven shield, and broken spear,
The finger wander'd o'er,
Then rested on a sable bier,
Distain'd with drops of gore.

In ghastly writhes, her mouth so wide,
And black, the Sorceress throws,
"And be those signs, my child, (she cried)
Fulfil'd on Wolfwold's foes.

"A happier spell I now shall try;
Attend, my child, attend,
And mark what flames from altar high,
And lowly floor ascend.

"If of the rose's softest red,
The blaze shines forth to view,
Then Wolfwold lives—but hell forbid
The glimmering flame of blue!"

The witch then rais'd her haggard arm,
And wav'd her wand on high;
And, while she spoke the mutter'd charm,
Dark lightning fill'd her eye.

Fair Ulla's knee swift smote the ground;
Her hands aloft were spread,
And every joint, as marble bound,
Felt horror's darkest dread.

Her lips, erewhile so like the rose,
Were now as violet pale,
And, trembling in convulsive throes,
Express'd o'erwhelming ail.

Her eyes, erewhile so starry bright,
Where living lustre shone,
Were now transform'd to sightless white,
Like eyes of lifeless stone.

And soon the dreadful spell was o'er,
And, glimmering to the view,
The quivering flame rose through the floor,
A flame of ghastly blue.

Behind the altar's livid fire,
  Low from the inmost cave,
Young Wolfwold rose in pale attire,
  The vestments of the grave.

His eye to Ulla's eye he rear'd,
  His cheek was wan as clay,
And half cut through, his hand appear'd
  That beckon'd her away.

Fair Ulla saw the woful shade;
  Her heart struck at her side,
And burst—low bow'd her listless head,
  And down she sunk, and died.

SONGS.

THE SHEPHERD IN LOVE.

Were Fancy but a rural maid,
And I her only swain,
To tend our flocks in rural mead,
And on the verdant plain;
Oh, how I'd pipe upon my reed
To please my only maid,
While from all sense of fear we're freed
Beneath an oaken shade.

When lambkins under hedges bleat,
And clouds do black the sky,
Then to our oaken safe retreat
We'd both together hie:
There I'd repeat my vows of love
Unto the charming fair;
Whilst her dear fluttering heart should prove
Her love like mine sincere.

When Phœbus bright sinks in the west,
And flocks are pent in fold,
Beneath an oaken tree we'd rest,
In joys not to be told.
And when Aurora's beams set free
The next enlivening day;
We'd turn our flocks at liberty,
And down we'd sit and play.

THE LINNETS.

As bringing home the other day
  Two linnets I had ta'en,
The pretty warblers seem'd to pray
  For liberty again: . .
Unheedful of their plaintive notes,
  I sprung across the mead,
In vain they tun'd their downy throats,
  And warbled to be freed.

As passing through the tufted grove
  In which my cottage stood,
I thought I saw the queen of love
  When Chlora's charms I view'd.
I gaz'd, I lov'd, I press'd her stay
  To hear my tender tale,
But all in vain, she fled away,
  Nor could my sighs prevail.

Soon through the wounds that love had made
  Came pity to my breast,
And thus I, as compassion bade,
  The feather'd pair address'd:
"Ye little warblers, cheerful be,
  Remember not ye flew;
For I, who thought myself so free,
  Am caught as well as you."

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HO

And are you sure the news is true?
And are you sure he's weel?
Is this a time to think of wark!
Mak haste, lay by your wheel;
Is this the time to spin a thread
When Colin's at the door!
Reach me my cloak, I'll to the quay
And see him come ashore.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There is nae luck at aw;
There's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman's awa.

And gie to me my bigonet,
My bishop's satin gown;
For I maun tell the bailie's wife
That Colin's come to town.
My Turkey slippers maun gae on,
My stockings pearly blue;
'Tis aw to pleasure my gudeman,
For he's baith leel and true.
For there's nae luck, &c.

Rise, lass, and mak a clean fire side,
Put on the muckle pot,
Gie little Kate her button gown,
And Jock his Sunday coat;
And mak their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw,
It's aw to please my ain gudeman,
For he's been lang awa.
For there's nae,

There's twa fat hens upo' the bauk
  Been fed this month and mair,
Mak haste and thraw their necks about,
  That Colin weel may fare;
And mak the table neat and clean,
  Let every thing look braw,
For wha can tell how Colin fared
  When he was far awa.
    Ah, there's nae, &c.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
  His breath like cauler air,
His very foot has music in't
  As he comes up the stair!
And shall I see his face again,
  And shall I hear him speak!
I'm downright dizzy wi the thought,
  In troth I'm like to greet.
    For there's nae, &c.

[The caul blasts of the winter wind,
  That thrilled through my heart,
They're aw blawn by, I hae him safe,
  Till death we'll never part:
But why should I of parting tauk,
  It may be far awa;
The present moment is our ain,
  The neist we never saw.*]
    For there's nae, &c.

If Colin's weel, and weel content,
  I hae nae mair to crave—
And gin I live to keep him sae,
  I'm blest aboon the lave.

* These lines enclosed between brackets were inserted by Dr. Beattie.

And shall I see his face again,
  And shall I hear him speak!
I'm downright dizzy wi the thought,
  In troth I'm like to greet.
    For there's nae, &c.

*ESKDALE BRAES.**

By the banks of the crystal-stream'd Esk,
  Where the Wauchope her yellow wave joins,
Where the lambkins on sunny braes bask,
  And wild woodbine the shepherd's bower twines,

Maria, disconsolate maid,
  Oft sigh'd the still noon-tide away,
Or by moonlight all desolate stray'd,
  While woful she tun'd her love-lay;

Ah, no more from the banks of the Ewes
  My shepherd comes cheerly along,
Broomholm† and the Deansbanks refuse
  To echo the plaints of his song:

* The scene is laid on the banks where the two rivers of the Wauchope and Ewes join the Esk; on the banks of the former, was anciently a castle belonging to the Knights Templars, on the ruins of which was built the house at which Mr. Mickle's father resided, and where the poet was born. It was composed at the request of Mr. Ballantyne, and was to have been set to music by Mr. Commissioner Balmaine, of the Scotch excise, had not death prevented him. Both these gentlemen were born in this district.

† The seat of John Maxwell, Esq. author of the celebrated "Essay on Tune;" Deansban ,so called from the Dean of the Knights Templars.

No more from the echoes of Ewes,
His dog fondly barking I hear;
No more the tir'd lark he pursues,
And tells me his master draws near.

Ah, woe to the wars, and the pride
Thy heroes, O Esk, could display,
When with laurels they planted thy side,
From France and from Spain borne away.

Oh, why did their honours decoy
My poor shepherd lad from the shore?
Ambition bewitch'd the vain boy,
And oceans between us now roar.

Ah, methinks his pale corse floating by,
I behold on the rude billows tost;
Unburied his scatter'd bones lie,
Lie bleaching on some desert coast!

By this stream and the May-blossom'd thorn,
That first heard his love-tale, and his vows,
My pale ghost shall wander forlorn,
And the willow shall weep o'er my brows.

With the ghosts of the wars will I wail,
In Warblaw * woods join the sad throng,
To Hallow E'en's blast tell my tale,
As the spectres, ungrav'd, glide along.

* The skirts of this very picturesque mountain form a bank for the Esk and the Wauchope, and are covered with a beautiful and romantic wood.

Still the Ewes rolls her paly blue stream,
Old Esk still his crystal tide pours,
Still golden the Wauchope waves gleam,
And still green, oh Broomholm, are thy bow

No: blasted they seem to my view,
The rivers in red floods combine!
The turtles their widow'd notes coo,
And mix their sad ditties with mine!

Discolour'd in sorrow's dim shade,
All nature seems with me to mourn,
Straight the village-bells merrily play'd,
And announc'd her dear Jamie's return.

The woodlands all May-blown appear,
The silver streams murmur new charms,
As, smiling, her Jamie drew near,
And all eager sprung into her arms.

ODES.

MAY-DAY;

OR,

THE DRUIDICAL FESTIVAL.

"AWAKE, my sons, the milky dawn
Steals softly gleaming o'er the eastern lawn:
Already from their oaken bowers,
Scattering magic herbs and flowers,
That scent the morning gale,
With white and purple blossoms crown'd,
From every hill and dell around,
The Druids hasten to the sacred vale."

'Twas thus the hoary Cadwell rais'd the strain;
Cadwell, the master of the lyric band,
The sacred Bards, who join'd the Druid's train,
When solemn feasts their hallow'd rites demand.

"Awake, my sons," he cried, and struck his lyre:
When swelling down old Snowdon's side,
A thousand harps the note replied:
And soon a thousand white-rob'd bards
March'd round their hoary sire.

The birds of song in every grove
Awoke, and rais'd the strain of love;
The lark sprung joyous from his grassy nest,
And fluttering round, their powers confess'd,
And join'd the tuneful choir.

And now the mutter'd spell
Groan'd solemn to the sky:
And soon the dark dispersing shades
And night's foul demons with the twilight fly:
And soon the bleating race the fold forsook,
And o'er the thyme-clad mountain hoar with dew
And o'er the willow-shaded brook
The floating mists withdrew.

When hastening to the sacred grove,
With white and purple blossoms crown'd,
Their mystic staves with wreaths of oak enwove
Their choral bands their sovereign chief surroun

'Twas thus while yet Monaeses liv'd,
While hoary Cadwell yet surviv'd,
Their solemn feasts the blameless Druids held:
Ere human blood their shrines distain'd,
Ere hell-taught rites their lore profan'd,
'Twas thus o'er Snowdon's brow their sacred a
thems swell'd.

Their chief Monaeses, march'd before;
Monaeses, sprung from Heber's line,
Who, leaving Midian's fertile shore,
When sceptred Belus challeng'd rites divine;
When tyranny his native fields defac'd,
Far to the peaceful west.

His kindred led—Phœnicia spread the sail,
Till where the groves of Albion rise,
Where Snowdon's front ascends the skies,
He bade his mates their happy mansions hail.

And now the sacred Morn appears,
That through the depth of rolling years
To celebrate creation claims the lay;
The Morn that gave the heavens their birth,
That saw the green, the beauteous earth
All blooming rise beneath the smiles of May.
"Then loud the hallow'd anthem raise,
And bid the mountain-summits blaze"—
The hallow'd song the Bards and Druids rais'd:
Glad echo caught the sound,
And on the mountain-tops far round,
The sacred altars blaz'd.*

"And, hail, auspicious Morn!
Still may the lively pulse of joy
Confess thy glad return;
Still may the harp and song employ
The sacred hour when first thy trembling beams
The nodding groves and purling streams,
And shady grots adorn."

'Twas thus the hoary Druids rais'd the song,
While by the sacred hill and grove,
Where misletoe the oaks enwove,
All clad in snowy white, august, they march'd along.

* May-day by the Druids, according to Dr. Stukeley, was observed as the day of the creation; and on that morn they kindled what they called holy fires on the tops of the mountains.

The fawns came trooping o'er the furrow'd land,
On Snowdon's cliffs the kids attentive stand,
While to Creation's Morn, the opening May,
The Master Druid thus resum'd the lay:
" Awake, ye gales, your fragrance shed;
Ye mountain cedars, bend the head;
Ye clouds of incense, from Arabia rise;
Balmy, as after vernal rains,
Display, fair East, thy beauteous plains,
As one great altar fuming to the skies!
'Tis nature's birth demands the lay,
Ye western isles, the grateful tribute pay;
Ye flocks, that clothe with fleecy white
The steep ascending mountain's height,
Or round the hamlet bleat along the lea,
Your voices raise;—ye heifers, low,
And from the furzy dells below.
Ye falling rivulets, swell the harmony!

" Retain, ye hills, the solemn sound,
Till Echo through her fairy round
Repeat it to the silent listening vale:
Raise, raise, ye Bards, the melody,
Wide spread the hands, low bend the knee,
And on Creation's Morn the great Creator hail!"
" Attend," they sung, " ye aërial bands—
O from the blood-polluted East,
Hither, ye guardian spirits, haste!
Here each flower of fragrant smell,
Each plant that aids the Druid's spell,
Your fostering care demands.

" For you the blossom'd boughs embower
The craggy glittering steep,
Along whose rifts the cowslips creep,
And dashing fountains pour:

For you the sweet-briar clothes the bank,
For you, along the bordering mead,
The white and yellow flowers that love the dank,
Their watery carpets spread.
O come, propitious, and our rites befriend,
Till o'er the nodding towers the silent night descend!
O join the song, and far shall fly
Each demon, who beneath the midnight sky,
Rides on the screech-owl's wing, and far around
Scatters disease, and strife, and friendship's rankling wound.

"Then happy o'er our blissful bowers,
Here shall the peaceful day decline,
While fled from scenes of blood and woe,
The' aërial friendly powers,
In every stream's melodious flow,
In ev'ry concert of the grove shall join,
Shall lightly touch the shadowy lyre,
While with the dawn our joyous choir
Renew the holy rites from heaven receiv'd,
When with the sons of God our godlike fathers liv'd.

"Wave, my sons, the misletoe;
Wave the sacred branch on high:
Round our steps the spring-flowers strew,
Flowers of bright and cheerful dye,
Symbols of untainted youth,
Of glowing love and holy truth.

"Strew, my sons, the mystic grove."
He spake—and instant round they spread
Chaplets, where the yellow hue
Was mix'd with flowers of lively blue,
Where snow-white lilies with the blossoms red,
The apple boughs enwove.

"All hail, ye venerable shades!"
Thus rose the hallow'd strain,
"Ye cloudy steeps, and winding glades,
All hail! and by your silver rills,
Your rosy dells, and thymy hills,
SHALL LASTING FREEDOM REIGN."

VICISSITUDE.

—RAPT in thought that bids thee rise
In all thy forms before mine eyes,
I glow with joy to see thee come
In rosy health and youthful bloom:
And now cold horror trembles o'er my soul,
When thou in blank uncertainty array'd,
With iron-hearted deaf control
Throw'st all around thy awful, dubious shade.

Oh, give my song, mysterious power,
The joys and terrors of thy sway to tell,
Thy sway o'er universal nature spread,
The sweetest hope of man, and darkest dread!
Behold, where shivering in the rattling hail,
While drizzling black clouds o'er him lower,
Bent o'er his staff, with livid visage fell,
Dull Winter stays his creeping step to pause,
And wishful turns his icy eyes
On April's meads. Beckoning on flowery May,
With gentle shadowy hand thou mov'st away
The lingering churl. Swift o'er the primrose dale
The new-wak'd bee his humming labour plies;
And sudden from each budding grove,
Incense to heaven, the songs of love
Attest rejoicing nature's glad applause.

Glist'ning with dew the green-hair'd Spring
Walks through the woods, and smiling in her train
Youth flutters gay on cherub wing,
And life exulting lifts the eye to heaven.
And crown'd with bearded grain,
And hay-grass breathing odours bland,
Bold Summer comes in manhood's lusty prime.
Anon his place is given
To veteran Autumn: yellow glows
His waving robe: with conscious mien sublime
He proudly lifts his sun-brown'd brows,
High o'er the loaded clime.
For him the full-orb'd moon with orange rays
Gilds mild the night; for him her course delays;
And jolly wealth lies wide beneath his hand.
But soon decrepit age he shows,
And all his golden honours past,
Naked before October's blast,
He flies the plunder'd land.

With hoary-bearded cheek and front severe,
Of angry, fretful scowl, from forest wild,
Now rheum-ey'd Winter hastens to the plain;
The hollow blast low groaning in his ear,
Round his bald head the brown leaves drift amain;
And soon his snowy mantle wide he throws
O'er vale and hill, and icicles he weeps.
The sun withdraws his golden rays,
And short his cold diurnal visit pays
With faint and silvery beam,
As listless to disturb the deep repose,
While languid nature sleeps.
Anon to social mirth beguil'd,
Safe from the tempest breme

That howls without, and beating rain,
The tyrant bids the friendly hearth to blaze;
And with the feats of former days,
Of battles dread, and heroes slain,
And valiant deeds of many a knight,
And loves of ladies passing bright,
The long-contented evening sweet he cheers;
While from his day-sport on the ice-bound stream,
Weary return'd, with wonder and delight,
Unrazor'd youth the various legend hears.

These are thy grateful changes, mighty power,
Vicissitude! But far more grateful still
When now from nature's frozen sleep profound,
Invigor'd vegetation wakes,
And Spring with primrose garland crown'd,
The seeds of plenty o'er the fuming ground,
From her green mantle shakes.

FRAGMENTS.

Tell me, gentle Echo, tell,
Where and how my lover fell?
On the cold grass did he lie,
Crown'd with laurels did he die?
Echo twice gave swift reply,
"Crown'd with laurels, crown'd with laurels, he did die."

His snow-white breast was stain'd with gore,
A cruel sword his bosom tore.
Say, with his parting vital flame,
Did he sigh Ophelia's name?
Was he constant, still the same?
Echo sigh'd "Ophelia's name."

When in honour's bed he lay,
And breath'd his gallant soul away,
Ye gentler spirits of the air,
Why was not Ophelia there?
Echo answer'd her despair,
"Why was not Ophelia there?"

While the full moon's paly ray
Sleeping on the hill-side lay,
Thus to Echo through the glade
The lovely maniac talk'd and stray'd:
Straight on fancy's wild wings borne
By the glimpse of opening morn,
She saw—or thought she saw, her love
Lie bleeding * * * * *

Come, gentle peace, on every breathing gale,
O come, and guard the slumbers of the vale;
Awake, gay mirth and glee, with playful wile,
Wake with the morn, and o'er the landscape smile.

"Upbraid me not, nor thankless fly
The grace I would bestow;"
(Sir Cadwal sat in window high,
King Edward stood below.)
"But friendly to thyself receive
The bounties I intend;—
A knight among my knights to live,
And be my table friend."
Yestreen, at midnight's solemn hour,
When deep the darkness lay,
I rose my orisons to pour
Before the opening day:
When horrid yells my ears astound,
And screams of dismal cry,
Echo'd from every hill far round,
Howl on the winds and die.
And wake again:—And far and wide,
With yellow glimmering light,
The scatter'd flames on every side
Strike horror on the sight.
Ah! what a scene the sun survey'd,
When o'er yon lake he rose!
Our villages in ashes laid,
And prone in dust our brows;

Our manly brows, form'd to command,
  Low bend beneath thy rage:
Insult me not—from thy dire hand
  No offering can assuage!"
"Unbar, proud Cadwal," Edward cried,
  "Unbar thy gates of steel——"
* * * * * * *
Black rose the smoke with dust inflate,
  And red sparks darted through;
With brain benumb'd, and faltering gait,
  King Edward slow withdrew.
The gilded roofs and towers of stone
  Now instant all around,
With sudden crash and dreadful groan
  Rush thundering to the ground.
Sir Cadwal's harp his hand obey'd,
  He felt a prophet's fire;
And mid the flames all undismay'd,
  He struck the sacred lyre.
* * * * * * *

MISCELLANIES.

ALMADA-HILL:

AN EPISTLE FROM LISBON.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THOUGH no subjects are more proper for poetry than those which are founded upon historical retrospect, the author of such a poem lies under very particular disadvantages: every one can understand and relish a work merely fictitious, descriptive, or sentimental: but a previous acquaintance, and even intimacy, with the history and characters upon which the other poem is founded, is absolutely necessary to do justice to its author. Without such previous knowledge, the ideas which he would convey pass unobserved, as in an unknown tongue; and the happiest allusion, if he is fortunate enough to attain any thing worthy of that name, is unfelt and unseen. Under these disadvantages, the following epistle is presented to the public, whose indulgence and candour the author has already amply experienced.

In the twelfth century, Lisbon, and great part of Portugal and Spain, were in possession of the

Moors. Alphonso, the first King of Portugal, having gained several victories over that people, was laying siege to Lisbon, when Robert, Duke of Gloucester, on his way to the Holy Land, appeared upon the coast of that kingdom. As the cause was the same, Robert was easily persuaded to make his first crusade in Portugal. He demanded that the storming of the castle of Lisbon, situated on a considerable hill, and whose ruins show it to have been of great strength, should be allotted to him, while Alphonso was to assail the walls and the city. Both leaders were successful; and Alphonso, among the rewards which he bestowed upon the English, granted to those who were wounded, or unable to proceed to Palestine, the castle of Almada, and the adjoining lands.

The river Tagus, below and opposite to Lisbon, is edged by steep grotesque rocks, particularly on the south side. Those on the south are generally higher and much more magnificent and picturesque than the cliffs of Dover. Upon one of the highest of these, and directly opposite to Lisbon, remain the stately ruins of the castle of Almada.

In December, 1779, as the author was wandering among these ruins, he was struck with the idea, and formed the plan of the following poem; an idea which, it may be allowed, was natural to the translator of the Lusiad; and the plan may, in some degree, be called a supplement to that work.

The following poem, except the corrections and a few lines, was written in Portugal. The descriptive parts are strictly local. The finest prospect of Lisbon and the Tagus (which is there about four miles broad) is from Almada, which also com-

mands the adjacent country from the rock of Cintra to the castle and city of Palmela, an extent of above fifty miles. This magnificent view is completed by the extensive opening at the mouth of the Tagus, about ten miles below, which discovers the Atlantic ocean.

WHILE you, my friend, from lowering wintry plains
Now pale with snows, now black with drizzling rains
From leafless woodlands, and dishonour'd bowers
Mantled by gloomy mists, or lash'd by showers
Of hollow moan, while not a struggling beam
Steals from the sun to play on Isis' stream;
While from these scenes by England's winter spread
Swift to the cheerful hearth your steps are led,
Pleas'd from the threatening tempest to retire,
And join the circle round the social fire;
In other climes through sun-bask'd scenes I stray,
As the fair landscape leads my thoughtful way,
As upland path, oft winding, bids me rove
Where orange bowers invite, or olive grove,
No sullen phantoms brooding o'er my breast,
The genial influence of the clime I taste;
Yet still regardful of my native shore,
In every scene my roaming eyes explore,
Whate'er its aspect, still, by memory brought,
My fading country rushes on my thought.
While now perhaps the classic page you turn,
And warm'd with honest indignation burn,
Till hopeless, sicklied by the climate's gloom,
Your generous fears call forth Britannia's doom,

What hostile spears her sacred lawns invade,
By friends deserted, by her chiefs betray'd,
Low fall'n and vanquish'd!—I, with mind serene
As Lisboa's sky, yet pensive as the scene
Around, and pensive seems the scene to me,
From other ills my country's fate foresee.
—Not from the hands that wield Iberia's spear,
Not from the hands that Gaul's proud thunders bear;
Nor those that turn on Albion's breast the sword,
Beat down of late by Albion when it gor'd
Their own, who impious doom their parent's fall
Beneath the world's great foe, the' insidious Gaul;
Yes, not from these the' immedicable wound
Of Albion—Other is the bane profound
Destin'd alone to touch her mortal part;
Herself is sick, and poison'd at the heart.
O'er Tago's banks where'er I roll mine eyes,
The gallant deeds of ancient days arise;
The scenes the Lusian Muses fond display'd
Before me oft, as oft at eve I stray'd
By Isis' hallow'd stream. Oft now the strand
Where Gama march'd his death-devoted* band,
While Lisboa, aw'd with horror, saw him spread
The daring sails that first to India led;

* The expedition of Vasco de Gama, the discoverer of the East Indies, was extremely unpopular, as it was esteemed impracticable. His embarkation is strongly marked by Osorius the historian. Gama, before he went on board, spent the night along with the crews of his squadron in the chapel of our Lady at Belem, on the spot where the noble Gothic church now stands, adjoining the convent of St. Jerome.

In the chapel they bound themselves to obedience to Gama, and devoted themselves to death. "On the next day, when the

And oft Almada's castled steep inspires
The pensive Muse's visionary fires;
Almada-Hill to English memory dear,
While shades of English heroes wander here.
To ancient English valour sacred still
Remains, and ever shall, Almada-Hill;
The hill and lawns to English valour given,
What time the Arab Moors from Spain were driven,
Before the banners of the Cross subdued,
When Lisboa's towers were bath'd in Moorish blood
By Gloster's lance.—Romantic days that yield
Of gallant deeds a wide luxuriant field,
Dear to the Muse that loves the fairy plains,
Where ancient honour wild and ardent reigns.
Where high o'er Tago's flood Almada lowers,
Amid the solemn pomp of mouldering towers
Supinely seated, wide and far around
My eye delighted wanders. Here the bound
Of fair Europa o'er the ocean rears
Its western edge; where dimly disappears
The' Atlantic wave, the slow descending day
Mild beaming pours serene the gentle ray
Of Lusitania's winter, silvering o'er
The tower-like summits of the mountain shore;
Dappling the lofty cliffs, that coldly throw
Their sable horrors o'er the vales below.

adventurers marched to the ships, the shore of Belem presented one of the most solemn and affecting scenes perhaps recorded in history. The beach was covered with the inhabitants of Lisbon. A numerous procession of priests in their robes sung anthems, and offered up invocations to Heaven. Every one beheld the adventurers as brave innocent men going to a dreadful execution, as rushing upon certain death."

Introduct. to the Lusiad.

Far round the stately-shoulder'd river bends
Its giant arms, and sea-like wide extends
Its midland bays, with fertile islands crown'd,
And lawns for English valour still renown'd;
Given to Cornwallia's gallant sons of yore,
Cornwallia's name the smiling pastures bore;
And still their lord his English lineage boasts
From Rolland, famous in the croisade hosts.
Where sea-ward narrower rolls the shining tide
Through hills by hills embosom'd on each side,
Monastic walls in every glen arise
In coldest white fair glistening to the skies
Amid the brown-brow'd rocks; and, far as sight,
Proud domes and villages array'd in white*
Climb o'er the steeps, and through the dusky green
Of olive groves, and orange bowers between,
Speckled with glowing red unnumber'd gleam—
And Lisboa towering o'er the lordly stream
Her marble palaces and temples spreads
Wildly magnific o'er the loaded heads
Of bending hills, along whose high-pil'd base
The port capacious, in a moon'd embrace,
Throws her mast-forest, waving on the gale
The vanes of every shore that hoists the sail.
Here, while the sun from Europe's breast retires,
Let fancy, roaming as the scene inspires,
Pursue the present and the past restore,
And Nature's purpose in her steps explore.
Nor you, my friend, admiring Rome, disdain
The' Iberian fields and Lusitanian Spain.

* The houses in Portugal are generally whitened on the outside, white being esteemed as repulsive of the rays of the sun.

While Italy, obscur'd in tawdry blaze,
A motley, modern character displays,
And languid trims her long exhausted store,
Iberia's fields, with rich and genuine ore
Of ancient manners, woo the traveller's eye;
And scenes untrac'd in every landscape lie.
Here every various dale with lessons fraught
Calls to the wanderer's visionary thought
What mighty deeds the lofty hills of Spain
Of old have witness'd—From the evening main
Her mountain tops the Tyrian pilots saw
In lightnings wrapt, and thrill'd with sacred awe,
Through Greece the tales of gorgons, hydras spread,
And Geryon dreadful with the triple head;
The stream of Lethe,* and the dread abodes
Of forms gigantic, and infernal gods.
But soon, by fearless lust of gold impell'd,
They min'd the mountain, and explor'd the field;
Till Rome and Carthage, fierce for empire, strove,
As for their prey two famish'd birds of Jove.
The rapid Durius then and Bœtis' flood
Were dy'd with Roman and with Punic blood,
While oft the lengthening plains and mountain sides
Seem'd moving on, slow rolling tides on tides,

* The river of Lima, in the north of Portugal, said to be the Lethe of the ancients, is thus mentioned by Cellarius in his *Geographia Antiqua*: "Fabulosus Oblivionus fluvius Limia, ultra Lusitaniam in septentrione." It runs through a most romantic and beautiful district; from which circumstance it probably received the name of the river of Oblivion, the first strangers who visited it forgetting their native country, and being willing to continue on its banks. The same reason of forgetfulness is ascribed to the Lotos by Homer, Odys. ix. There is another Lethe of the ancients in Africa.

When from Pyrene's summits Afric pour'd
Her armies, and o'er Rome destruction lower'd.
Here while the youth revolves some hero's fame,
If patriot zeal his British breast inflame,
Here let him trace the fields to freedom dear,
Where low in dust lay Rome's invading spear;
Where Viriatus* proudly trampled o'er
Fasces and Roman eagles steep'd in gore;
Or where he fell, with honest laurels crown'd,
The awful victim of a treacherous wound;
A wound still bath'd in honour's generous tear,
While freedom's wounds the brave and good revere;
Still pouring fresh the' inexpiable stain
O'er Rome's patrician honour, false and vain!
Or should the pride of bold revolt inspire,
And touch his bosom with unhallow'd fire;
If merit spurn'd, demand stern sacrifice,
O'er Evora's† fields let dread Sertorius rise,
Dy'd in his country's blood, in all the pride
Of wrongs reveng'd, illustrious let him ride
Enshrin'd, o'er Spain, in victory's dazzling rays,
Till Rome looks pale beneath the mounting blaze.
But let the British wanderer through the dales
Of Evora stray, while midnight tempest wails;
There, as the hoary villagers relate,
Sertorius, Sylla, Marius, weep their fate,
Their spectres gliding on the lightning blue,
Oft doom'd their ancient stations to renew;
Sertorius bleeding on Perpenna's knife,
And Marius sinking in ambition's strife:

* This great man is called by Florus the Romulus of Spain. What is here said of him is agreeable to history.

† Ebora, now Evora, was the principal residence of Sertorius.

As forest boars entangled in a chain,
Drag'd on, as stings each leader's rage or pain;
And each the furious leader in his turn,
Till low they lie, a ghastly wreck forlorn.
And say, ye tramplers on your country's mounds,
Say, who shall fix the swelling torrent's bounds?
Or who shall sail the pilot of the flood?
Alas! full oft, some worthless trunk of wood
Is whirl'd into the port, blind fortune's boast,
While noblest vessels, founder'd, strew the coast!
If wars of fairer fame and old applause,
That bear the title of our country's cause,
To humanize barbarians, and to raise
Our country's prowess, their asserted praise;
If these delight, Hispania's dales display
The various arts and toils of Roman sway.
Here jealous Cato* laid the cities waste,
And Julius* here in fairer pride replac'd,
Till ages saw the labours of the plough
By every river, and the barren bough
Of laurel shaded by the olive's bloom,
And grateful Spain the strength of lordly Rome;
Her's mighty bards,† and her's the sacred earth
That gave the world a friend in Trajan's birth.
When Rome's wide empire, a luxurious prey,
Debas'd in false refinement, nerveless lay,
The northern hordes on Europe's various climes
Planted their ruling virtues and their crimes.
Cloister'd by Tiber's stream the slothful staid,
To Seine and Loire the gay and frivolous stray'd,

* According to history, this different policy is strikingly characteristic of those celebrated names.

† Lucan, Martial, Seneca.

A sordid group the Belgian marshes pleas'd,
And Saxony's wild forests freedom seiz'd,
There held her juries, pois'd the legal scales:—
And Spain's romantic hills and lonely dales
The pensive lover sought; and Spain became
The land of gallantry and amorous flame.
Hail, favour'd clime! whose lone retreats inspire
The softest dreams of languishing desire,
Affections trembling with a glow all holy,
Widely sublime, and sweetly melancholy;
Till wrapt devotion to the fair, refine
And bend each passion low at honour's shrine.
So felt the iron Goth when here he brought
His worship of the fair with valour fraught.
Soon as Iberia's mountains fix'd his home,
He rose a character unknown to Rome;
His manners wildly colour'd as the flowers
And flaunting plumage of Brazilian bowers:
New to the world as these, yet polish'd more
Than e'er the pupil of the Attic lore
Might proudly boast. On man's bold arm robust
The tender fair reclines with fondest trust:
With nature's finest touch exulting glows
The manly breast which that fond aid bestows:
That first of generous joys on man bestow'd,
In Gothic Spain in all its fervour glow'd.
Then high burn'd honour; and the dread alarms
Of danger then assum'd the dearest charms.
What for the fair was dar'd or suffer'd, bore
A saint-like merit, and was envied more;
Till led by love-sick fancy's dazzled flight,
From court to court forth roam'd adventure's knight;
And tilts and tournaments, in mimic wars,
Supplied the triumphs and the honour'd scars

Of arduous battles for their country fought,
Till the keen relish of the marvelous wrought
All wild and fever'd; and each peaceful shade
With batter'd armour deck'd, its night display
In soothing transport, listening to the strain
Of dwarfs and giants, and of monsters slain;
Of spells all horror, and enchanters dire,
And the sweet banquet of the amorous fire,
When knights and ladies chaste, reliev'd from tl
Hold love's high holiday in bower and hall.
'Twas thus, all pleasing to the languid thou
With magic power the tales of magic wrought
Till by the Muses arm'd, in all the ire
Of wit, resistless as electric fire,
Forth rode La Mancha's knight; and sudden
Goblins and beauteous nymphs, and pagans di
As the delirious dream of sickness flies,
When health returning smiles from vernal ski
But turn we now from chivalry diseas'd,
To chivalry when honour's wreath she seiz'd
From wisdom's hand. From Taurus' rugged s
And Caucasus, far round with headlong swee
As wolves, wild howling from their famish'd c
Rush'd the devouring band of Saracen:
Their savage genius, giant like and blind,
Trampling with sullen joy on human-kind;
Assyria lay its own uncover'd grave,
And Gallia trembled to the' Atlantic wave:
In awful waste the fairest cities moan'd,
And human liberty expiring groan'd,
When chivalry arose:—her ardent eye
Sublime, that fondly mingled with the sky,
Where patience watch'd and steadfast pu
frown'd,
Mix'd with devotion's fire, she darted round,

Stern and indignant; on her glittering shield
The Cross she bore, and proudly to the field
High plum'd she rush'd; by honour's dazzling fir'd,
Conscious of Heaven's own cause, and all inspir'd
By holy vows, as on the frowning tower
The lightning vollies, on the crested power
Of Saracen she wing'd her javelin's way,
And the wide-wasting giant prostrate lay.
Let supercilious wisdom's smiling pride
The passion wild of these bold days deride;
But let the humbler sage with reverence own
That something sacred glows, of name unknown,
Glows in the deeds that Heaven delights to crown;
Something that boasts an impulse uncontroll'd
By school-taught prudence, and its maxims cold.
Fir'd at the thought, methinks on sacred ground
I tread; where'er I cast mine eyes around,
Palmela's* hill and Cintra's summits tell
How the grim Saracen's dread legions fell!
Turbans and scimitars in carnage roll'd,
And their moon'd ensigns torn from every hold:
Yes, let the youth whose generous search explores
The various lessons of Iberia's shores,
Let him as wandering at the Muse's hour
Of eve or morn, where the low Moorish tower,
Fallen from its rocky height and tyrant sway,
Lies scatter'd o'er the dale in fragments grey,
Let him with joy behold the hills around,
With olive forests and with vineyards crown'd,

* *Palmela's hill and Cintra's summits*—are both seen from Almada, and were principal forts of the Moors. They were stormed by Alphonso the First about the time of the conquest of Lisbon.

All grateful pouring on the hands that rear
Their fruit, the fruitage of the bounteous year.
Then let his mind to fair Ionia turn,—
Alas! how waste Ionia's landscapes mourn;
And thine, O bounteous Greece! amid the tow'rs
Where dreadful still the Turkish banner lowers:
Beneath whose gloom, unconscious of the stain
That dims his soul, the peasant hugs his chain.
And whence these woes debasing human kind?
Eunuchs in heart in polish'd sloth reclin'd,
Thy sons, degenerate Greece, ignobly bled,
And fair Byzantium bow'd the' imperial head:
While Tago's iron race, in dangers steel'd,
All ardour, dar'd the horrors of the field.
The towers of Venice trembled o'er her flood,
And Paris' gates aghast and open stood:
Low lay her peers on Fontarabia's* plains;
And Lisboa groan'd beneath stern Mah'mets chains:
Vain was the hope the north might rest unspoil'd;
When stern Iberia's spirit fierce recoil'd.
As from the toils the wounded lion bounds,
And tears the hunters and the sated hounds;
So smarting with his wounds the' Iberian tore
And to his sun-scorch'd regions drove the Moor:
The vengeful Moors, as mastiffs on their prey,
Return'd; as heavy clouds their deep array

* The irruption of the Mohammedans into Europe gave rise to that species of poetry called Romance. The Orlando Furioso is founded upon the invasion of France,

> When Charlemagne with all his peerage fell
> By Fontarabia——

Milton, P. Lost.

n'd o'er Tago's banks. As Sagrez* braves
ms the furious rage of Afric's waves,
'd, so stood the Lusitanian bands,
uthern bulwark of Europa's lands.
ere the foes by chivalry repell'd,
ch the honours that adorn'd her shield.
k what Christian Europe owes the high
dent soul of gallant chivalry;
d let Turkish-Europe's groans reply!
hrough the pictur'd abbey-window gleams
ening sun with bold though fading beams,
ough the reverend shade of ancient days
these bold deeds with dim yet golden rays.
not glowing fancy, as it warms
ese, high honour's youthful pride in arms,
the stern ambition and the worth
ds mature, by patriot kings call'd forth;
orth which rous'd the nation to explore
ean's wildest waves and farthest shore.
uman eye untempted, unexplor'd,
ful solitude, old Ocean roar'd:
he fearful dove's impatient eye
rs the height untried of upper sky;
m'd the last dim wave, in boundless space
'd and lost, when Tago's gallant race,
les fixing on the sun their eyes,
gh gulfs unknown explor'd the morning skies,
ught the wondering world the grand design
en: Heaven, that shore to shore should join
ls of mutual aid, from sky to sky,
ean's wildest waves the chain supply.

* promontory of Sagrez, where Henry, Duke of Viseo, and establish'd his naval school, is on the southern part ugal, opposite to Africa.

And here, my friend, how many a trophy wooes
The Briton's earnest eye, and British Muse!
Here bids the youthful traveller's care forego
The arts of elegance and polish'd show;
Bids other arts his nobler thoughts engage,
And wake to highest aim his patriot rage;
Those arts which rais'd that race of men, who shone
The heroes of their age on Lisboa's throne.
What mighty deeds in filial order flow'd,
While each still brighter than its parent glow'd,
Till Henry's naval school its heroes pour'd
From pole to pole wherever Ocean roar'd!
Columbus, Gama, and Magellan's name,
Its deathless boast; and all of later fame
Its offspring—kindling o'er the view the Muse
The naval pride of those bright days reviews
Sees Gama's sails, that first to India bore,
In awful hope, evanish from the shore:
Sees from the silken regions of the morn
What fleets of gay triumphant vanes return!
What heroes, plum'd with conquest, proudly bring
The eastern sceptres to the Lusian king!
When sudden, rising on the evening gale,
Methinks I hear the Ocean's murmurs wail,
And every breeze repeat the woful tale,
How bow'd, how fell proud Lisboa's naval throne—
Ah, Heaven, how cold the boding thoughts rush on!
Methinks I hear the shades that hover round
Of English heroes heave the sigh profound,
Prophetic of the kindred fate that low'rs
O'er Albion's fleets and London's proudest tow'rs.
Broad was the firm-bas'd structure, and sublime,
That Gama fondly rear'd on India's clime:

On justice and benevolence he plac'd
Its ponderous weight, and warlike trophies grac'd
Its mountain turrets; and o'er Asia wide
Great Albuquerk* renown'd its generous pride.
The injur'd native sought its friendly shade,
And India's princes bless'd its powerful aid;
Till from corrupted passion's basest hour
Rose the dread demon of tyrannic power.
Sampayo's heart, where dauntless valour reign'd,
And counsel deep, she seiz'd and foul profan'd.
Then the strait road where sacred justice leads,
Where for its plighted compact honour bleeds,
Was left, and holy patriot zeal gave place
To lust of gold and self-devotion base;
Deceitful art the chief's sole guide became,
And breach of faith was wisdom; slaughter, fame.
Yet though from far his hawk-eye mark'd its prey,
Soon through the rocks that cross'd his crooked way,
As a toil'd bull fiercely he stumbled on,
Till low he lay, dishonour'd and o'erthrown.
Others, without his valour or his art,
With all his interested rage of heart,
Follow'd, as blighting mists on Gama's toil,
And undermin'd and rent the mighty pile;
Convulsions dread its deep foundations tore:
Its bending head the scath of lightning bore:
Its fallen turrets desolation spread;
And from its faithless shade in horror fled
The native tribes—yet not at once subdued;
Its pristine strength long storms on storms with-
stood;

* Albuquerk, Sampayo, Nunio, Castro, are distinguished characters in the Lusiad, and in the history of Portuguese Asia.

A Nunio's justice, and a Castro's sword,
Oft rais'd its turrets, and its dread restor'd.
Yet, like the sunshine of a winter's day
On Norway's coast, soon died the transient ray.
A tyrant race, who own'd no country,* came,
Deep to intrench themselves their only aim;
With lust of rapine fever'd and athirst,
With the unhallow'd rage of gain accurs'd;
Against each spring of action, on the breast,
For wisest ends, by nature's hand impress'd,
Stern war they wag'd; and blindly ween'd, alone
On brutal dread, to fix their cruel throne.
The wise and good, with indignation fir'd,
Silent from their unhallow'd board retir'd;
The base and cunning staid, and, slaves avow'd,
Submiss to every insult smiling bow'd.
Yet while they smil'd and bow'd the abject head,
In chains unfelt their tyrant lords they led;
Their avarice, watching as a bird of prey,
O'er every weakness, o'er each vice held sway;
Till secret art assum'd the thwarting face,
And dictate bold; and ruin and disgrace
Clos'd the unworthy scene. Now trampled low
Beneath the injur'd native, and the foe
From Belgia lur'd by India's costly prey,
Thy glorious structure, Gama, prostrate lay;
And lies in desolated awful gloom,
Dread and instructive as a ruin'd tomb.

* Before the total declension of the Portuguese in Asia, and while they were subject to Spain, the principal people, says the historian Faria, who were mostly a mixed race born in India, lost all affection for their mother country, nor had any regard for any of the provinces, where they were only the sons of strangers; and present emolument became their sole object.

Nor less on Tago's than on India's coast
Was ancient Lusian virtue stain'd and lost:
On Tago's banks, heroic ardour's foes,
A soft, luxurious, tinsel'd race, arose;
Of lofty boastful look and pompous show,
Triumphant tyrants o'er the weak and low:
Yet wildly starting from the gaming board
At every distant brandish of the sword;
Already conquer'd by uncertain dread,
Imploring peace with feeble hands outspread:—
Such peace as trembling suppliants still obtain,
Such peace they found beneath the yoke of Spain;
And the wide empires of the east no more
Pour'd their redundant horns on Lisboa's shore.

Alas, my friend, how vain the fairest boast
Of human pride! how soon is Empire lost!
The pile by ages rear'd to awe the world,
By one degenerate race to ruin hurl'd!
And shall the Briton view that downward race
With eye unmov'd, and no sad likeness trace!
Ah, Heaven! in every scene, by memory brought,
My fading country rushes on my thought.

From Lisboa now the frequent vesper bell
Vibrates o'er Tago's stream with solemn knell.
Turn'd by the call my pensive eye surveys
That mighty scene of history's shame and praise.
Methinks I hear the yells of horror rise
From slaughter'd thousands shrieking* to the skies.

* Besides the total slaughter of the Moors at the taking of Lisbon, other massacres have bathed the streets of that city in blood. King Fernando, surnamed the Careless, was driven from Lisbon by a bloody insurrection, headed by one Velasquez, a tailor. Some time after, on the death of Fernando, Adeyro, the Queen's favourite, was stabbed in her presence, the Bishop of

As factious rage or blinded zeal of yore [gore.
Roll'd their dire chariot-wheels through streams of
Now throbs of other glow my soul employ;
I hear the triumph of a nation's joy,*
From bondage rescued and the foreign sword,
And independence and the throne restor'd.
Hark, what low sound from Cintra's rock! the air
Trembles with horror; fainting lightnings glare;
Shrill crows the cock, the dogs give dismal yell;
And with the whirlwind's roar full comes the swell;
Convulsive staggers rock the' eternal ground,
And heave the Tagus from his bed profound;
A dark red cloud the towers of Lisboa veils;
Ah, Heaven, what dreadful groan! the rising gales
Bring light; and Lisboa smoking in the dust
Lies fall'n.—The wide-spread ruins, still august,
Still show the footsteps where the dreadful God
Of earthquake, cloth'd in howling darkness, trod;
Where mid foul weeds the heaps of marble tell
From what proud height the spacious temples fell;

Lisbon was thrown from the tower of his own cathedral, and the massacre of all the Queen's adherents became general; and many were murdered under that pretence, by those who had an enmity against them. In 1805, between two and three thousand Jews were massacred in Lisbon in the space of three days, and many Christians were also murdered by their private enemies under a similar pretence, that they were of the Hebrew race. Thousands flocked in from the country to assist in their destruction, and the crews of some French and Dutch ships then in the river, says Osorius, were particularly active in murdering and plundering.

* When the Spanish yoke was thrown off, and the Duke of Braganza ascended the throne, under the title of John IV. This is one of the most remarkable events in history, and does the Portuguese nation infinite honour.

And penury and sloth of squalid mien
Beneath the roofless palace walls* are seen
In savage hovels, where the tap'stried floor
Was trod by nobles and by kings before:
How like, alas, her Indian empire's state!
How like the city's and the nation's fate!
Yet time points forward to a brighter day:
Points to the domes that stretch their fair array
Through the brown ruins, lifting to the sky
A loftier brow, and mien of promise high;
Points to the river-shore, where wide and grand
The courts of commerce and her walks expand,
As an imperial palace† to retain
The universal queen, and fix her reign;
Where pleas'd she hears the groaning oar resound;
By magazines and ars'nals mounded round,
Whose yet unfinish'd grandeur proudly boasts
The fairest hope of either India's coasts,
And bids the Muse's eye on vision roam
Through mighty scenes in ages long to come.
Forgive, fair Thames, the song of truth that pays
To Tago's empress-stream superior praise;

* This description is literally just. Whole families, of all ages, are every where seen among the ruins, the only covering of their habitations being ragged fragments of sail-cloth; and their common bed dirty straw. The magnificent and extensive ruins of the palace of Braganza contain several hundreds of these idle people, much more wretched in their appearance than the gipsies of England.

† The *Praza de Commercio*, or Forum of Commerce, is one of the largest and most magnificent squares in Europe. Three sides consist of the Exchange and the public offices; the fourth is formed by the Tagus, which is here edged by an extensive and noble wharf, built of coarse marble.

O'er every vauntful river be it thine
To boast the guardian shield of laws divine;
But yield to Tagus all the sovereign state
By nature's gift bestow'd and partial fate,
The sea-like port and central sway to pour
Her fleets, by happiest course, on every shor
When from the sleep of ages dark and dr
Thy genius, Commerce, rear'd her infant he
Her cradle bland on Tago's lap she chose,
And soon to wondering childhood sprightly
And when to green and youthful vigour gro
On Tago's breast she fix'd her central throne
Far from the hurricane's resistless sweep
That tears with thundering rage the Carib d
Far from the foul-wing'd winter that deform
And rolls the northern main with storms on st
Beneath salubrious skies, to summer gales
She gives the vent'rous and returning sails;
The smiling isles, nam'd Fortunate of old,
First on her Ocean's bosom fair unfold:
Thy world, Columbus, spreads its various br
Proud to be first by Lisboa's waves caress'd;
And Afric woos and leads her easy way
To the fair regions of the rising day.
If Turkey's drugs invite or silken pride,
Thy straits, Alcides, give the ready tide;
And turn the prow, and soon each shore exp
From Gallia's coast to Europe's northern lan
When Heaven decreed low to the dust to
That lofty oak,* Assyria's boastful king,
"Deep (said the angel-voice) the roots secu
With bands of brass, and let the life endure,

* See Daniel, c. iv.

For yet his head shall rise."—And deep remain
The living roots of Lisboa's ancient reign;
Deep in the castled isles on Asia's strand,
And firm in fair Brazilia's wealthy land.
And say, while ages roll their lengthening train,
Shall nature's gifts to Tagus still prove vain,
An idle waste!—A dawn of brightest ray
Has boldly promis'd the returning day
Of Lisboa's honours, fairer than her prime
Lost by a rude unletter'd age's crime—
Now heaven-taught science and her liberal band
Of arts, and dictates by experience plan'd,
Beneath the smiles of a benignant Queen
Boast the fair opening of a reign* serene,
Of omen high.—And Camoens' ghost no more
Wails the neglected Muse on Tago's shore;
No more his tears the barbarous age† upbraid:
His griefs and wrongs all sooth'd, his happy shade

* Alludes to the establishment of the Royal Academy of Lisbon in May 1780, under the presidency of the most illustrious Prince Don John of Braganza, Duke of Lafoens. &c. &c. The author was present at the ceremony of its commencement, and had the honour to be admitted a member.

† Camoens, the first poet of Portugal, published his Lusiad at a time of the deepest declension of public virtue, when the Portuguese empire in India was falling into rapid decay, when literature was totally neglected, and all was luxury and imbecility at home. At the end of Books V. and VII. of his Lusiad, he severely upbraids the nobility for their barbarous ignorance. He died neglected in a workhouse, a few months before his country fell under the yoke of Philip II. of Spain, whose policy in Portugal was of the same kind with that which he exercised in the Netherlands, endeavouring to secure submission by severity, with the view of reducing them beneath the possibility of a successful revolt.

Beheld the' Uylsses* of his age return
To Tago's banks; and earnest to adorn
The hero's brows, he weaves the' Elysian crown,
What time the letter'd chiefs of old renown,
And patriot heroes, in the' Elysian bowers
Shall hail Braganza! Of the fairest flowers
Of Helicon, entwin'd with laurel leaves
From Maxen field, the deathless wreath he weaves;
Anxious alone, nor be his vows in vain,
That long his toil unfinish'd may remain!
The view how grateful to the liberal mind,
Whose glow of heart embraces human kind,
To see a nation rise! But ah, my friend,
How dire the pangs to mark our own descend!
With ample powers from ruin still to save,
Yet as a vessel on the furious wave,
Through sunken rocks and ravenous whirlpools tost,
Each power to save in counter-action lost,
Where, whilecombining storms the deckso'erwhelm,
Timidity slow falters at the helm,

* This title is given by the Portuguese historians to Don John, one of the younger sons of John I. of Portugal, who had visited every court of Europe. The same title is no less due to the present illustrious descendant of his family, the Duke of Lafoens. His Grace, who has within these few years returned to his native country, was about twenty-two years absent from it. During the late war, he was a volunteer in the army of the Empress Queen, in which he served as lieutenant-general, and particularly distinguished himself at the battle of Maxen, where the Prussians were defeated. After the peace, he not only visited every court of Europe, most of whose languages he speaks fluently, but also travelled to Turkey and Egypt, and even to Lapland. His grace is no less distinguished by his taste for the *Belles Lettres*, than for his extensive knowledge of history and science.

The crew, in mutiny, from every mast
Tearing its strength, and yielding to the blast;
By faction's stern and gloomy lust of change,
And selfish rage inspir'd and dark revenge—
Nor ween, my friend, that favouring fate forebodes
That Albion's state, the toil of demi-gods,
From ancient manners pure, through ages long,
And from unnumber'd friendly aspects sprung,
When poison'd at the heart its soul expires,
Shall e'er again resume its generous fires:
No future day may such fair frame restore:
When Albion falls, she falls to rise no more!

STANZAS,

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY STUDIOUS OF BOTANY.

Say, gentle Lady of the bower,
For thou, though young, art wise,
And known to thee is every flower
Beneath our milder skies:

Say, which the plant of modest dye,
And lovely mien combin'd,
That fittest to the pensive eye
Displays the virtuous mind?

I sought the groves where innocence
Methought might long reside;
But April's blossoms banish'd thence,
Gave summer, Flora's pride.

I sought the garden's boasted haunt,
But on the gay parterre
Carnations glow, and tulips flaunt,
No humble floweret there.

"The flower you seek (the Nymph replies)
Has bow'd the languid head;
For on its bloom the blazing skies
Their sultry rage have shed.

"'Tis now the downward withering day
Of winter's dull presage,
That seeks not where the dog-star's ray
Has shed his fiercest rage.

"Yet search yon shade, obscure, forlorn,
Where rude the bramble grows;
There, shaded by the humble thorn,
The lingering Primrose blows."

SONNET

ON PASSING THE BRIDGE OF ALCANTRA, NEAR LISBON,

Where Camoens is reported to have chosen his Station, when and Necessity compelled him to beg his daily Sustenance.

Oft as at pensive eve I pass the brook
Where Lisboa's Maro, old and suppliant, stood
Fancy, his injur'd eld and sorrows rude
Brought to my view. 'Twas night: with chee
look
Methought he bow'd the head in languid moo

As pale with penury in darkling nook
Forlorn he watch'd. Sudden the skies partook
A mantling blaze, and warlike forms intrude.
Here Gama's semblance braves the boiling main,
And Lusitania's warriors hurl the spear;
But whence that flood of light that bids them rear
Their lofty brows! From thy neglected strain,
Camoens, unseen by vulgar eye it flows;
That glorious blaze, to thee, thy thankless country owes.

STANZAS ON MR. GARRICK.

Fair was the graceful form Prometheus made,
Its front the image of the god display'd:
All heaven approv'd it, ere Minerva stole
The fire of Jove, and kindled up the soul.

So Shakspeare's page, the flower of poesy,
Ere Garrick rose, had charms for every eye:
'Twas Nature's genuine image wild and grand,
The strong mark'd picture of a master's hand.

But when his Garrick, Nature's Pallas, came,
The bard's bold painting burst into a flame;
Each part new force and vital warmth receiv'd,
As touch'd by heaven—and all the picture liv'd.

IMITATIONS OF SPENSER.

SYR MARTYN:

A POEM, IN THE MANNER OF SPENSER.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS attempt in the manner of Spenser was first published in 1767, since which time it has passed through some editions, under the title of The Concubine; a title, which, it must be confessed, conveyed a very improper idea both of the subject and spirit of the Poem. It is now more properly entitled Syr Martyn, and the author is happy to find that the public approba ion of the work has given him an opportunity to alter its name so much to advantage.

The first publication was not accompanied with any prefatory address, by which either the intention of the writer might be explained, or the candour of the reader solicited. To solicit candour for the poetical execution he still declines, for taste is not to be bribed: but perhaps justice to himself may require some explanation of his design, and some apology for his use of the manner *of Spenser.*

It is an established maxim in criticism, "That an interesting moral is essential to a good poem." The character of the Man of Fortune is of the utmost importance both in the political and moral world to throw, therefore, a just ridicule on the pursuits and pleasures which often prove fatal to the important virtues of the gentleman, must afford an interesting moral, but it is the management of the writer which alone must render it striking. Yet, however, he may have failed in attaining this, the author may decently assert, that to paint false pleasure as it is, ridiculous and contemptible, alike destructive to virtue and to happiness, was at least the purpose of his Poem.

It is also an established maxim in criticism, that the subject of a poem should be *one;* that every part should contribute to the completion of one design, which, properly pursued, will naturally diffuse itself into a regular beginning, middle, and end. Yet, in attaining this unity of the whole, the necessary regularity must still be poetical, for the spirit of poetry cannot exist under the shackles of logical or mathematical arrangement. Or, to use the words of a very eminent Critic, "As there must needs be a connexion, so that connexion will best answer its end, and the purpose of the writer, which, whilst it leads by a sure train of thinking to the conclusion in view, conceals itself all the while, and leaves to the reader the satisfaction of supplying the intermediate links, and joining together, in his own mind, what is left in a seeming posture of neglect and inconnexion."

If, therefore, the delineation of the character of the man of birth, who, with every advantage of

natural abilities and amiable disposition, is at once lost to the public and himself; if this character has its beginning, middle, and end, the poem has all the unity that propriety requires: how far such unity is attained, may perhaps be seen at one view in the following argument:

After an invocation to the genius of Spenser, and proposition of the subject, the Knight's first attachment to his Concubine, his levity, love of pleasure, and dissipation, with the influence over him which on this she assumes, are parts which undoubtedly constitute a just beginning.

The effects of this influence, exemplified in the different parts of a gentleman's relative character—in his domestic elegance of park, gardens, and house—in his unhappiness as a lover, a parent, and a man of letters—behaviour as a master to his tenants, as a friend, and a brother—and in his feelings, in his hours of retirement, as a man of birth and a patriot, naturally complete the middle, to which an allegorical catastrophe furnishes the proper and regular end.

Some reasons, perhaps, may be expected for having adopted the manner of Spenser. To propose a general use of it were indeed highly absurd; yet it may be presumed there are some subjects on which it may be used with advantage. But not to enter upon any formal defence, the author will only say, that the fulness and wantonness of description, the quaint simplicity, and above all, the ludicrous, of which the antique phraseology and manner of Spenser are so happily and peculiarly susceptible, inclined him to esteem it not *solely* as the best, but the only mode of composition adapted to his subject.

SYR MARTYN.

CANTO I.

The mirthfull bowres and flowry dales
Of pleasures faerie land,
Where virtues budds are blighted as
By foul enchanters wand.

WAKE, ye west windes, through the lonely dale,
nd, fancy, to thy faerie bowre betake!
ven now, with balmie freshnesse, breathes the gale,
impling with downy wing the stilly lake;
hrough the pale willows faultering whispers wake,
nd evening comes with locks bedropt with dew;
n Desmond's* mouldering turrets slowly shake
he trembling rie-grass and the hare-bell blue,
nd ever and anon faire Mulla's plaints renew.

for that namelesse powre to strike mine eare,
hat powre of charme thy naiads once possest,
lelodious Mulla! when, full oft whyleare,
hy gliding murmurs soothed the gentle brest
f haplesse Spenser: long with woes opprest,
ong with the drowsie patrons smyles decoy'd,
ill in thy shades, no more with cares distrest,
o more with painful anxious hopes accloy'd,
he sabbath of his life the milde good man enjoy'd:

* The castle of the Earl of Desmond, on the banks of the river Mully in Ireland, was some time the residence of Spenser, the place where he wrote the greatest part of the Faerie Queene.

Enjoy'd each wish ; while rapt in visions blest,
The Muses wooed him, when each evening grey
Luxurious Fancy, from her wardrobe drest
Brought forth her faerie knights in sheen array
By forrest edge or welling fount, where lay,
Farre from the crowd, the carelesse bard supine:
Oh, happy man ! how innocent and gay,
How mildly peacefull past these houres of thine!
Ah! could a sigh avail, such sweete calme peace
were mine!

Yet oft, as pensive through these lawns I stray,
Unbidden transportes through my bosome swell;
With pleasing reverence awed, mine eyes survey
The hallowed shades where Spenser strung his shell,
The brooke still murmurs through the bushy dell,
Still through the woodlands wild and beauteous rise
The hills green tops; still from her moss-white cell
Complayning Echoe to the stockdove sighs,
And Fancy, wandering here, still feels new extacies.

Then come, ye Genii of the place! O come,
Ye wilde-wood Muses of the native lay!
Ye who these banks did whilom constant roam,
And round your Spenser ever gladsome play!
Oh, come once more! and with your magick ray
These lawns transforming, raise the mystick scene—
The lawns already own your vertual sway,
Proud cities rise, with seas and wildes atweene;
In one enchanted view the various walks of men.

Towerd to the sky, with cliff on cliff ypild,
Fronting the sunne, a rock fantastick rose;
From every rift the pink and primrose smild,
And redd with blossoms hung the wilding boughs;

On middle cliff each flowry shrub that blows
On Maye's sweete morne a fragrant grove display'd,
Beauteous and wilde as ever Druid chose;
From whence a reverend Wizard through the shade
Advaunst to meet my steps: for here me seem'd
I stray'd.

White as the snow-drop round his temples flow'd
A few thin hairs; bright in his eagle eye, [glow'd;
Meint with heaven's lightning, social mildnesse
Yet when him list queynt was his leer and slie,
Yet wondrous distant from malignitie;
For still his smyle did forcibly disclose
The soul of worth and warm hart-honestie:
Such winning grace as age but rare bestows
Dwelt on his cheeks and lips, though like the withering rose.

Of skyen blue a mantling robe he wore,
A purple girdle loosely ty'd his waist
Enwove with many a flowre from many a shore,
And half conceal'd and half reveal'd his vest,
His vest of silk, the Faerie Queene's bequest
What time she wooed him ere his head was grey;
A lawrell bough he held, and now addrest
To speech, he points it to the mazy way
That wide and farre around in wildest prospect lay.

"Younkling, (quoth he) lo, where at thy desire
The wilderness of life extensive lies;
The path of blustering fame and warlike ire,
Of scowling powre and lean-boned covetise,
Of thoughtlesse mirth and folly's giddy joys;
And whither all those paths illusive end,
All these at my command didactick rise,
And shift obedient as mine arm I bend."
He said, *and to the field* did straight his arm extend.

"Well worthy views, (quoth I) rise all around,
But certes, lever would I see and hear,
How, oft, the gentle plant of generous ground
And fairest bloom no ripen'd fruit will bear:
Oft have I shed, perdie, the bitter tear
To see the shoots of vertue shrink and die,
Untimely blasted in the soft greene eare:
What evil blight thus works such villainy, [try."
To tell, O reverend seer, thy prompt enchantment

"Ah me! how little doe unthinking youth
Foresee the sorrowes of their elder age!
Full oft, (quoth he) my bosom melts with ruth
To note the follies of their early stage,
Where dissipation's cup full deepe they pledge;
Ne can the wizard's saws disperse to flight
The ills that soon will warre against them wage,
Ne may the spells that lay the church-yarde spright,
From pleasure's servile bands release the luckless wight.

"This truth to tell, see yonder lawnskepe rise,
An ample field of British clime I ween,
A field which never by poetick eyes [scene
Was view'd from hence. Thus, though the rural
Has by a thousand artists pencil'd beene,
Some other may, from other point, explore
A view full different, yet as faire beseene:
So shall these lawns present one lawnskepe more;
For certes where we stand stood never wight before.

"In yonder dale does wonne a gentle knight"——
Fleet as he spake still rose the imagerie
Of all he told depeinten to the sight;
It was, I weet, a goodlie baronie;

Beneath a green-clad hill, right faire to see,
The castle in the sunny vale ystood;
All round the east grew many a sheltering tree,
And on the west a dimpling silver flood [wood.
Ran through the gardins trim, then crept into the

"How sweetely here, (quoth he) might one employ
And fill with worthy deed the fleeting houres!
What pleasaunce mote a learned wight enjoy
Emong the hills and vales and shady bowres,
To mark how buxom Ceres round him poures
The hoary-headed wheat, the freckled corne,
The bearded barlie, and the hopp that towres
So high, and with his bloom salews the morne,
And with the orchard vies the lawnskepe to adorn.

"The fragrant orchard, where her golden store
Pomona lavishes on everie tree,
The velvet-coated peach, the plumb so hore,
The nectrines redd, and pippins sheene to see,
That nod in everie gale with wanton glee:
How happy here with Woodstock's laughing swain*
And Avon's bard† of peerlesse memorie
To saunter through the daisie-whiten'd plain, [train.
When fancy's sweetest impe Dan Spenser joins the

"Ne to Syr Martyn hight were these unknown;
Oft by the brooke his infant steps they led,
And oft the Fays, with many a warbling tone
And laughing shape, stood round his morning bed:
Such happiness bloom'd fair around his head.
Yet though his mind was form'd each joy to taste,
From him, alas! dear homefelt joyaunce fled,
Vain meteors still his cheated arms embrac'd;
Where all seem'd flowrie gay, he found a drery waste.

* Chaucer. † Shakspeare.

"Just when he had his eighteenth summer seen,
Lured by the fragrance of the new-mown hay,
As careless sauntering through the elm-fenc'd green,
He with his book beguil'd the closing day,
The dairy maid hight Katherine frisk'd that way;
A roguish twinkling look the gypsie cast,
For much she wish'd the lemmans part to play:
Nathlesse, unheeding on his way he past,
Ne enter'd in his heart or wish or thought unchast.

"Right plump she was, and ruddie glow'd her cheek,
Her easie waste in milch-white boddice dight,
Her golden locks curl'd down her shoulders sleek,
And halfe her bosome heaving met the sight,
Whiles gayly she accosts the sober wight:
Freedom and glee blythe sparkling in her eye,
With wanton merrymake she trips the knight,
And round the younkling makes the clover flye:
But soon he starten up, more gamesome by and bye.

'I ween, (quoth she) you think to win a kiss,
But, certes, you shall woo and strive in vain.'
Fast in his armes he caught her then ywis;
Yfere they fell: but loud and angry then
Gan she of shame and 'haviour vild complain,
While bashfully the weetlesse boy did look:
With cunning smyles she view'd his awkward pain;
The smyle he caught, and eke new courage took,
And Katherine then a kiss, perdie, did gentlie brook.

"Fleet pass'd the months ere yet the giddy boy
One thought bestow'd on what would surely be;
But well his aunt perceiv'd his dangerous toy,
And sore she fear'd her auncient familie

Should now be stain'd with blood of base degree:
For, sooth to tell, her liefest hearts delight
Was still to count her princely pedigree,
Through barons bold all up to Cadwall hight,
Thence up to Trojan Brute ysprong of Venus bright.

"But, zealous to forefend her gentle race
From baselie matching with plebeian bloud, [grace,
Whole nights she schem'd to shonne thilk foull dis-
And Katherin's bale in wondrous wrath she vow'd:
Yet could she not with cunning portaunce shroud,
So as might best succede her good intent,
But clept her lemman and vild slut aloud;
That soon she should her gracelesse thewes repent,
And stand in long white sheet before the parson shent."

So spake the Wizard, and his hand he wav'd,
And prompt the scenerie rose, where listless lay,
The knight in shady bowre, by streamlet lav'd,
While Philomela sooth'd the parting day:
Here Katherin him approach'd with features gay,
And all her store of blandishments and wiles;
The knight was touch'd—but she with soft delay
And gentle tears yblends her languid smiles,
And of base falsitie the' enamour'd boy reviles.

Amaz'd the boy beheld her ready teares,
And, faultering oft, exclaims with wondring stare,
"What mean these sighs? dispell thine ydle feares;
And, confident in me, thy griefs declare."
"And need, (quoth she) need I my heart to bare,
And tellen what untold well knowne mote be?
Lost is my friends good-will, my mother's care—
By you deserted—ah! unhappy me! [elue."
Left to *your aunt's* fell spight, and wreakful cru-

"My aunt! (quoth he) forsooth shall she command?
No; sooner shall yon hill forsake his place,"
He laughing said, and would have caught her hand;
Her hand she shifted to her blubber'd face
With prudish modestie, and sobd, "Alas!
Grant me your bond, or else on yonder tree
These silkin garters, pledge of thy embrace,
Ah, welladay! shall hang my babe and me,
And everie night our ghostes shall bring all hell to thee."

Ythrill'd with horror gap'd the wareless wight,
As when, aloft on well-stor'd cherrie-tree,
The thievish elfe beholds with pale affright
The gardner near, and weets not where to flee:
"And will my bond forefend thilk miserie?
That shalt thou have; and for thy peace beside,
What mote I more? Housekeeper shalt thou be"—
An awfull oath forthwith his promise tied, [bride.
And Katherin was as blythe as ever blythesome

His aunt fell sick for very dole to see
Her kindest counsels scorn'd, and sore did pine
To think what well she knew would shortly be,
Cadwallin's blood debas'd in Kathrin's line;
For very dole she died. Oh sad propine,
Syr knight, for all that care which she did take!
How many a night, for coughs and colds of thine,
Had she sat up, rare cordial broths to make,
And cocker'd thee so kind with many a daintie cake!

Soft as the gossamer in summer shades
Extends its twinkling line from spray to spray,
Gently as sleep the weary lids invades,
So soft, so gently pleasure mines her way:

But whither will the smiling fiend betray,
Ah, let the knight's approaching days declare!
Though everie bloome and flowre of buxom May
Bestrew her path, to desarts cold and bare
The mazy path betrays the giddy wight unware.

"Ah! (says the Wizard) what may now availe
His manlie sense that fairest blossoms bore,
His temper gentle as the whispering gale,
His native goodnesse, and his vertuous lore!
Now through his veins, all uninflam'd before,
The' enchanted cup of dissipation hight
Has shedd, with subtil stealth, through everie pore,
Its giddy poison, brew'd with magicke mighte,
Each budd of gentle worth and better thought to bligh.

"So the Canadian, train'd in drery wastes
To chace the foming bore and fallow deer,
At first the trader's beverage shylie tastes;
But soon with headlong rage, unfelt whyleare,
Inflam'd he lusts for the delirious cheer:
So bursts the boy disdainful of restrent,
Headlong attonce into the wylde career
Of jollitie, with all his mind unbent, [spent.
And dull and yrksome hangs the day in sports un-

Now fly the wassal seasons wing'd with glee,
Each day affords a flood of roring joy; [flee,
The springs green months ycharm'd with cocking
The jolly horse-race summer's grand employ,
His harvest sports the foxe and hare destroy;
But the substantial comforts of the bowl
Are thine, O Winter! thine to fire the boy
With England's cause, and swell his mightie soul,
Till dizzy with *his* peres about the flore he rowl.

"Now round his dores ynail'd on cloggs of wood
Hang many a badger's snout and foxes tail,
The which had he through many a hedge persewd,
Through marsh, through meer, dyke, ditch, and
delve and dale; [pale;
To hear his hair-breadth scapes would make you
Which well the groome hight Patrick can relate,
Whileas on holidays he quaffs his ale;
And not one circumstance will he forgett;
So keen the braggard chorle is on his hunting sett.

"Now on the turf the knight with sparkling eyes
Beholds the springing racers sweep the ground;
Now lightlie by the post the foremost flies,
And thondring on, the rattling hoofs rebound;
The coursers groan, the cracking whips resound:
And gliding with the gale they rush along
Right to the stand. The knight stares wildly round,
And, rising on his sell, his jocund tongue
Is heard above the noise of all the noisie throng.

"While thus the knight persewd the shaddow joy,
As youthful spirits thoughtlesse led the way,
Her gilden baits, ah, gilded to decoy!
Kathrin did eve and morn before him lay,
Watchfull to please, and ever kindlie gay;
Till, like a thing bewitch'd, the carelesse wight
Resigns himself to her capricious sway:
Then soon, perdie, was never charme-bound spright
In necromancers thrall in halfe such pitteous plight.

"Her end accomplish'd, and her hopes at stay,
What need her now, she recks, one smyle bestow;
Each care to please were trouble thrown away,
And thriftlesse waste, with many maxims moe,

As, what were she the better did she so?
She conns, and freely sues her native bent;
Yet still can she to guard his thralldom know,
Though grim'd with snuff in tawdrie gown she went,
Though peevish were her spleen, and rude her
jolliment.

"As when the linnett hails the balmie morne,
And roving through the trees his mattin sings,
Lively with joy, till on a lucklesse thorne
He lights, where to his feet the birdlime clings;
Then all in vain he flapps his gaudie wings:
The more he flutters still the more foredone:
So fares it with the knight: each morning brings
His deeper thrall: ne can he brawling shun,
For Katherin was his thorne and birdlime both in
one.

"Or, when atop the hoary western hill
The ruddie sunne appears to rest his chin,
When not a breeze disturbs the murmuring rill,
And mildlie warm the falling dewes begin,
The gamesome trout then shews her silverie skin,
As wantonly beneath the wave she glides,
Watching the buzzing flies, that never blin,
Then, dropt with pearle and golde, displays her sides,
While she with frequent leape the ruffled streame
divides.

"On the greene banck a truant schoolboy stands;
Well has the urchin markt her merry play,
An ashen rod obeys his guilefull hands,
And leads the mimick fly across her way;
Askaunce, with wistly look and coy delay,

The hungrie trout the glitteraund treachor eyes,
Semblaunt of life, with speckled wings so gay;
Then, slylie nibbling, prudish from it flies, [prize.
Till with a bouncing start she bites the truthless

"Ah, then the younker gives the fatefull twitch;
Struck with amaze she feels the hook ypight
Deepe in her gills, and, plonging where the beech
Shaddows the poole, she runs in dred affright;
In vain the deepest rock, her late delight,
In vain the sedgy nook for help she tries;
The laughing elfe now curbs, now aids her flight,
The more entangled still the more she flies,
And soon amid the grass the panting captive lies.

"Where now, ah pity! where that sprightly play,
That wanton bounding, and exulting joy,
That lately welcom'd the retourning ray,
When by the rivletts bancks, with blushes coy,
April walk'd forth—ah! never more to toy
In purling streame, she pants, she gasps, and dies!
Aye me! how like the fortune of the boy,
His days of revel and his nights of noise [prize.
Have left him now, involv'd, his lemman's hapless

"See now the changes that attend her sway;
The parke where rural elegance had plac'd
Her sweet retreat, where cunning art did play
Her happiest freaks, that nature undefac'd
Receiv'd new charmes; ah, see, how foul disgrac'd
Now lies thilke parke so sweetlie wylde afore!
Each grove and bowery walke be now laid waste;
The bowling greene has lost its shaven flore,
And snow'd with washing suds now yawns beside
the dore.

" All round the borders where the pansie blue,
Crocus, and polyanthus speckled fine,
And daffodils in fayre confusion grew,
Emong the rose-bush roots and eglantine;
These now their place to cabbages resign,
And tawdrie pease supply the lillys stead;
Rough artichokes now bristle where the vine
Its purple clusters round the windows spread,
And laisie coucumbers on dung recline the head.

"The fragrant orchard, once the summer's pride,
Where oft, by moonshine, on the daisied greene,
In jovial daunce, or tripping side by side,
Pomona and her buxom nymphs were seene;
Or, where the clear canal stretch'd out atweene,
Deffly their locks with blossomes would they brede;
Or, resting by the primrose hillocks sheene,
Beneath the apple boughs and walnut shade,
They sung their loves the while the fruitage gaily spread:

" The fragrant orchard at her dire command
In all the pride of blossome strew'd the plain;
The hillocks gently rising through the land
Must now no trace of nature's steps retain;
The clear canal, the mirrour of the swain,
And bluish lake no more adorne the greene,
Two durty watering ponds alone remain; [beene,
And where the moss-floor'd filbert bowres had
Is now a turnip field, and cow yarde nothing cleane.

" An auncient crone, yclepd by housewives Thrift,
All this devis'd for trim oeconomie;
But certes ever from her birth bereft
Of elegance, ill fitts her title high:

Coarse were her looks, yet smoothe her courtesie,
Hoyden her shapes, but grave was her attyre,
And ever fixt on trifles was her eye;
And still she plodden round the kitchin fyre,
To save the smallest crombe her pleasure and desyre.

"Bow-bent with eld, her steps were soft and slow,
Fast at her side a bounch of keys yhong,
Dull care sat brooding on her jealous brow,
Sagacious proverbs dropping from her tongue:
Yet sparing though she beene her guestes emong,
Ought by herself that she mote gormandise,
The foul curmudgeon would have that ere long,
And hardly could her witt her gust suffice;
Albee in varied stream, still was it covetise.

"Dear was the kindlie love which Katherine bore
This crooked ronion, for in soothly guise
She was her genius and her counsellor:
Now cleanly milking-pails in careful wise,
Bedeck each room, and much can she despise [ill:
The knight's complaints, and thriftlesse judgment
Eke vers'd in sales, right wondrous cheap she buys,
Parlour and bedroom too her bargains fill:
Though useless, cheap they beene, and cheap she purchas'd still.

"His tenants whilom been of thriftie kind,
Did like to sing and worken all the day,
At seedtime never were they left behind,
And at the harvest-feast still first did play;
And ever at the terme their rents did pay,
For well they knew to guide their rural geer:
All *in* a row, yclad in homespun gray,

They march'd to church each Sunday of the year,
Their imps yode on afore, the carles brought up
the rear.

"Ah, happy days! but now no longer found:
No more with social hospitable glee
The village hearths at Christmas tide resound,
No more the Whitsun gamboll may you see,
Nor morrice daunce, nor May-day jollitie,
When the blythe maydens foot the dewy green;
But now, in place, heart-sinking penurie
And hopeless care on every face is seen,
As these the drery times of curfeu-bell had been.

"For everie while, with thief-like lounging pace,
And dark of look, a tawdrie villain came,
Muttering some words with serious meaning face,
And on the church dore he would fix their name;
Then, nolens volens, thay must heed the same.
And quight those fieldes their yeomen grandsires
plow'd [fame,
Eer since black Edward's days, when, crown'd with
From Cressie field the knight's old grandsire prowd
Led home his yeomanrie, and each his glebe allowd.

"But now the orphan sees his harvest fielde
Beneath the gripe of law's stern rapine fall,
The friendlesse widow, from her hearth expell'd,
Withdraws to some poor hutt with earthen wall:
And these, perdie, were Katherins projects all:
For, sooth to tell, grievd was the knight full sore
Such sinful deeds to see: yet such his thrall,
Though he had pledg'd his troth, yet nathemore
It mote he keep, except she will'd the same before.

"Oh, wondrous powre of woman's wily art,
What for thy witchcraft too secure may be!
Nor Circe's cup may so transform the heart,
Or bend the will, fallacious powre, like thee;
Lo, manly sense of princely dignitie,
Witch'd by thy spells, thy crowching slave is seen;
Lo, high-brow'd honour bends the groveling knee,
And every bravest virtue, sooth I ween,
Seems like a blighted flowre of dank unlovely mien.

"Ne may grim Saracene, nor Tartar man,
Such ruthlesse bondage on his slave impose,
As Kathrin on the knight full deffly can;
Ne may the knight escape, or cure his woes:
As he who dreams he climbs some mountains brows,
With painful struggling up the steep height strains,
Anxious he pants and toils, but strength foregoes
His feeble limbs, and not a step he gains; [chains.
So toils the powrelesse knight beneath his servile

"His lawyer now assumes the guardians place;
Learn'd was thilk clerk in deeds, and passing slie;
Slowe was his speeche, and solemn was his face
As that grave bird which Athens rankt so high;
Pleas'd Dullness basking in his glossie eye,
The smyle would oft steal through his native phlegm;
And well he guards Sir Martyns propertie,
Till not one peasant dares invade the game:
But certes, seven yeares rente was soon his own just claim.

"Now mortgage follows mortgage: cold delay
Still yawns on everie long-depending case.
The knights gay bloome the while slid fast away;
Kathrin the while brought bantling imps apace;

While everie day renews his vile disgrace,
And straitens still the more his galling thrall:
See now what scenes his household hours debase,
And rise successive in his cheerlesse hall."
So spake the Seer, and prompt the scene obey'd
his call.

"See, (quoth the Wizard) how with foltering mien,
And discompos'd yon stranger he receives;
Lo, how with sulkie look, and moapt with spleen,
His frowning mistresse to his friend behaves;
In vain he nods, in vain his hand he waves,
Ne will she heed, ne will she sign obay;
Nor corner dark his awkward blushes saves.
Ne may the hearty laugh, ne features gay:
The hearty laugh, perdie, does but his pain betray.

"A worthy wight his friend was ever known,
Some generous cause did still his lips inspire;
He begs the knight by friendships long agone
To shelter from his lawyer's cruel ire
An auncient hinde, around whose cheerlesse fire
Sat grief, and pale disease. The poor man's wrong
Affects the knight: his inmost hart's desire
Gleams through his eyes; yet all confus'd, and stung
With inward pain, he looks, and silence guards his
tongue.

"See, while his friend entreats and urges still,
See, how with sidelong glaunce and 'haviour shy
He steals the look to read his lemman's will,
Watchfull the dawn of an assent to spy.
Look as he will, yet will she not comply.
His friend with scorn beholds his awkward pain;
From him even pity turns her tear-dew'd eye,

And oft, when flying in the monsoon gale,
By Æthiopia's coast or Java's ile,
When glauncing over ocean's bosom pale, [sail:
The ship hung on the winds with broad and steadie

" Hung on the winds as from his ayrie ffight,
With wide-spred wing unmov'd, the eagle bends,
When, on old Snowdon's brow prepar'd to light,
Sailing the liquid skye he sheer descends:
Thus oft, when roving farre as wave extends,
The scenes of promist bliss would warm the boy;
To meet his brother with each wish yblends, [ploy;
And friendship's glowing hopes each thought em-
And now at home arriv'd his heart dilates with joy.

" Around the meadows and the parke he looks,
To spy the streamlett or the elm-tree shade,
Where oft at eve, beneath the cawing rooks,
He with his feres in mery childhoode play'd:
But all was chang'd!—Unweetingly dismay'd
A cold foreboding impulse thrills his breast;
And who but Kathrin now is dearnly frayd
When entering in she kens the stranger guest:
Then with sad mien she rose, and kindlie him embrest.

" Great marvell at her solemn cheer he made;
Then, sobbing deepe, 'Glad will Syr Martyn be,
Faire Syr, of your retourne, (she gently said)
But what mishap! our infant familie,
The dearest babes, though they were nought to me,
That ever breath'd, are laid in deadly plight:
What shall we do!—great were your courtesie
To lodge in yonder tenant's house to night;
The skilfull leache forbids that noise my babes should fright.'

"Blunt was the boy, and to the farme-house nigh
To wait his brother, at her bidding fares,
Conducted by a gossip pert and sly:
Kathrin the while her malengines prepares.
Now gan the duske suspend the plowman's cares,
When from his rural sportes arrives the knight;
Soon with his mates the jovial bowl he shares,
His hall resounds!—amaz'd the stranger wight
Arreads it all as done to him in fell despight.

"Late was the houre whenas the knight was tould
Of stranger guest: 'Go, bid him welcome here;
What seeks he there?' quoth he. 'Perdie, what would
You seek?' says to the boy the messenger.
'To see the knight, (quoth he) I but requere.'
'Syr knight, he scornes to come;' the servant said.
'Go, bid him still (quoth he) to welcome cheer:'
But all contrarywise the faytor made,
Till rage enflam'd the boy; and still his rage they fed.

'Your brother, (quoth the hostesse) soon will waste
His faire estate; and certes, well I read,
He weens to hold your patrimonie fast.'
Next morne a lawyer beene ybrought with speed,
And wise he lookt, and wisely shook his hede.
Him now impow'r'd, the youth with rage yblent
Vows never to retourne; then mounts his steed,
And leaves the place in fancy hugely shent:
All which to Kathrin's mind gave wondrous great content."

CANTO II.

In museful stound Syr Martyn rews
His youthedes thoughtlesse stage;
But dissipation haunts him to
The blossomes of old age.

With gracefull pause awhile the Wizard stood,
Then thus resum'd—"As he whose homeward way
Lies through the windings of some verdant wood;
Through many a mazy turn and arbour gay
He sues the flowery steps of jollie May,
While through the openings many a lawnskepe new
Bursts on his sight; yet, never once astray,
Still home he wends: so we our theme pursue,
Through many a banck and bowre close following
still our cue.

Sooth'd by the murmurs of a plaintive streame,
A wyld romantick dell its fragrance shed;
Safe from the thonder showre and scorching beame
Their faerie charmes the summer bowres displaid;
Wyld by the bancks the bashfull cowslips spread,
And from the rock above each ivied seat
The spotted foxgloves hung the purple head,
And lowlie vilets kist the wanderers feet:
Sure never Hybla's bees roov'd through a wilde so
sweet.

" As winds the streamlett surpentine along,
So leads a solemn walk its bowry way,
The pale-leav'd palms and darker limes among,
To where a grotto lone and secret lay;
The yellow broome, where chirp the linnets gay,
Waves round the cave; and to the blue-streak'd
skyes
A shatter'd rock towres up in fragments gray:
The she-goat from its height the lawnskepe eyes,
And calls her wander'd young, the call each banc
replies.

" Here oft the knight had past the summer's morn
What time the wandering boy to manhood rose,
When fancy first her lawnskepes gan adorne,
And reasons folded buddes their flowres disclose,
What time young transport through the spirits flows
When nature smyles with charmes unseen before,
When with unwonted hopes the bosome glows,
While wing'd with whirlwind speed the thought
explore
The endless wylde of joys that youth beholds i
store.

" The Dryads of the place, that nurst the flowres,
And hung the dew-drop in the hyacinth's bell,
For him employ'd their virtue-breathing powres,
And Cambria's genius bade his worth excell:
His youthful breast confest the wondrous spell;
His generous temper warm'd with fayre design,
The friend and patriot now his bosome swell,
The lover and the father now combine, [join
And smiling visions form, where bliss and honou

"Of these lov'd soothings this the lov'd retreat
Must now no more with dreams of bliss decoy;
Yet here he liken still himself to meet,
Though woes, a gloomy train, his thoughts employ:
'Oh lost to peace, (he sighs) unhappy boy!
Oh lost to every worth that life adorns!
Oh lost to peace, to elegance, and joy!'
The' aërial genius of the cave returns, [mourns."
Whiles in the bubbling rill the plaintive naiad

Thus as he spake the magic lawnskepe rose,
The dell, the grotto, and the broome-clad hill;
"See,(quoth the Wizard)where the knight bestows
An houre to thought, and reason's whispers still;
Whiles, as a nightly vision boding ill,
Seen with pale glymps by lonely wandering swayne,
Truth, gleaming through the fogs of biast will,
Frowns on him sterne, and honest shame 'gins fayne
In her reflective glass his life's ignoble straine.

"His earlie hopes she shews and shews againe:
'How oft hast thou, (she cries) indignant view'd
The titled cypher and his solemn traine,
The busie face, and dull solicitude,
That, ever plodding in important mood,
Has not a soul to reach one noble aim,
Nor soul, nor wish—whose vacant mind endew'd
With not one talent, yet would lewdly claim
For his vile leaden bust the sacred wreath of fame:

'Who to the patron's lawrells would aspire,
By labouring in the British clime to rear [fire,
Those arts that quencht proud Rome's patrician
And bow'd her prone beneath the Gothick spear;
Illustrious cares! befitting patriot peer!

Italian sing-song and the eunuchs squall!
Such arts as sooth'd the base unmanly ear
Of Greece and Persia bending to their fall;
When freedome bled unwept, and scorn'd w
glory's call.
'While these thy breast with scorn indignant fir'd
What other views before thee would disclose?
As fancy painted and thy wish inspir'd
What glorious scenes beneath thy shades arose!
Britannia's guardians here dispell her woes,
Forming her laws, her artes, with godlike toil;
There Albion, smyling on their learn'd repose,
Sees manly genius in their influence smile, [the i
And spread the hallow'd streames of virtue rou
'How blest, ah heaven! such selfe-approvii
houres,
Such views still opening, still extending higher,
Cares whence the state derives its firmest powre
And scenes where friendship sheds her purest fir
And did, ah shame! these hopes in vain expire.
A morning dreame! As lorn the spendthrift stand
Who sees the fieldes bequeath'd him by his sire,
His own no more, now reapt by strangers hands
So languid must I view faire honours fertile lands
"Silence would then ensue; perhaps reclin'd
On the greene margin of the streame he lay,
While softlie stealing on his languid mind
The' ideal scene would hold a moment's sway,
And the domestic houre all smyles display,
Where fixt esteeme the fond discourse inspires:
Now through his heart would glide the sprightlie r
Where married love bids light his purest fires,
Where elegance presides, and wakes the your
desires.

"Straight to his brawling lemman turns his mind;
Shock'd he beholds the odious colours rise,
Where selfishnesse, low pride, and spleen combin'd,
Bids every anguish'd thought his mate despise,
His mate unform'd for sweete affection's ties,
Groveling, indelicate—Stung to the heart
His indignation heaves in stifled sighs;
But soon his passion bursts with sudden start:
His children strike his thoughts with lively piersant smart.

"The mother's basenesse in their deeds he sees,
And all the wounded father swells his breast:
Suddein he leaves the cave and mantling trees,
And up the furzie hill his footsteps haste,
While sullenly he soothes his soul to rest:
Meantime the opening prospect wide he gains,
Where, crown'd with oake, with meadow flowres
His British chaplet, buxom summer reigns, [ydrest,
And waves his mantle greene farre round the smyling plains.

"Still as he slow ascends, the bounteous farms,
And old grey towres of rural churches rise,
The fields still lengthening show their crowded
In fayre perspective and in richest guise: [charms,
His sweeping scythe the white-sleev'd mower plies,
The plowman through the fallow guides his teame,
Acrosse the wheaten fielde the milkmayde hies,
To where the kine, foreby the reedy streame,
With frequent lowe to plaine of their full udders seeme.

"See now the knight arrives where erst an oak
Dan Æol's blustering stormes did long repell,
Till witch'd it was, when by an headlong shock,
As the hoar fathers of the village tell,

With horrid crash on All-Saints eve it fell:
But from its trunk soon sprouting saplings rose,
And round the parent stock did shadowy swell;
Now aged trees, they bend their twisted boughs,
And by their moss-greene roots invite the swains
repose.

"Here on a bending knare he pensive leans,
And round the various lawnskepe raunge his eyes:
There stretch the corney fields in various greens,
Farre as the sight; there, to the peaceful skyes
The darkening pines and dewy poplars rise;
Behind the wood a dark and heathy lea,
With sheep faire spotted, farre extended lies,
With here and there a lonelie blasted tree;
And from between two hills appears the duskie sea.

"Bright through the fleeting clouds the sunny ray
Shifts o'er the fields, now gilds the woody dale,
The flockes now whiten, now the ocean bay
Beneath the radiance glistens clear and pale;
And white from farre appears the frequent sail
By traffic spread. Moor'd where the land divides,
The British red-cross waving in the gale,
Hulky and black, a gallant warre-ship rides,
And over the greene wave with lordly port presides.

"Fixt on the bulwark of the British powre
Long gaz'd the knight, with fretfull languid air;
Then thus, indulging the reflective houre,
Poures fourth his soul: 'Oh, glorious happy care!
To bid Britannia's navies greatly dare,
And through the vassal seas triumphant reign,
To either India waft victorious warre,
To join the poles in trade's unbounded chain,
And bid the British throne the mighty whole sustain.

'With what superior lustre and command
May stedfast zeal in Albion's senate shine!
What glorious laurells court the patriot's hand!
How base the hand that can such meed decline!
And was, kind fate! to snatch these honours mine?
Yes! greene they spred, and fayre they bloom'd for me;
Thy birth and duty bade the chief be thine;
Oh lost, vain trifler, lost in each degree!
Thy country never turn'd her hopeful eyes to thee.

'Yet, how the fielde of worth luxurious smiles!
Nor Africk yeilds, nor Chily's earth contains
Such funds of wealth as crown the plowman's toils,
And tinge with waving gold Britannia's plains;
Even on her mountains cheerful plenty reigns,
And wildly grand her fleecy wardrobe spreads.
What noble meed the honest statesman gains,
Who through these publique nerves new vigour sheds,
And bids the useful artes exalt their drooping heads:

'Who, founding on the plough and humble loome
His country's greatnesse, sees, on every tide,
Her fleets the umpire of the world assume,
And spread her justice as her glories wide—
Oh wonder of the world, and fairest pride,
Britannia's fleet! how long shall pity mourn
And stain thy honours? from his weeping bride
And starving babes, how long inhuman torn
Shall the bold sailor mount thy decks with heart forlorn!

'Forlorn with sinking heart his task he plies,
His bride's distresse his restlesse fancy sees,
And fixing on the land his earnest eyes,
Cold is his breast and faint his manly knees.

Ah! hither turn, ye sons of courtlie ease,
And let the brave man's wrongs, let interest plead;
Say, while his arme his country's fate decrees,
Say, shall a father's anguish be his meed;
His wrongs unnerve his soul, and blight each
mighty deed?

'Whatever party boasts thy glorious name,
O thou reserv'd by heaven's benign decree
To blast those artes that quench the British flame,
And bid the meanest of the land be free;
Oh, much humanity shall owe to thee!
And shall that palm unenvyed still remain!
Yet hear, ye lordlings, each severitie,
And every woe the labouring tribe sustain, [vain.'
Upbraids the man of powre, and dims his honours

"While thus the knight's long smother'd fires broke
The rousing musicke of the horne he hears [forth,
Shrill echoing through the wold; and by the north
Where bends the hill, the sounding chase appears;
The hounds with glorious peal salute his ears,
And wood and dale rebound the swelling lay;
The youths on coursers fleet as fallow deers
Pour through the downs, while, foremost of the fray;
Away! the jolly huntsman cries; and echoe sounds
Away!

"Now han the beagles scour'd the bushy ground,
Till where a brooke strays hollow through the bent,
When all confus'd, and snuffing wyldlie round,
In vain their fretfull haste explor'd the scent:
But Reynard's cunning all in vain was spent;
The huntsman from his stand his arts had spy'd,
Had markt his doublings and his shrewd intent,

How both the bancks he traced, then backward
ply'd [aside.
His track some twentie roods, then bounding sprong

" Eke had he markt where to the broome he crept,
Where, harkening everie sound, an hare was laid;
Then from the thickest bush he slylie lept,
And wary scuds along the hawthorne shade,
Till by the hill's slant foot he earths his head
Amid a briarie thickett: emblem meet
Of wylie statesmen of his foes adred;
He oft misguides the people's rage, I weet,
On others, whilst himself winds off with slie deceit.

" The cunning huntsman now cheers on his pack,
The lurking hare is in an instant slain:
Then opening loud, the beagles scent the track
Right to the hill; while thondring through the plain
With blythe huzzas advaunce the jovial train:
And now the groomes and squires, cowherds and
boys,
Beat round and round the brake; but all in vain
Their poles they ply, and vain their oathes and noise,
Till plonging in his den the terrier fiercely joys.

" Expell'd his hole, upstarts to open sky
The villain bold, and wildly glares around;
Now here, now there, he bends his knees to fly,
As oft recoils to guard from backward wound,
His frothie jaws he grinds—with horrid sound
The pack attonce rush on him: foming ire,
Fierce at his throte and sides hang many a hound;
His burning eyes flash wylde red sparkling fire,
Whiles weltering on the sward his breath and
strength expire.

" Straight to Syr Martyn's hall the hunters bend,
The knight perceives it from his oak-crown'd hill
Down the steep furzie height he slow gan wend,
With troublous thoughts keen ruminating still;
While grief and shame by turns his bosom fill.
And now, perch'd prowdlie on the topmost spray
The sootie blackbird chaunts his vespers shrill;
While twilight spreads his robe of sober grey, [way
And to their bowres the rooks loud cawingwing thei

" And bright behind the Cambrian mountains hor
Flames the red beam; while on the distant east
Led by her starre, the horned moone looks o'er
The bending forest, and with rays increast
Ascends; while trembling on the dappled west
The purple radiance shifts, and dies away:
The willows with a deeper green imprest
Nod o'er the brooks; the brooks with gleamy ray
Glide on, and holy peace assumes her woodlan
sway.

" All was repose, all but Syr Martyn's brest;
There, passion's tearing gusts tempestuous rise
'Are these, (he murmurs) these my friends! the b
That croud my hall! the sonnes of madning nc
Whose warmest friendship with the revel dies
Whose glee it were my dearest peace destroy
Who with my woes could sport, my wrongs des
Could round my coffin pledge the cup of joy,
And on my crimes even then their base-ton
witt employ:

'Whose converse, oft as fulsom baudrie fails
Takes up the barkings of impiety,
The sceptick's wild disjointed dreams retail
These modern ravings of philosophy,

Made drunk; the cavil, the detected lye,
The witt of ignorance, and gloss unfair,
Which honest dullness would with shame deny;
The hope of baseness vaumpt in candour's air:
Good heaven! are such the friends that to my hearth repair!

'The man of worth shuns thy reputelesse dore;
Even the old peasant shakes his silver'd head,
Old saws and stories babbling evermore,
And adding still, Alas, those dayes be fled!'
Here indignation paus'd, when, up the glade,
Pale through the trees his household smoke ascends;
Wak'd at the sight, his brother's wrongs upbraid
His melting heart, and grief his bosome rends:
And now the keene resolve its gleaming comfort lends.

"Perdie, now were I bent on legends fine,
My knight should rise the flowre of chivalrie,
Brave as Syr Arthegal or Valentine,
Another Saint George England then should see,
Britannia's genius should his Sabra bee,
Chain'd to the rock by dragon to be slain;
But he the virgin princesse soon should free,
And stretch the monster breathless on the plain;
Bribery, the dragon huge, should never rise again.

"Eke should he, freed from foul enchaunter's spell,
Escape his false Duessa's magicke charms,
And folly quaid, yclepd an hydra fell,
Receive a beauteous lady to his arms;
While bardes and minstrales chaunt the soft alarms
Of gentle love, unlike his former thrall:
Eke should I sing, in courtly cunning terms,
The gallant feast, served up by Seneschall, [hall.
To knights and ladies gent in painted bowre and

" But certes, while my tongue fayre truth indites
And does of human frailtie soothly tell,
Unmeet it were indulge the daintie flights
Of phantasie, that never yet befell;
Uneath it is long habits to expell,
Ne may the best good heart its bliss secure,
Ne may the lively powre of judging well,
In arduous worthy deed long time endure,
Where Dissipation once has fixt her footing sure.

" Such was the powre that angrie Jove bestow'd
On this faire nymph; the legend thus is told:
To Dian's care her life her mother ow'd;
Faire Dian found her naked on the wold,
Some peasant's babe, exposed to deadlie cold,
And to a favourite satyr gave to rear:
Then, when the nymph was fifteen springtimes o
Equipt her with the bow and huntresse spear,
And of her woodland traine her made a welcon
fere.

" But ill her mind received chast Phœbe's lore,
Fain would she at the chace still lag behind:
One sultry noone, as Phœbe sped afore,
Beneath a leafy vine the nymph reclin'd,
And, 'Fan my breast, (she cried) oh western wind
Soon at the wish'd-for word Favonius came,
From that day forth the conscious nymph declin'
The near inspection of the sovereign dame;
Till mid the chace, one morne, her throes betray
her shame.

" Her throes with scorne the taunting dryads ey'
The nymph chang'd colour, and hung down h
head;
'Still change thy blushing hue,' the goddess cry'd
Forthwith a freezing languor gan invade

Her limbs; and now, with suddein leaves array'd,
A Russian poppey she transmew'd remains:
The various colours ever rise and fade,
The tints still shifting mock the painter's pains;
And still her drowsie mood the beauteous nymph
retains.

" Meanwhile, his new-born elfe Favonius bore,
Soft lapt, on balmy pinions farre away;
And with the fawns, by Peneus flowry shore,
From earliest youth the laughing imp did play,
For ever fluttering, debonair, and gay,
And restlesse, as the dove Deucalian sent
To spy if peering oake did yet bewray
Its braunching head above the flooded bent;
But ydlie beating round, the day in vain was spent.

" When now the nymph to riper yeares gan rise,
To fayre Parnassus' groves she took her flight;
There, culling flowretts of a thousand dyes,
Still did her head with tawdry girlonds dight;
As soon the wreath ill-sorted would she quight:
Ne ever did she climb the twyforkt hill,
Ne could her eyen explore its lofty height,
Ne did she ever taste the sacred rill
From inspiration's fount that ever doth distill.

" Her sprightly levitie was from her syre,
He drowsy Dulness from her mother sprong;
This never would allow her mind aspyre,
That never would allow her patience long,
Thus as she slightly rov'd the lawns among,
High Jove beheld her from his starry seat,
And call'd her Dissipation: ' Wylde and young
Still shalt thou be, (he said) and this thy fate,
On man thy sleights employ, on man that prowd
ingrate.

'All happinesse he claims his virtues due,
And holds him injur'd when my care denies
The fondling wish, whence sorrow would ensu
And idle still his prayers invade my skies:
But bold and arduous must that virtue rise
Which I accept, no vague inconstant blaze.
Then be it thine to spred before his eyes
Thy changing colours, and thy wyld-fire rays,
And fruitlesse still shall be that virtue thou c
daze.'

"So swore the god: by Gloomy Styx he swore
The Fates assented, and the dæmon flew
Right to the seats of men. The robe she wor
Was starr'd with dewdrops, and of palest blue;
Faire round her head play'd many a beauteous l
Aswhen the rainbow through the bean-flowres pl
The fleeting tints the swaynes with wonder vie
And ween to snatch a prize beneath the rays;
But through the meadows dank the beauteous
teor strays.

"So shone the nymph, and prankt in pleasure's g
With wylie traines the sonnes of earth besett;
Goodnesse of heart before her yawns and dies,
And Friendship ever feels the drowsie fitt
Just when its powre to serve could serve a wh
And still behind her march Remorse and Sham
That never will their yron scourge remitt,
Whenso the fiend resigns her thralls to them:
Sad case, I weet, where still oneselfe oneselfe n
blame.

"Long had the knight to her his powres resig
In wanton dalliance first her nett she spred,
And soon in mirthful tumult on his mind
She softlie stole: yet, while at times he sped

To contemplation's bowre, his sight she fled;
Ne on the mountainett with him durst bide;
Yet homewards still she mett him in the glade,
And in the social cup did slily glide, [wide.
And still his best resolves eftsoons she scatter'd

" And now, as slowly sauntering up the dale
He homeward wends, in heavie musefull stowre,
The smooth deceiver gan his heart assail:
His heart soon felt the fascinating powre:
Old Cambria's genius markt the fatal houre,
And tore the girlond from her sea-greene hair;
The conscious oakes above him rustling lowre,
And through the braunches sighs the gloomy air,
As when indignant Jove rejects the flamen's prayer.

" The dryads of the grove, that oft had fir'd
His opening mind with many a raptur'd dream,
That oft his evening wanderings had inspir'd,
All by the silent hill or murmuring stream,
Forsake him now; for all as lost they deem:
So home he wends; where, wrapt in jollitie,
His hall to keepen holiday mote seem,
And with the hunters soon full blythe was he,
The blythest wight of all that blythesome companie.

" As when the' autumnal morne with ruddy hue
Looks through the glen, besprent with silver hore,
Across the stubble, brushing off the dew,
The younkling fowler gins the fieldes explore,
And, wheeling oft, his pointer veres afore,
And oft, sagacious of the tainted gale,
The fluttering bird betrays; with thondring rore
The shott resounds, loud echoing through the dale;
But still the younkling kills nor partridge, snipe, nor quail.

" Yet still the queint excuse is at command;
The dog was rash, a swallow twitter'd by,
The gun hung fire, and keenness shook his hand,
And there the wind or bushes hurt his eye.
So can the knight his mind still satisfye:
A lazie fiend, Self-Imposition hight,
Still whispers some excuse, some gilden lye,
Himselfe did gild to cheat himselfe outright:
God help the man bewitch'd in such ungracious plight.

" On Dissipation still this treachor waits,
Obsequiously behind at distance due;
And still to Discontent's accursed gates,
The house of sorrow, these ungodly two,
Conduct their fainty thralls—Great things to do
The knight resolv'd, but never yet could find
The proper time, while still his miseries grew:
And now these dæmons of the captive mind
Him to the drery cave of Discontent resign'd.

" Deep in the wyldes of Faerie Lond it lay:
Wide was the mouth, the roofe all rudely rent;
Some parts receive, and some exclude the day,
For deepe beneath the hill its caverns went:
The ragged walls with lightning seem'd ybrent,
And loathlie vermin ever crept the floor:
Yet all in sight, with towres and castles gent,
A beauteous lawnskepe rose afore the dore,
The which to view so fayre the captives grieved sore.

" All by the gate, beneath a pine shade bare,
An owl-frequented bowre, some tents were spred;
Here sat a throng, with eager furious stare
Rattling the dice; and there, with eyes halfe dead,

Some drowsie dronkards, looking black and red,
Doz'd out their days: and by the path-way green
A sprightlie troupe still onward heedlesse sped,
In chace of butterflies alert and keen; [ween.
Honours, and wealth, and powre, their butterflies I

"And oft, disgustfull of their various cares,
Into the cave they wend with sullen pace;
Each to his meet apartment dernly fares:
Here, all in rags, in piteous plight most bace,
The dronkard sits; there, shent with foul disgrace,
The thriftless heir; and o'er his reeking blade
Red with his friend's heart gore, in woefull cace
The duellist raves; and there, on vetchie bed,
Craz'd with his vaine pursuits, the maniack bends
his head.

"Yet round his gloomy cell, with chalk he scrawls
Ships, coaches, crownes, and eke the gallow tree;
All that he wish'd, or fear'd, his ghastlie walls
Present him still, and mock his miserie.
And there, self-doom'd, his cursed selfe to flee,
The gamester hangs in corner murk and dread;
Nigh to the ground bends his ungratious knee;
His drooping armes and white-reclining head
Dim seen, cold horror gleams athwart the' unhallow'd shade.

"Near the dreare gate, beneath the rifted rock,
The keeper of the cave all haggard sate,
His pining corse a restlesse ague shook,
And blistering sores did all his carkas frett:
All with himselfe he seem'd in keen debate;

For still the muscles of his mouthe he drew
Ghastly and fell; and still with deepe regrate
He look'd him round, as if his heart did rew
His former deeds, and mourn'd full sore his sores
to view.

[blam'd,
"Yet not himselfe, but Heaven's great King he
And dar'd his wisdom and his will arraign;
For boldly he the ways of God blasphem'd,
And of blind governaunce did loudly plain,
While vild self-pity would his eyes distain;
As when a wolfe, entrapt in village ground,
In dread of death ygnaws his limb in twain,
And views with scalding teares his bleeding wound:
Such fierce selfe-pity still this wights dire portaunce
crown'd.

"Near by there stood an hamlett in the dale,
Where, in the silver age, Content did wonne;
This now was his; yet all mote nought avail,
His loathing eyes that place did ever shun;
But ever through his neighbour's lawns would run,
Where every goodlie fielde thrice goodlie seem'd,
Such was this weary wight all woe-begone;
Such was his life; and thus of things he deem'd;
And suchlike was his cave, that all with sorrowe
teem'd.

"To this fell carle gay Dissipation led,
And in his drery purlieus left the knight.
From the dire cave fain would the knight have fl
And fain recall'd the treachrous nymphe from flig
But now the late obtruder shuns his sight,

And dearly must be wooed: hard by the den,
Where listless Bacchus had his tents ypight,
A transient vision sometimes would he gain,
While wine and merry song beguil'd his inward pain.

"Yet, ever as he rear'd his slombering head,
The ghastly tyrant at his couch stood near;
And ay with ruthless clamour gan upbraid,
And words that would his very heartstrings tear:
'See now, (he sayes) where setts thy vain career;
Approching elde now wings its cheerlesse way,
Thy fruitlesse autumn gins to blanch thy heare,
And aged winter asks from youth its stay; [gray.
But thine comes poore of joy, comes with unhonour'd

'Thou hast no friend!—still on the worthlesse traine
Thy kindnesse flow'd, and still with scorne repaid;
Even she on whom thy favours heapt remain,
Even she regards thee with a bosome dead
To kindly passion, and by motives led
Such as the planter of his negroe deems;
What profit still can of the wretch be made
Is all his care, of more he never dreams:
So, farre remote from her, thy troubles she esteems.

'Thy children too! heavens! what a hopeless sight!
Ah, wretched syre!'—but ever from this scene
The wretched syre precipitates his flight,
And in the bowl's wylde fever shuns his teene.
So pass his dayes, while what he might have beene
Its beauteous views does every morne present:
So pass his dayes, while still the raven Spleen
Croaks in his ears, "The brightest parts, misspent,
Beget an hoarie age of griefe and discontent.

"But boast not of superiour shrewd addresse,
Ye who can calmly spurn the ruin'd Mayd,
Ye who unmov'd can view the deepe distresse
That crushes to the dust the parent's head,
And rends that easie heart by you betray'd,
Boast not that ye his numerous woes eskew;
Ye who unaw'd the nuptial couch invade,
Boast not his weaknesse with contempt to view;
For worthy is he still compar'd, perdie, to you."

GLOSSARY.

Accloyd, disgusted, cloyed
Adred, frightened. Anglo Sax. *adrædan*.
Agone, ago
Albee, although
Als, also
Arread, interpret
Attonce, at once, together
Atweene, between
Ay, always

Bale, harm, sorrow
Beene, frequently used by the old poets for the indicative imperfect of the verb *to be*.
Beseene, becoming
Blin, cease, blinnan. Sax.
Brede, to knit, plait, *bredan*

Carle, old man
Certes, certainly, truly
Chorle, a peasant
Clept, named, called
Covetise, avarice

Dan, a prefix, *quasi* Mr.
Dearling, darling
Deftly, neatly, finely
Depenten, figured, displayed
Dearnly, sadly, secretly
Dight, adorned, clad
Dreare, dismal, frightful

Eftsoons, by and by, forthwith
Eke, also
Eld, age
Elfe, young one, child
Erst, formerly
Eyen, eyes

Fay, fairy
Faytor, villain, deceiver
Fere, companion
Forby, beside, near to
Fordone, undone, ruined
Forefend, to guard beforehand
Fray, tumult, bustle
Frayd, afraid

Geer, furniture, tackle
Gent, fine, noble
Gin, *gan*, begin, began
Glen, a dell, a hollow between two hills
Goody, a countrywoman

Han, preterite plural of the verb *to have*
Heare, hair. Often used by Spenser
Hight, called, is called, was called, or named
Hoyden, slattern, coarse

Imp, infant, child
Jolliment, merriment

Ken, v. to see
Knare, a knotty arm of a tree. *Dryd.*

Leache, physician
Lemman, mistress, concubine
Lever, rather
Lewdly, basely, foolishly
Liefest, dearest

Malengines, persons villanously employed, toad-eaters
Meint, mingled
Merrimake, pastime
Mery, pleasant
Moe, more
Mote, v. might, *mot*. Sax.
Murk, dark

Nathemore, not the more
Nathlesse, nevertheless, *nathless*. Sax.
Native, natural
Ne, nor
Nolens volens, willing or unwilling

Perdie, an asseveration, *quasi* verily
Piersant, piercing
Portaunce, behaviour, manner
Prankt, adorned
Propine, recompense

Quaid, quelled, conquered
Quight, to quit, leave

Read, to warn, to prophesy
Recks, heeds, cares for
Requere, require. Often used by Spenser
Rew, to repent
Ruth, *ruthless*, pity, pityless.

Salews, salutes
Sall, saddle
Semblaunce, appearance
Seneshall, master of ceremonies, steward
Sheen, bright, shining, fine
Shent, disgraced, *scende*, *scendid*. Sax.
Skyen, adj. sky
Sooth, *soothly*, truths, truly
Stownd, *stowre*, emotion, fit, stir, *seyrian*. Sax.

Straine, tenor
Sues, pursues, follows

Teen, grief, sorrow
Thewes, habits, manners
Thilk, this, that
Traines, devices, traps
Transmewd, changed, transformed
Treachor, traitor, deceiver
Troublous, troublesome

Vild, vile

Uneath, not easy, difficult

Wareless, unsuspecting
Wassal, festive
Ween, *weend*, or *wend*, think, deemed
Wend, move, go
Weet, much the same as *ween*
Weetless, thoughtless
Whilom, formerly *hwilum*. Sax.
A Whitt, a jot, any thing, a *hwit*. Sax. *aliquid*
Whyleare, erewhile, *hwilæn*. Sax.
Wight, person, *wiht*. Sax.
Wilding, the crab tree
Wonne, to dwell
Wreakfull, revengeful

Yblends, mixes
Yblent, blinded
Ybrent, burnt
Yclept, called, named
Yfere, together
Ygoe, formerly
Yode, went
Youthede, *quasi* youthhood
Youthly, lively, youthful
Ypight, placed, fixed
Ywis, truly, verily

The letter *y* in all the old English poets is frequently prefixed to verbs and verbal adjectives, but without any particular signification. The use of it is purely Saxon, though after the Conquest the *ge* gave place to the Norman *y*. It is always to be pronounced as the pronoun *ye*.

Spenser has also frequently followed the Saxon formation, in adding the letter *n* to his verbs, as *tellen*, *worken*, &c. When affixed to a substantive, it forms the plural number, as *eyen*, *eyes*, &c.

ON THE

NEGLECT OF POETRY.

A FRAGMENT.

IN THE MANNER OF SPENSER.*

"Hence, vagrant Minstrel, from my thriving farm;
Far hence, nor ween to shed thy poison here:
My hinds despise thy lyre's ignoble charm;
Seek in the Sloggard's bower thy ill-earn'd cheer:
There while thy idle chaunting soothes their ear,
The noxious thistle choaks their sickly corn;
Their apple boughs, ungraff'd, sour wildings bear,
And o'er the ill-fenc'd dales with fleeces torn
Unguarded from the fox, their lambkins stray forlorn.

"Such ruin withers the neglected soil
When to the song the ill-starr'd swain attends—
And well thy meed repays thy worthless toil;
Upon thy houseless head pale want descends
In bitter shower: and taunting scorn still rends,
And wakes thee trembling from thy golden dream
In vetchy bed, or loathly dungeon ends
Thy idled life——What fitter may beseem!
Who poisons thus the fount, should drink the poison'd stream."

* From the introduction to the English Lusiad.

"And is it thus, (the heart-stung Minstrel cried,
While indignation shook his silver'd head)
And is it thus, the gross-fed lordling's pride,
And hind's base tongue the gentle Bard upbraid?
And must the holy song be thus repaid
By sun-bask'd ignorance, and churlish scorn?
While listless drooping in the languid shade
Of cold neglect, the sacred Bard must mourn,
Though in his hallow'd breast Heaven's purest ardours burn!"

Yet how sublime, O Bard, the dread behest,
The awful trust to thee by Heaven assign'd!
'Tis thine to humanize the savage breast,
And form in Virtue's mould the youthful mind;
Where lurks the latent spark of generous kind,
'Tis thine to bid the dormant ember blaze:
Heroic rage with gentlest worth combin'd
Wide through the land thy forming power displays:
So spread the olive boughs beneath Dan Phœbus' rays.

When Heaven decreed to soothe the feuds that tore
The wolf-ey'd Barons, whose unletter'd rage
Spurn'd the fair Muse; heaven bade on Avon's shore
A Shakspeare rise, and soothe the barbarous age:
A Shakspeare rose; the barbarous heats asswage—
At distance due how many Bards attend!
Enlarg'd and liberal from the narrow cage
Of blinded zeal new manners wide extend,
And o'er the generous breast the dews of Heaven descend.

And fits it you, ye sons of hallow'd power,
To hear, unmov'd, the tongue of scorn upbraid
The Muse neglected in her wintery bower;
While proudly flourishing in princely shade

Her younger sisters lift the laurel'd head.—
And shall the pencil's boldest mimic rage,
Or softest charms, fore-doom'd in time to fade,
Shall these be vaunted o'er the' immortal page,
Where passion's living fires burn unimpair'd by age?

And shall the warbled strain or sweetest lyre,
Thrilling the palace roof at night's deep hour;
And shall the nightingales in woodland choir
The voice of heaven in sweeter raptures pour!
Ah no! their song is transient as the flower
Of April morn: in vain the shepherd boy
Sits listening in the silent autumn bower;
The year no more restores the short-liv'd joy;
And never more his harp shall Orpheus' hands employ.

Eternal silence in her cold deaf ear
Has clos'd his strain; and deep eternal night
Has o'er Apelles' tints, so bright while-ere,
Drawn her blank curtains—never to the sight
More to be given—Both cloth'd in heaven's own light
Homer's bold painting shall immortal shine;
Wide o'er the world shall ever sound the might,
The raptur'd music of each deathless line:
For death nor time may touch their living souls divine.

And what the strain, though Perez swell the note,
High though its rapture, to the Muse of fire!
Ah! what the transient sounds, devoid of thought,
To Shakspeare's flame of ever-burning ire,
Or Milton's flood of mind, till time expire
Foredoom'd to flow; as Heaven's dread energy,
Unconscious of the bounds of place——

TRANSLATIONS.

PSALM LXVIII.

PARAPHRASE.

The Majesty, the Power, the Justice, and Mercy of God.

Arise, O God, assume thy might!
Shall proud oppressors still unaw'd devour,
Still trample on the poor man's right,
And lewdly scorn thy power?

When roaring from the western deep
The black-wing'd tempests rush,
When o'er the hills with headlong sweep
The inundations gush;
As then the whirling chaff is driven,
So swept away shall be
All who despise the laws of Heaven,
Nor honour pay to thee.

But, O ye just, with rapture raise
Your cheerful voices in his praise;
With sacred awe and holy mirth
Resound the God of Heaven and earth;
The God whose mercy knows no end,
The poor man's and the widow's Friend,

The helpless orphan's Sire;
Who round the meek afflicted just,
Though crush'd and humbled in the dust,
Is still a wall of fire.

When thou, O God, didst march before
Thy people to the promis'd shore,
Then shook old Earth:—The sky
Shot lightnings from on high;
The rapid Jordan bar'd his bed,
The Ocean saw his God and fled,
The lofty cliffs of Sinai nod
And tremble at the presence of their thundering God.

The LORD JEHOVAH gave the word,
And loud the tribes resound,
And mighty kings and mighty hosts
Lay scatter'd o'er the ground:
Dispers'd as snow in Salmon's plain
So fell, so lay the mighty slain,
And with their purple spoils are crown'd
The tender virgin train.

Thousands of angels at thy gate,
And great archangels stand,
And twenty thousand chariots wait,
Great LORD, thy dread command!
Through all thy great, thy vast domains,
With godlike honours clad,
Captivity in captive chains
Triumphing thou hast led.

That thou might'st dwell with men below,
And be their God and King,
From Bashan and the land of woe
Shalt thou thy people bring:
From Bashan and the desert shore
To blooming fields, and cities fair,
While sacred songsters march before,
And Jacob's princes faint no more,
Shalt thou the way prepare.

Lo! Egypt's kings and wisest men
Shall bend the duteous knee,
And Ethiopia, wide and great,
Through all her vast extended state,
Shall stretch her hands to thee.

But, awful Sovereign! who can stand
Before the terrors of thy hand,
When thy right hand impends the blow
To strike a proud obdurate foe?
Yet to thy saints, O God of prayer,
How mild thy mercies shine!
The tenderest father's ardent care
But ill resembles thine:
Thy mercies far, oh, far above
Thy other wonders shine,
A mother's ever watchful love
But ill resembles thine!

EPITHALAMIUM,

WRITTEN IN HEBREW BY ABRAM DEPAS,

On the Marriage of Jacob Franco, Esq. to Miss Abigail D'Aguilar, Daughter of the late Baron D'Aguilar.

THE voice of joy this happy day demands;
Resound the song, and in our GOD confide:
Beneath his canopy the bridegroom stands,
In all her beauty shines the lovely bride.
O may their joy still blossom, ever new,
Fair as a garden to the ravish'd view!

Rejoice, O youth, and if thy thoughts aspire
To Heaven's pure bliss, the sacred law revere;
The stranger's wants, the needy soul's desire
Supply, and humbly with thy neighbour bear:
So shall thy father's grateful heart rejoice,
And thy fair deeds inspire thy people's voice.

Sing from your bowers, ye daughters of the song,
Behold the bride with star-like glory shine;
May each succeeding day still glide along
Fair as the first, begirt with grace divine:
Far from her tent may care and sorrow fly,
While she o'erjoy'd beholds her numerous progeny.

Ye happy parents, shout with cheerful voice,
See, o'er your son the canopy unfold;
And thou, O hoary reverend sire, rejoice,
May thy glad eyes thy grandson's son behold.
The song of joy, ye youthful kindred, raise,
And let the people join, the living GOD to praise!

SONNET' TO VASCO DE GAMA.

FROM TASSO.

Vasco le cui felici, &c.

Vasco, whose bold and happy bowsprit bore
Against the rising morn; and homeward fraught,
Whose sails came westward with the day, and brought
The wealth of India to thy native shore.

Ne'er did the Greek such length of seas explore,
The Greek, who sorrow to the Cyclops wrought;
And he, who, victor, with the Harpies fought,
Never such pomp of naval honours wore.

Great as thou art, and peerless in renown,
Yet thou to Camoens ow'st thy noblest fame;
Further than thou didst sail, his deathless song
Shall bear the dazzling splendour of thy name;
And under many a sky thy actions crown,
While Time and Fame together glide along.

SONNET.

FROM PETRARCH.

Ah! how, my friend, has foul gorg'd luxurie,
And bloated slumber on the slothful down,
From the dull world all manly virtue thrown,
And slav'd the age to custom's tyrannie.

The blessed lights so lost in darkness be,
Those lights by Heaven to guide our minds bestown,
Mad were he deem'd who brought from Helicon
The hallow'd water, or the laurel tree.

Philosophy, ah! thou art cold and poor,
Exclaim the crowd on sordid gain intent;
Few will attend thee on thy lofty road;
Yet I, my friend, would fire thy zeal the more:
Ah, gentle spirit, labour on unspent,
Crown thy fair toils, and win the smile of God.

SELECT POEMS

OF

JOSEPH WARTON:

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

THE LIFE

OF

DR. JOSEPH WARTON.

DR. JOSEPH WARTON was born at the house of his maternal grandfather, the Rev. Joseph Richardson, rector of Dunsford, in the year 1723. Except for a very short time that he was at New College school, he was educated by his father until he arrived at his fourteenth year. He was then admitted on the foundation of Winchester College, under the care of Dr. Sanby, at that time the head of the school.

He had not been long at this excellent seminary before he exhibited considerable intellectual powers, and a laudable ambition to outstrip the common process of education. In September 1740, being superannuated according to the laws of the school, he was removed from Winchester, and having no opportunity of a vacancy at New College, he went to Oriel. Here he applied to his studies, not only with diligence, but with that true taste for what is valuable, which rendered the finer discriminations of criticism habitual to his mind. During his leisure hours he completed several of his poems, among which his biographer enumerates the Enthusiast, or the Lover of Nature, the Dying Indian, and a prose satire entitled Ranelagh House. He appears likewise to have sketched an allegorical work of a more elaborate kind, which

he did not find time or inclination to complete. On taking his bachelor's degree in 1744, he was ordained to his father's curacy at Basingstoke, and officiated in that church till February 1746; he next removed to the duty of Chelsea, whence, in order to complete his recovery from the small-pox, he went to Cobham.

About this time he had become a correspondent in Dodsley's Museum, to which he contributed, Superstition, an ode, dated Chelsea, April, 1746, and Stanzas written on taking the air, after a long illness.

In 1747-8 he was presented by the duke of Bolton to the rectory of Winslade, and as this, although a living of small produce, was probably considered by him as the earnest of more valuable preferment, he immediately married Miss Daman, of that neighbourhood, to whom, his biographer informs us, he had been some time enthusiastically attached. In 1747, according to Mr. Wool's account, he had published a volume of Odes, in conjunction with Collins, but, on consulting the literary registers of the time, it appears that each published a volume of poems in 1746, and in the same month. It cannot now be ascertained what degree of fame accrued to our author from this volume, but in the preface we find him avowing those sentiments on the nature of genuine poetry which he expanded more at large afterwards, and which were the foundation of what has since been termed "the school of the Wartons."

"The public," he says, "has been so much accustomed to didactic poetry alone, and essays on moral subjects, that any work, where the imagination is much indulged, will perhaps not be relished or regarded. The author therefore of these pieces is in some pain, lest certain austere critics should think them too fanciful or descriptive But as he is convinced that the fashion of moralizing in verse

has been carried too far, and as he looks upon invention and imagination to be the chief faculties of a poet, so he will be happy if the following Odes may be looked upon as an attempt to bring back poetry into its right channel." In 1749 he published his Ode to Mr. West.

In 1751, his patron, the duke of Bolton, invited him to be his companion in a tour to the south of France. For this Mr. Wool informs us he had two motives, "the society of a man of learning and taste, and the *accommodation* of a protestant clergyman, who, immediately on the death of his duchess, then in a confirmed dropsy, could marry him to the lady with whom he lived, and who was universally known and distinguished by the name of Polly Peachum.

For some reason or other, Warton was obliged to leave his patron, and come to England before the duchess died, and when that event took place, and he solicited permission to return to the duke, he had the mortification to learn that the ceremony had been performed by Mr. Devisme, chaplain to the embassy of Turin.

Soon after his return to England, he published his edition of Virgil, in English and Latin, the Æneid translated by Pitt, and the Eclogues and Georgics by himself. He also contributed the notes on the whole. Into this publication he introduced Warburton's Dissertation on the sixth Æneid: a commentary on the character of Japis by Atterbury, and on the shield of Æneas by Whitehead, the laureate, originally published in Dodsley's Museum; and three Essays on Pastoral, Didactic and Epic Poetry, written by himself. Much of this valuable work, begun in 1748-9, was printed when he was abroad, and completed in 1753. It is unnecessary to add that his share in the translation, his notes, and especially his Essays, raised him to a very high reputation among the scholars and critics

of his age. The second edition, which appeared a few years after, was much improved.

During the year 1753, he was invited to assist in the Adventurer, which was begun by Hawkesworth, in 1752. The invitation came from his friend Dr. Johnson, who informed him that the literary partners wished to assign to him the province of criticism.

His contributions to the Adventurer amount to twenty-four papers. Of these a few are of the humorous cast, but the greater part consist of elegant criticism, not that of cold sagacity, but warm from the heart, and powerfully addressed to the finer feelings as well as to the judgment. His critical papers on Lear have never been exceeded for just taste and discrimination. His disposition lay in selecting and illustrating those beauties of ancient and modern poetry, which, like the beauties of nature, strike and please many who are yet incapable of describing or analyzing them. No. 101, on the blemishes in the Paradise Lost, is an example of the delicacy and impartiality with which writings of established fame ought to be examined. His observations on the Odyssey in Nos. 75, 80, and 83, are original and judicious, but it may be doubted whether they have detached many scholars from the accustomed preference given to the Iliad. If any objection may be made to Dr. Warton's critical papers, it is that his Greek occurs too frequently in a work intended for domestic instruction. His style is always pure and perspicuous, but sometimes it may be discovered, without any other information, "that he kept company with Dr. Johnson." The first part of No. 139, if found detached, might have been attributed to that writer. It has all his manner, not merely "the contortions of the sybil," but somewhat of the "inspiration."

About this time he appears to have meditated a

history of the revival of literature. His first intention was to publish Select Epistles of Politian, Erasmus, Grotius, and others, with notes, but after some correspondence with his brother, who was to assist in the undertaking, it was laid aside, a circumstance much to be lamented, as few men were more extensively acquainted with literary history, or could have detailed it in a more pleasing form. At a subsequent period he again sketched a plan of nearly the same kind, which was likewise abandoned. Collins, some time before this, had published proposals for a History of the Revival of Learning, with a Life of Leo the Tenth, but probably no part was executed, or could indeed be reasonably expected from one of his unhappy state of mind.

In 1754, our author was inducted to the living of Tunworth, on the presentation of the Invoise family; and in 1755, on the resignation of the Rev. Samuel Speed, he was elected second master of Winchester school, with the management and advantages of a boarding-house. Amidst all these honours and employments, he found leisure to complete the first volume of his celebrated Essay on the Writings and Genius of Pope, which he dedicated to Dr. Young, but did not subscribe his name. The objections made to this admirable piece of criticism were powerful enough to damp the ardour of the essayist, who left his work in an imperfect state for the long space of twenty-six years.

In May, 1766, he was advanced to the head mastership of Winchester school, a situation for which he was eminently qualified, and in which his shining abilities, urbanity of manners, eminent success in producing scholars of distinguished talents, will be long and affectionately remembered. In consequence of his promotion, he once more visited Oxford, and proceeded to the degree of bachelor

and doctor of divinity. In 177 , he lost the wife of his early affection, by whom he had six children. The stroke was severe, but the necessity of providing a new mother for his children, and an intelligent and tender companion for himself, induced him, in the following year, to marry a Miss Nicholas.

The tenour of his life was now even. During such times as he could spare from the school, and especially on the return of the Christmas vacation, he visited his friends in London, among whom were the whole of that class who composed Dr. Johnson's literary club, with some persons of rank by whom he was highly respected, but who appear to have remembered their old master in every thing but promotion. In 1782, he was indebted to his friend and correspondent Dr. Lowth, Bishop of London, for a prebend of St. Paul's, and the living of Thorley in Hertfordshire, which, after some arrangements, he exchanged for Wickham. This year also he published his second and concluding volume of the Essay on Pope, and a new edition, with some alterations, of the first.

In 1788, through the interest of Lord Shannon, he obtained a prebend in Winchester cathedral, and through that of Lord Malmesbury, the rectory of Easton, which, within the year, he was permitted to exchange for Upham. The amount of these preferments was considerable, but surely not beyond his merit, and it must be observed, they came late, when his family could no longer expect the advantages of early income and economy. He was sixty years of age before he had any benefice, except the small livings of Winslade and Tunworth, and nearly seventy before he enjoyed the remainder.

In the year 1793, he came to the resolution to resign the mastership of Winchester. He was beginning to feel that his time of life required more

ease and relaxation than the duties of the school permitted, and his resolution was probably strengthened by some unpleasant proceedings at that period among the scholars. Accordingly he gave in his resignation on the twenty-third of July, and retired to his rectory at Wickham. During his retirement at Wickham, he was induced, by a liberal offer from the booksellers of London, and more probably by his love for the task, to superintend a new edition of Pope's Works, which he completed in 1797, in nine volumes octavo. That this was the most complete and best illustrated edition of Pope was generally allowed, but it had to contend with objections, some of which were not urged with the respect due to the veteran critic, who had done so much to reform and refine the taste of his age.

He had once an intention of compiling a History of the Revival of Learning, but then abandoned it. About the year 1784, however, he issued proposals for a work which would probably have included much of his original purpose. This was to have been comprised in two quarto volumes, and to contain the History of Grecian, Roman, Italian, and French Poetry, in four parts. I. From Homer to Nonnus: II. From Ennius to Poetius: III. From Dante to Metastasio: IV. From W. de Lorris to Voltaire. This he announced as "preparing for the press." Probably his brother's death, and his desire to complete his History of English Poetry, diverted him from his own design.

After the publication of Pope, he entered on an edition of Dryden, and about the year 1799, had completed two volumes, with notes. At this time, the venerable author was attacked by an incurable disorder in his kidneys, which terminated his useful and honourable life on Feb. 23, 1800, in his seventy-eighth year.

In 1806, the Rev. John Wool, master of the school of Midhurst, in Sussex, published Biogra-

phical Memoirs of Dr. Warton, with a Selection from his poetry and a Literary Correspondence. From all these, the present sketch has been completed, with some additional particulars gleaned from the literary journals of the times, and other sources of information.

The personal character of Dr. Warton continues to be the theme of praise with all who knew him. Without affectation of superior philosophy, he possessed an independent spirit, and amidst what would have been to others very bitter disappointments, he was never known to express the language of discontent or envy. As a husband and parent, he displayed the tenderest feelings, mixed with that prudence which implies sense as well as affection. His manners partook of what has been termed the old court: his address was polite, and even elegant, but occasionally it had somewhat of measure and stateliness. Having left the university after a short residence, he mixed early with the world, sought and enjoyed the society of the fair sex, and tempered his studious habits with the tender and polite attentions necessary in promiscuous intercourse. In this respect there was a visible difference between him and his brother Thomas, whose manners were more careless and unpolished. In the more solid qualities of the heart, in true benevolence, kindness, hospitality, they approached very closely. Yet, though their inclinations and pursuits were congenial, and each assisted the other in his undertakings, it may be questioned, whether, at any time, they could have exchanged occupations: with equal stores of literature, with equal refinement of taste, it may be questioned whether the author of the Essay on Pope could have pursued the history of English poetry, or whether the historian of poetry could have written the papers we find in the Adventurer.

In conversation, Dr. Warton's talents appeared

to great advantage. He was mirthful, argumentative, oommunicative of observation and anecdote, as he found his company lean to the one or to the other. His memory was more richly stored with literary history than perhaps that of any man of his time, and his range was very extensive. He knew French and Italian literature most intimately: and, when conversing on more common topics, his extempore sallies and opinions bore evidence of the same delicate taste and candour which appear in his writings.

His biographer has considered his literary character under the three heads of a poet, a critic, and an instructor; but it is as a critic principally that he will be known to posterity, and as one who, in the language of Johnson, has taught "how the brow of criticism may be smoothed, and how she may be enabled, with all her severity, to attract and to delight." A book, indeed, of more delightful variety than the Essays on Pope, has not yet appeared, nor one in which there is a more happy mixture of judgment and sensibility.

It has already been noticed, that the opinions of the two Wartons, "the learned brothers," as they have been justly styled, were congenial on most topics of literature, but perhaps in nothing more than their ideas of poetry, which both endeavoured to exemplify in their own productions, although with different effect. Dr. Warton was certainly, in point of invention, powers of description, and variety, greatly inferior to the laureate. The Enthusiast, the Dying Indian, the Revenge of America, and one or two of his odes, are not deficient in spirit and enthusiasm, but the rest are more remarkable for a correct and faultless elegance, than for any striking attribute of poetry. His odes, which were coeval with those of Collins, must have suffered greatly by comparison. All that can be concluded respecting Dr. Warton, is, that if his

genius had been equal to his taste, if he could have produced what he appreciated with such exquisite skill in others, he would have undoubtedly been in poetry what he was in erudition and criticism.

As a critic, (says Campbell,) Dr. Warton is distinguished by his love of the fanciful and romantic. He examined our poetry at a period when it appeared to him that versified observations on familiar life and manners, had usurped the honours which were exclusively due to the bold and inventive powers of imagination. He conceived, also, that the charm of description in poetry was not sufficiently appreciated in his own day: not that the age could be said to be without descriptive writers; but because, as he apprehended, the tyranny of Pope's reputation had placed moral and didactic verse in too pre-eminent a light. He, therefore, strongly urged the principle, "that the most solid observations on life, expressed with the utmost brevity and elegance, are morality, and not poetry." Without examining how far this principle applies exactly to the character of Pope, whom he himself owns not to have been without pathos and imagination, I think his proposition is so worded, as to be liable to lead to a most unsound distinction between morality and poetry. If by "the most solid observations on life" are meant only thos- which relate to its prudential management and plain concerns, it is certainly true, that these cannot be made poetical, by the utmost brevity or elegance of expression. It is also true, that even the nobler tenets of morality are comparatively less interesting, in an insulated and didactic shape, than when they are blended with strong imitations of life, where passion, character, and situation bring them deeply home to our attention. Fiction is on this account so far the soul of poetry, that, without its aid as a vehicle, poetry can only give us morality in an abstract and (comparatively) unin-

teresting shape. But why does fiction please us? surely not because it is false, but because it seems to be true; because it spreads a wider field, and a more brilliant crowd of objects to our moral perceptions, than reality affords. Morality (in a high sense of the term, and not speaking of it as a dry science) is the *essence of poetry*. We fly from the injustice of this world to the poetical justice of fiction, where our sense of right and wrong is either satisfied, or where our sympathy, at least, reposes with less disappointment and distraction, than on the characters of life itself. Fiction, we may indeed be told, carries us into "*a world of gayer tinct and grace*," the laws of which are not to be judged by solid observations on the real world. But this is not the case, for moral truth is still the light of poetry, and fiction is only the refracting atmosphere which diffuses it; and the laws of moral truth are as essential to poetry, as those of physical truth (Anatomy and Optics, for instance,) are to painting. Allegory, narration, and the drama make their last appeal to the ethics of the human heart. It is therefore unsafe to draw a marked distinction between morality and poetry; or to speak of "*solid observations on life*" as of things in their nature unpoetical; for we *do* meet in poetry with observations on life, which, for the charm of their solid truth, we should exchange with reluctance for the most ingenious touches of fancy.

SELECT POEMS.

ODES.

TO FANCY.

O PARENT of each lovely Muse!
Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse;
O'er all my artless songs preside,
My footsteps to thy temple guide;
To offer at thy turf-built shrine,
In golden cups no cos ly wine;
No murder'd fatling of the flock,
But flowers and honey from the rock.
O nymph! with loosely-flowing hair,
With buskin'd leg, and bosom bare;
Thy waist with myrtle girdle bound,
Thy brows with Indian feathers crown'd;
Waving in thy snowy hand
An all-commanding magic wand;
Of power to bid fresh gardens blow
Mid cheerless Lapland's barren snow;
Whose rapid wings thy flight convey,
Through air, and over earth and sea:
While the vast, various landscape lies
Conspicuous to thy piercing eyes;
O lover of the desert, hail!
Say, in what deep and pathless vale,
Or on what hoary mountain's side,
Midst falls of water you reside;
Midst broken rocks, a rugged scene,
With green and grassy dales between:

Midst forests dark of aged oak,*
Ne'er echoing with the woodman's stroke;
Where never human art appear'd,
Nor e'en one straw-roofft cot was rear'd;
Where Nature seems to sit alone,
Majestic on a craggy throne.
Tell me the path, sweet wanderer, tell,
To thy unknown sequester'd cell;
Where woodbines cluster round the door,
Where shells and moss o'erlay the floor;
And on whose top a hawthorn blows,
Amid whose thickly woven boughs
Some nightingale still builds her nest,
Each evening warbling thee to rest.
Then lay me by the haunted stream,
Wrapt in some wild, poetic dream;
In converse while methinks I rove
With Spenser through a fairy grove;
Till suddenly awak'd, I hear
Strange whisper'd music in my ear;†
And my glad soul in bliss is drown'd,
By the sweetly soothing soothing sound!
Me, Goddess, by the right hand lead,
Sometimes through the yellow mead,
Where Joy, and white-rob'd Peace resort,
And Venus keeps her festive court,
Where Mirth and Youth each evening meet,
And lightly trip with nimble feet.
Nodding their lily-crowned heads,
Where laughter rose-lip'd Hebe leads;
Where Echo walks steep hills among,
List'ning to the shepherd's song:

* Milton. † Penseroso. ‡ Id.

Yet not these flowery fields of joy
Can long my pensive mind employ;
Haste, Fancy, from the scenes of folly,
To meet the matron Melancholy!
Goddess of the tearful eye,
That loves to fold her arms and sigh;
Let us with silent footsteps go
To charnels, and the house of woe;
To gothic churches, vaults, and tombs,
Where each sad night some virgin comes,
With throbbing breast, and faded cheek,
Her promis'd bridegroom's urn to seek.
Or to some abbey's mouldering tow'rs,
Where, to avoid cold wintry show'rs,
The naked beggar shivering lies,
While whistling tempests round her rise,
And trembles lest the tottering wall
Should on her sleeping infants fall.
  Now let us louder strike the lyre,
For my heart glows with martial fire:
I feel, I feel, with sudden heat,
My big tumultuous bosom beat;
The trumpet's clangors pierce my ear,
A thousand widows' shrieks I hear:
"Give me another horse," I cry,
Lo, the base Gallic squadrons fly;
Whence is this rage?—what spirit, say,
To battle hurries me away?
'Tis Fancy, in her fiery car,
Transports me to the thickest war;
There whirls me o'er the hills of slain,
Where tumult and destruction reign;
Where, mad with pain, the wounded steed
Tramples the dying and the dead;

Where giant Terror stalks around,
With sullen joy surveys the ground,
And pointing to the' ensanguin'd field
Shakes his dreadful gorgon-shield.
O guide me from this horrid scene
To high-arch'd walks, and alleys green,
Which lovely Laura seeks, to shun
The fervours of the mid-day sun.
The pangs of absence, O remove,
For thou can'st please me near my love;
Can'st fold in visionary bliss,
And let me think I steal a kiss;
While her ruby lips dispense
Luscious nectar's quintessence!
When young-ey'd Spring profusely "throws
From her green lap" the pink and rose;
When the soft turtle of the dale
To Summer tells her tender tale;
When Autumn cooling caverns seeks,
And stains with wine his jolly cheeks;
When Winter, like poor pilgrim old,
Shakes his silver beard with cold;
At every season let my ear
Thy solemn whispers, Fancy, hear.
O warm, enthusiastic maid,
Without thy powerful, vital aid,
That breathes an energy divine,
That gives a soul to every line,
Ne'er may I strive with lips profane,
To utter an unhallow'd strain;
Nor dare to touch the sacred string,
Save when with smiles thou bid'st me sing.
O hear our prayer, O hither come,
From thy lamented Shakspeare's tomb,

On which thou lov'st to sit at eve,
Musing o'er thy darling's grave:
O queen of numbers, once again
Animate some chosen swain,
Who, fill'd with inexhausted fire,
May boldly smite the sounding lyre,
Who with some new, unequall'd song,
May rise above the rhyming throng;
O'er all out listening passions reign,
O'erwhelm our souls with joy and pain:
With terror shake, with pity move,
Rouse with revenge, or melt with love.
O deign to' attend his evening walk,
With him in groves and grottos talk;
Teach him to scorn with frigid art,
Feebly to touch the' enraptur'd heart;
Like lightning, let his mighty verse
The bosom's inmost foldings pierce;
With native beauties win applause,
Beyond cold critics' studied laws:
O let each Muse's fame increase,
O bid Brittania rival Greece!

TO EVENING.

HAIL, meek-ey'd maiden, clad in sober grey,
Whose soft approach the weary woodman loves;
As homeward bent to kiss his prattling babes,
Jocund he whistles through the twilight groves.

When Phœbus sinks behind the gilded hills,
You lightly o'er the misty meadows walk;
The drooping daisies bathe in honey dews,
And nurse the nodding violet's slender stalk.

The panting dryads, that in day's fierce heat
To inmost bowers, and cooling caverns ran;
Return to trip in wanton evening dance;
Old Sylvan too returns, and laughing Pan.

To the deep wood the clamorous rooks repair,
Light skims the swallow o'er the watery scene;
And from the sheep-cote, and fresh furrow'd field,
Stout ploughmen meet to wrestle on the Green.

The swain, that artless sings on yonder rock,
His supping sheep, and lengthening shadow spies;
Pleas'd with the cool, the calm, refreshful hour,
And with hoarse humming of unnumber'd flies.

Now every passion sleeps: desponding Love,
And pining Envy, ever-restless Pride;
A holy calm creeps o'er my peaceful soul,
Anger, and mad Ambition's storms subside.

O modest Evening! oft let me appear
A wandering votary in thy pensive train;
Listening to every wildly warbling throat
That fills with farewell sweet thy darkening plain.

TO LIBERTY.

O GODDESS, on whose steps attend
Pleasure and laughter-loving Health,
White-mantled Peace, with olive wand,
Young Joy, and diamond-sceptred Wealth;
Blithe Plenty, with her loaded horn,
With Science, bright-ey'd as the morn,
In Britain, which for ages past
Has been thy choicest darling care;
Who mad'st her wise, and strong and fair,
May thy best blessings ever last!

For thee the pining prisoner mourns,
Depriv'd of food, of mirth, of light;
For thee, pale slaves to galleys chain'd,
That ply tough oars from morn to night;
Thee, the proud sultan's beauteous train,
By eunuchs guarded, weep in vain,
Tearing the roses from their locks;
And Guinea's captive kings lament,
By christian lords to labour sent,
Whip'd like the dull, unfeeling ox.

Inspir'd by thee, deaf to fond nature's cries,
Stern Brutus, when Rome's genius loudly call'd,
Gave her the matchless filial sacrifice,
Unable to behold her power enthrall'd!
And he of later age, but equal fame,
Dar'd stab the tyrant though he lov'd the friend;
How burnt the Spartan* with warm patriot flame,
In thy great cause his valorous life to end!
How burst Gustavus from the Swedish mine!
Like light from chaos dark, eternally to shine.

* Leonidas.

When Heaven to all thy joys bestows,
And graves upon our hearts—be free!—
Shall coward man those joys resign,
And dare reverse this great decree?
Submit him to some idol king,
Some selfish, passion-guided thing,
Abhorring man, by man abhorr'd,
Around whose throne stands trembling Doubt,
Whose jealous eyes still roll about;
And Murder with his reeking sword?

Where trampling Tyranny with Fate;
And black Revenge gigantic goes;
Hark, how the dying infants shriek,
How hopeless age is sunk in woes!
Fly, mortals, from that faded land,
Though rivers roll o'er golden sand,
Though birds in shades of cassia sing,
Harvests and fruits spontaneous rise,
No storms disturb the smiling skies,
And each soft breeze rich odours bring.

Britannia watch!—remember peerless Rome,
Her high-tower'd head dash'd meanly to the ground;
Remember, freedom's guardian, Grecia's doom,
Whom, weeping, the despotic Turk has bound;
May ne'er thy oak-crown'd hills, rich meads and down,
(Fame, virtue, courage, property, forgot)
Thy peaceful villages, and busy towns,
Be doom'd some death-dispensing tyrant's lot;
On deep foundations may thy freedom stand,
Long as the surge shall lash thy sea-encircled land.

TO HEALTH.

WRITTEN ON A RECOVERY FROM THE SMALL-POX.

O WHETHER with laborious clowns,
In meads and woods thou lov'st to dwell;
In noisy, merchant-crowded towns,
Or in the temperate Brachman's cell;
Who from the meads of Ganges' fruitful flood,
Wet with sweet dews, collects his flowery food.

In Bath or in Montpellier's plains,
Or rich Bermuda's balmy isle,
Or the cold North, whose fur-clad swains
Ne'er saw the purple Autumn smile,
Who over alps of snow, and deserts drear,
By twinkling star-light drive the flying deer.

O lovely queen of mirth and ease,
Whom absent, beauty, banquets, wine,
Wit, music, pomp, nor science please,
And kings on ivory couches pine;
Nature's kind nurse, to whom by gracious Heav'n,
To sooth the pangs of toilsome life 'tis giv'n.

To aid a languid wretch repair,
Let pale-ey'd Grief thy presence fly,
The restless demon, gloomy Care,
And meagre Melancholy die;
Drive to some lonely rock the giant Pain,
And bind him howling with a triple chain!

O come, restore my aching sight,
Yet let me not on Laura gaze;
Soon must I quit that dear delight,
O'erpower'd by Beauty's piercing rays;
Support my feeble feet, and largely shed
Thy oil of gladness on my fainting head.

How nearly had my spirit pass'd,
Till stop'd by Metcalf's skilful hand,
To Death's dark regions, wide and waste,
And the black river's mournful strand;
Or to those vales of joy and meadows bless'd,
Where sages, heroes, patriots, poets rest:

Where Maro and Musæus sit
Listening to Milton's loftier song,
With sacred silent wonder smit;
While, monarch of the tuneful throng,
Homer in rapture throws his trumpet down,
And to the Briton gives his amaranthine crown.

TO SUPERSTITION.

HENCE to some Convent's gloomy aisles,
Where cheerful daylight never smiles:
Tyrant! from Albion haste, to slavish Rome;
There by dim tapers' livid light,
At the still, solemn hours of the night,
In pensive musings walk o'er many a sounding tomb.

Thy clanking chains, thy crimson steel,
Thy venom'd darts, and barbarous wheel,
Malignant fiend, bear from this isle away,
Nor dare in error's fetters bind
One active, freeborn, British mind; [sway.
That strongly strives to spring indignant from thy

Thou bad'st grim Moloch's frowning priest
Snatch screaming infants from the breast,
Regardless of the frantic mother's woes;
Thou led'st the ruthless sons of Spain
To wondering India's golden plain,
From deluges of blood where tenfold harvests rose.

But lo! how swiftly art thou fled,
When Reason lifts his radiant head;
When his resounding, awful voice they hear,
Blind Ignorance, thy doting sire,
Thy daughter, trembling Fear, retire;
And all thy ghastly train of terrors disappear.

So by the Magi hail'd from far,
When Phœbus mounts his early car,

The shrieking ghosts to their dark charnels flock;
  The full gorg'd wolves retreat; no more
  The prowling lionesses roar, [rock.
But hasten with their prey to some deep-cavern'd

  Hail then, ye friends of Reason, hail!
  Ye foes to Mystery's odious veil,
To Truth's high temple guide my steps aright,
  Where Clarke and Wollaston reside,
  With Locke and Newton by their side,
While Plato sits above enthron'd in endless light.

TO A GENTLEMAN,

UPON HIS TRAVELS THROUGH ITALY.

While I with fond officious care,
  For you my chorded shell prepare,
And not unmindful frame an humble lay;
  Where shall this verse my Cynthio find,
  What scene of art now charms your mind,
Say, on what sacred spot of Roman ground you
    stray?

  Perhaps you cull each valley's bloom;
  To strew o'er Virgil's laurell'd tomb,
Whence oft at midnight echoing voices sound;
  For at that hour of silence, there
  The shades of ancient bards repair,
To join in choral song his hallow'd urn around;

  Or wander in the cooling shade
  Of Sabine bowers where Homer stray'd,

And oft repeat, in eager thought elate,
(As round in classic search you trace)
With curious eye the pleasing place, [sate."
"This fount he lov'd, and there beneath that oak he

How longs my raptur'd breast with you,
Great Raphael's magic strokes to view,
To whose bless'd hand each charm the Graces gave!
Whence each fair form with beauty glows,
Like that of Venus, when she rose
Naked in blushing charms from ocean's hoary wave.

As oft by roving fancy led,
To smooth Clitumnus' banks you tread,
What awful thoughts his fabled waters raise!
While the low-thoughted swain, whose flock
Grazes around, from some steep rock,
With vulgar disregard his mazy course surveys.

Now through the ruin'd domes my Muse
Your steps with eager flight pursues,
That their cleft piles on Tiber's plains present;
Among whose hollow-winding cells,
Forlorn and wild, Rome's Genius dwells;
His golden sceptre broke, and purple mantle rent.

Oft to those mossy mouldering walls,
Those caverns dark, and silent halls,
Let me repair by midnight's paly fires;
There muse on Empire's fallen state,
And frail Ambition's hapless fate, [inspires.
While more than mortal thoughts the solemn scene

What lust of power from the cold North
Could tempt those Vandal robbers forth,

Fiar Italy, thy vine-clad vales to waste?
Whose hands profane, with hostile blade,
Thy storied temples dar'd invade,
And all thy Parian seats of Attic art defac'd?

They, weeping Art in fetters bound,
And gor'd her breast with many a wound,
And veil'd her charms in clouds of thickest night;
Sad Poësy, much injur'd maid,
They drove to some dim convent's shade,
And quench'd in gloomy mist her lamp's resplendent light.

There long she wept, to darkness doom'd,
Till Cosmo's hand her light relum'd,
That once again in lofty Tasso shone;
Since has sweet Spenser caught her fire,
She breathed once more in Milton's lyre,
And warm'd the soul divine of Shakspeare, Fancy's son.

Nor she, mild queen, will cease to smile
On her Britannia's much lov'd isle, [born,
Where these her best, her favourite Three were
While Theron* warbles Grecian strains,
Or polish'd Dodington remains,
The drooping train of arts to cherish and adorn.

* Akenside.

AGAINST DESPAIR.

Farewell, thou dimpled cherub, Joy,
Thou rose-crown'd ever-smiling boy,
Wont thy sister Hope to lead
To dance along the primrose mead!
No more, bereft of happy hours,
I seek thy lute-resounding bow'rs,
But to yon ruin'd tower repair,
To meet the god of groans, Despair;
Who, on that ivy-darken'd ground,
Still takes at eve his silent round,
Or sits yon new-made grave beside,
Where lies a frantic suicide;
While labouring sighs my heart-strings break,
Thus to the sullen power I speak:
"Haste with thy poison'd dagger, haste,
To pierce this sorrow-laden breast!
Or lead me, at the dead of night,
To some sea-beat mountain's height,
Whence with headlong haste I'll leap
To the dark bosom of the deep;
Or show me, far from human eye,
Some cave to muse in, starve and die:
No weeping friend or brother near,
My last fond, faltering words to hear."—
'Twas thus, with weight of woes oppress'd,
I sought to ease my bruised breast;
When straight more gloomy grew the shade,
And lo! a tall, majestic maid;
Her limbs, not delicately fair,
Robust, and of a martial air;

She bore of steel a polish'd shield,
Where highly sculptur'd I beheld
The' Athenian martyr* smiling stand,
The baleful goblet in his hand:
Sparkled her eyes with lively flame,
And Patience was the seraph's name;
Sternly she look'd, and stern began—
"Thy sorrows cease, complaining man,
Rouse thy weak soul, appease thy moan,
Soon are the clouds of sadness gone;
Though now in Grief's dark groves you walk,
Where grisly fiends about you stalk,
Beyond a blissful city lies,
Far from whose gates each anguish flies:
Take thou this shield, which once of yore
Ulysses and Alcides wore,
And which in later days I gave
To Regulus and Raleigh brave;
In exile or in dungeon drear,
Their mighty minds could banish fear;
Thy heart no tenfold woes shall feel;
'Twas virtue temper'd the rough steel,
And, by her heavenly fingers wrought,
To me the precious present brought."

* Socrates.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O THOU, that to the moonlight vale
Warblest oft thy plaintive tale,
What time the village murmurs cease,
And the still eve is hush'd to peace,
When now no busy sound is heard,
Contemplation's favourite bird!

Chantress of night, whose amorous song
First heard the tufted groves among,
Warns wanton Mabba to begin
Her revels on the circled green,
Whene'er by Meditation led,
I nightly seek some distant mead;

A short repose of cares to find,
And sooth my love-distracted mind;
O fail not then, sweet Philomel,
Thy sadly warbled woes to tell;
For sympathetic numbers join
Thy pangs of luckless love with mine!

So may no swain's rude hand infest
Thy tender young, and rob thy nest;
Nor ruthless fowler's guileful snare
Lure thee to leave the fields of air,
No more to visit vale or shade,
Some barbarous virgin's captive made.

ON THE SPRING.

TO A LADY.

I o! Spring array'd in primrose-colour'd robe,
Fresh beauties sheds on each enliven'd scene,
With showers and sunshine cheers the smiling globe,
And mantles hill and vale in glowing green.

All nature feels her vital heat around,
The pregnant glebe nowbursts with foodful grain;
With kindly warmth she opes the frozen ground,
And with new life informs the teeming plain.

She calls the fishes from their oozy beds,
And animates the deep with genial love;
She bids the herds bound sportive o'er the mead,
And with glad songs awakes the joyous grove.

No more the glaring tiger roams for prey,
All-powerful Love subdues his savage soul,
To find his spotted mate he darts away,
While gentler thoughts the thirst of blood control.

But ah! while all is warmth and soft desire,
While all around Spring's cheerful influence own,
You feel not, Amoret, her quickening fire,
To Spring's kind influence a foe alone.

TO A LADY

WHO HATES THE COUNTRY.

Now Summer, daughter of the Sun,
O'er the gay fields comes dancing on,
And earth o'erflows with joys;
Too long in routs and drawing-rooms,
The tasteless hours my fair consumes,
Midst folly, flattery, noise.

Come hear mild zephyr bid the rose
Her balmy-breathing buds disclose,
Come hear the falling rill;
Observe the honey-loaded bee,
The beech-embower'd cottage see,
Beside yon sloping hill.

By health awoke at early morn,
We'll brush the dew from every thorn,
And help unpen the fold;
Hence to yon hollow oak we'll stray,
Where dwelt, as village fables say,
An holy Druid old.

Come wildly rove through desert dales,
To listen how lone nightingales
In liquid lays complain;
Adieu the tender thrilling note,
That pants in Monticelli's throat,
And Handel's stronger strain.

"Insipid pleasures these! (you cry)
Must I from dear assemblies fly
To see rude peasants toil?
For operas listen to a bird?
Shall Sidney's* fables be preferr'd
To my sagacious Hoyle?"†

O falsely fond of what seems great,
Of purple pomp and robes of state,
And all life's tinsel glare!
Rather with humble violets bind,
Or give to wander in the wind
Your length of sable hair.

Soon as you reach the rural shade,
Will Mirth, the sprightly mountain maid,
Your days and nights attend;
She'll bring fantastic Sport and Song,
Nor Cupid will be absent long,
Your true ally and friend.

* Arcadia; a romance by Sir Philip Sidney.
† Alluding to those ladies who have left their Novels and Romances for the profound study of Mr. Hoyle's book on Whist.

ON THE

LOSS OF HIS FATHER, THE REV. THOMAS WARTON.

VICAR OF BASINGSTOKE, HANTS, WHO DIED IN 1745.

No more of mirth and rural joys,
The gay description quickly cloys;
In melting numbers, sadly slow,
I tune my alter'd strings to woe;
Attend, Melpomene, and with thee bring
Thy tragic lute, Euphranor's death to sing.

Fond wilt thou be his name to praise,
For oft thou heard'st his skilful lays;
Isis, for him soft tears has shed,
She plac'd her ivy on his head;
Chose him, strict judge, to rule with steady reins
The vigorous fancies of her listening swains.

With genius, wit, and science bless'd,
Unshaken Honour arm'd his breast,
Bade him, with virtuous courage wise,
Malignant Fortune's darts despise;
Him, e'en black Envy's venom'd tongues commend,
As Scholar, Pastor, Husband, Father, Friend.

For ever sacred, ever dear,
O much-lov'd shade! accept this tear;
Each night indulging pious woe,
Fresh roses on thy tomb I strow,
And wish for tender Spenser's moving verse,
Warbled in broken sobs o'er Sidney's hearse.

Let me to that deep cave resort,
Where Sorrow keeps her silent court;
For ever wringing her pale hands,
While dumb Misfortune near her stands;
With downcast eyes the Cares around her wait,
And Pity sobbing sits before the gate.

Thus stretch'd upon his grave I sung,
When straight my ears with murmur rung;
A distant, deaf, and hollow sound
Was heard in solemn whispers round—
"Weep not for me, embath'd in bliss above,
In the bright kingdoms bless'd of joy and love."*

ON SHOOTING.

NYMPHS of the forests, that young oaks protect
From noxious blasts, and the blue thunder's dart;
O how securely might ye dwell
In Britain's peaceful shades,
Far from grim wolves, or tigers' midnight roar,
Or crimson-crested serpents' hungry hiss,
But that our savage swains pollute
With murder your retreats!
How oft your birds have undeserving bled,
Linnet, or warbling thrush, or moaning dove,
Pheasant with gaily-glistering wings,
Or early mounting-lark!

* Variation:
"Enough, dear Youth!—though wrap'd in bliss above,
Well pleas'd I listen to thy lays of love."
Subjoined to the edition of his father's poems, 1748.

While in sweet converse in a round you sit
On the green turf, or in the woodbine-bower,
If chance the thundering gun be heard,
To grots and caves ye run;
Fearful as when Lodona fled from Pan,
Or Daphne, panting, from enamour'd Sol,
Or fair Sabrina to the flood
Her snowy beauties gave:
When will dread Man his tyrannies forego,
When cease to bathe his barbarous hands in blood,
His subjects hel· less, harmless, weak,
Delighting to destroy?
More pleasant far to shield their tender young
From churlish swains, that violate their nests;
And, wandering, morn or eve to hear
Their welcome to the Spring.

TO SOLITUDE.

Thou, that at deep dead of night
Walk'st forth beneath the pale moon's light
In robe of flowing black array'd,
While cypress leaves thy brows o'ershade;
Listening to the crowing cock,
And the distant sounding clock;
Or sitting in thy cavern low,
Dost hear the bleak winds loudly blow,
Or the hoarse death-boding owl,
Or village mastiff's wakeful howl,
While through thy melancholy room
A dim lamp casts an awful gloom;
Thou, that on the meadow green,
Or daisied upland art not seen,

But wandering by the dusky nooks,
And the pensive falling brooks,
Or hear some rugged, herbless rock,
Where no shepherd keeps his flock!
Musing maid, to thee I come,
Hating the tradeful city's hum;
O let me calmly dwell with thee;
From noisy mirth and business free,
With meditation seek the skies,
The folly-fetter'd world despise!

TO A FOUNTAIN.

IMITATED FROM HORACE, ODE XIII. BOOK III.

Ye waves, that gushing fall with purest stream,
Blandusian Fount! to whom the products sweet
Of richest wines belong,
And fairest flowers of Spring;
To thee, a chosen victim will I slay,
A kid, who glowing in lascivious youth
Just blooms with budding horn,
And with vain thought elate
Yet destines future war: but ah! too soon
His reeking blood with crimson shall enrich
Thy pure translucent flood,
And tinge thy crystal clear.
Thy sweet recess the sun in mid-day hour
Can ne'er invade, thy streams the labour'd ox
Refresh with cooling draught,
And glad the wandering herds.
Thy name shall shine with endless honours grac'd,
While on my shell I sing the nodding oak,
That o'er thy cavern deep
Waves his embowering head.

ON READING

MR. WEST'S TRANSLATION OF PINDAR.

I. 1.

ALBION exult! thy sons a voice divine have heard,
The Man of Thebes hath in thy vales appear'd;
Hark! with fresh rage and undiminish'd fire,
The sweet enthusiast smites the British lyre;*
The sounds that echoed on Alpheus' streams,
Reach the delighted ear of listening Thames:
Lo! swift across the dusty plain
Great Theron's foaming coursers strain!
What mortal tongue e'er roll'd along
Such full impetuous tides of nervous song?

I. 2.

The fearful, frigid rays of cold and creeping Art,
Nor touch, nor can transport the' unfeeling heart;
Pindar, our inmost bosom piercing, warms
With glory's love, and eager thirst of arms:
When Freedom speaks in his majestic strain,
The patriot-passions beat in every vein:
We long to sit with heroes old,
Mid groves of vegetable gold,
Where Cadmus and Achilles dwell,†
And still of daring deeds and dangers tell.

I. 3.

Away, enervate bards, away,
Who spin the courtly, silken lay,

* Gray's Bard. † See 2 Olymp. Od.

As wreaths for some vain Louis' head,*
Or mourn some soft Adonis dead:
No more your polish'd lyrics boast, [lost:
In British Pindar's strength o'erwhelm'd and
As well might ye compare
The glimmerings of a waxen flame,
(Emblem of verse correctly tame)
To his own Ætna's sulphur-spouting caves,†
When to Heaven's vault the fiery deluge raves,
When clouds and burning rocks dart through the troubled air.

II. 1.

In roaring cataracts down Andes' channel'd steeps
Mark how enormous Orellana sweeps!
Monarch of mighty floods! supremely strong,
Foaming from cliff to cliff he whirls along,
Swoln with an hundred hills' collected snows:
Thence over nameless regions widely flows
Round fragrant isles, and citron groves,
Where still the naked Indian roves,
And safely builds his leafy bow'r,
From slavery far, and curs'd Iberian pow'r.

II. 2.

So rapid Pindar flows.—O parent of the lyre,
Let me for ever thy sweet sons admire!
O ancient Greece, but chief the bard whose lays
The matchless tale of Troy divine emblaze,
And next Euripides, soft Pity's priest,
Who melts in useful woes the bleeding breast;
And him, who paints the' incestuous king
Whose soul amaze and horror wring;

* Alluding to the French and Italian lyric poets.
† See 1 Pyth. Od.

Teach me to taste their charms refin'd,
The richest banquet of the' enraptur'd mind:

II. 3.

For the bless'd man, the Muses' child,*
On whose auspicious birth she smil'd,
Whose soul she form'd with purer fire,
For whom she tun'd a golden lyre,
Seeks not in fighting fields renown;
No widows' midnight shrieks, nor burning town,
The peaceful poet please;
Nor ceaseless toils for sordid gains,
Nor purple pomp, nor wide domains,
Nor heaps of wealth, nor power, nor stateman's schemes,
Nor all deceiv'd Ambition's feverish dreams
Lure his contented heart from the sweet vale of ease.

* Hor. Od. 3. L. 4.

MISCELLANIES.

THE ENTHUSIAST;

OR THE LOVE OF NATURE. WRITTEN IN 1740.

Rure vero barbaroque latetur.
MARTIAL.

——— Ut mihi devio
Rupes, et vacuum nemus
Mirari libet!
HOR.

Ye green-rob'd Dryads, oft at dusky eve
By wondering shepherds seen; to forests brown,
To unfrequented meads, and pathless wilds,
Lead me from gardens deck'd with arts vain pomps.
Can gilt alcoves, can marble mimic gods,
Parterres embroider'd, obelisks, and urns
Of high relief; can the long-spreading lake,
Or vista lessening to the sight; can Stow
With all her attic fanes, such raptures raise,
As the thrush-haunted copse, where lightly leaps
The fearful fawn the rustling leaves along,
And the brisk squirrel sports from bough to bough,
While from a hollow oak, whose naked roots
O'erhang a pensive rill, the busy bees
Hum drowsy lullabies? The bards of old,
Fair Nature's friends, sought such retreats, to charm

eet Echo with their songs; oft too they met
ummer evenings, near sequester'd bowers,
mountain nymph, or muse, and eager learn'd
s moral strains she taught to mend mankind.
to a secret grot Ægeria stole*
:h patriot Numa, and in silent night
isper'd him sacred laws, he listening sat
it with her virtuous voice, old Tiber lean'd
entive on his urn, and hush'd his waves.
h in her weeping country's spoils, Versailles
boast a thousand fountains, that can cast
: tortur'd waters to the distant heavens;
let me choose some pine-top'd precipice
upt and shaggy, whence a foamy stream,
e Anio, tumbling roars; or some bleak heath,
ere straggling stands the mournful juniper,
yew-tree scath'd; while in clear prospect round,
m the grove's bosom spires emerge, and smoke
luish wreaths ascends, ripe harvests wave,
, lonely cottages, and ruin'd tops
gothic battlements appear, and streams
eath the sunbeams twinkle. The shrill lark,
t wakes the woodman to his early task;
ove-sick Philomel, whose luscious lays
th lone night-wanderers; the moaning dove,
ed by listening milk-maids, far excel
deep-mouth'd viol, the soul-lulling lute,
battle-breathing trumpet. Artful sounds!
t please not like the choristers of air,
:n first they hail the' approach of laughing May.
Kent design like Nature? Mark where Thames
ity and pleasure pours through Lincoln's†meads;

ivy, lib. i. cap. 19.
he Earl of Lincoln's terrace at Weybridge in Surry.

Can the great artist, though with taste supreme
Endued, one beauty to this Eden add?
Though he, by rules unfetter'd, boldly scorns
Formality and method, round and square
Disdaining, plans irregularly great.
Creative Titian, can thy vivid strokes,
Or thine, O graceful Raphael, dare to vie
With the rich tints that paint the breathing mead?
The thousand-colour'd tulip, violet's bell
Snow-clad and meek, the vermeil-tinctur'd rose,
And golden crocus?—Yet with these the maid
Phillis or Phœbe, at a feast or wake,
Her jetty locks enamels; fairer she,
In innocence and home-spun vestments dress'd,
Than if cerulean sapphires at her ears
Shone pendent, or a precious diamond cross
Heav'd gently on her panting bosom white.
Yon shepherd idly stretch'd on the rude rock,
Listening to dashing waves, and seamew's clang
High-hovering o'er his head, who views beneath
The dolphin dancing o'er the level brine,
Feels more true bliss than the proud admiral,
Amid his vessels bright with burnish'd gold
And silken streamers, though his lordly nod
Ten thousand war-worn mariners revere.
And great Æneas* gaz'd with more delight
On the rough mountain shagg'd with horrid shades,
(Where cloud-compelling Jove, as fancy dream'd,
Descending shook his direful Ægis black)
Than if he enter'd the high Capitol
On golden columns rear'd, a conquer'd world
Exhausted, to enrich its stately head.

* Æneid, viii.

More pleas'd he slept in poor Evander's cot
On shaggy skins, lull'd by sweet nightingales,
Than if a Nero, in an age refin'd,
Beneath a gorgeous canopy had plac'd
His royal guest, and bade his minstrels sound
Soft slumbrous Lydian airs, to sooth his rest.
Happy the first of men* ere yet confin'd
To smoky cities; who in sheltering groves,
Warm caves, and deep-sunk valleys liv'd and lov'd,
By cares unwounded; what the sun and showers,
And genial earth untillag'd could produce,
They gather'd grateful, or the acorn brown,
Or blushing berry; by the liquid lapse
Of murmuring waters call'd to slake their thirst,
Or with fair nymphs their sun-brown limbs to bathe;
With nymphs who fondly clasp'd their favourite youths,
Unaw'd by shame, beneath the beechen shade,
Nor wiles nor artificial coyness knew.
Then doors and walls were not; the melting maid
Nor frowns of parents fear'd, nor husband's threats;
Nor had curs'd gold their tender hearts allur'd:
Then beauty was not venal. Injur'd love,
O whither, god of raptures, art thou fled?
While Avarice waves his golden wand around,
Abhor'd magician! and his costly cup
Prepares with baneful drugs, to' enchant the souls
Of each low-thoughted fair to wed for gain.
In earth's first infancy (as sung the bard,†
Who strongly painted what he boldly thought)
Though the fierce north oft smote with iron whip
Their shivering limbs, though oft the bristly boar

* See Lucretius, lib. v. † Lucretius.

Or hungry lion woke them with their howls,
And scar'd them from their moss-grown caves to rove
Houseless and cold in dark tempestuous nights;
Yet were not myriads in embattled fields
Swept off at once, nor had the raging seas
O'erwhelm'd the foundering bark and shrieking crew;
In vain the glassy ocean smil'd to tempt
The jolly sailor unsuspecting harm,
For commerce ne'er had spread her swelling sails,
Nor had the wondering nereids ever heard
The dashing oar: then famine, want, and pain,*
Sunk to the grave their fainting limbs; but us,
Diseaseful dainties, riot and excess,
And feverish luxury destroy. In brakes
Or marshes wild, unknowingly they crop'd
Herbs of malignant juice; to realms remote
While we for powerful poisons madly roam,
From every noxious herb collecting death.
What though unknown to those primeval sires
The well-arch'd dome, peopled with breathing forms
By fair Italia's skilful hand, unknown
The shapely column, and the crumbling busts
Of awful ancestors in long descent?
Yet why should man mistaken, deem it nobler
To dwell in palaces, and high-roof'd halls,
Than in God's forests, architect supreme!
Say, is the Persian carpet, than the field's
Or meadow's mantle gay, more richly wov'n;
Or softer to the votaries of ease
Than bladed grass perfum'd with dew-drop'd flow'rs?
O taste corrupt! that luxury and pomp,
In specious names of polish'd manners veil'd,
Should proudly banish Nature's simple charms!

* Paradise Lost, Book xi.

All-beauteous Nature! by thy boundless charms
Oppress'd, O where shall I begin thy praise,
Where turn the' ecstatic eye, how ease my breast
That pants with wild astonishment and love!
Dark forests, and the opening lawn, refresh'd
With ever-gushing brooks, hill, meadow, dale,
The balmy bean-field, the gay clover'd close,
So sweetly interchang'd, the lowing ox,
The playful lamb, the distant waterfall
Now faintly heard, now swelling with the breeze;
The sound of pastoral reed from hazel-bower,
The choral birds, the neighing steed that snuffs
His dappled mate, stung with intense desire;
The ripen'd orchard when the ruddy orbs
Betwixt the green leaves blush, the azure skies,
The cheerful sun that through earth's vitals pours
Delight and health and heat; all, all conspire,
To raise, to sooth, to harmonize the mind,
To lift on wings of praise, to the great Sire
Of being and of beauty, at whose nod
Creation started from the gloomy vault
Of dreary Chaos, while the grisly king
Murmur'd to feel his boisterous power confin'd.
What are the lays of artful Addison,
Coldly correct to Shakspeare's warblings wild?
Whom on the winding Avon's willow'd banks
Fair Fancy found, and bore the smiling babe*
To a close cavern; (still the shepherds show
The sacred place, whence with religious awe
They hear, returning from the field at eve,
Strange whisperings of sweet music through the air)
Here, as with honey gather'd from the rock,
She fed the little prattler, and with songs

* Gray's Progress of Poesy.

Oft sooth'd his wondering ears; with deep delight,
On her soft lap he sat, and caught the sounds.
Oft near some crowded city would I walk,
Listening the far-off noises, rattling cars,
Loud shouts of joy, sad shrieks of sorrow, knells
Full slowly tolling, instruments of trade,
Striking mine ears with one deep-swelling hum.
Or wandering near the sea, attend the sounds
Of hollow winds, and ever-beating waves,
Ev'n when wild tempests swallow up the plains,
And Boreas' blasts, big hail, and rains combine
To shake the groves and mountains, would I sit,
Pensively musing on the' outrageous crimes [hours,
That wake Heaven's vengeance: at such solemn
Demons and goblins through the dark air shriek,
While Hecate, with her black-brow'd sisters nine,
Rides o'er the earth, and scatters woes and death.
Then too, they say, in drear Egyptian wilds
The lion and the tiger prowl for prey
With roarings loud! the listening traveller
Starts fear-struck, while the hollow-echoing vaults
Of pyramids increase the deathful sounds.
But let me never fail in cloudless nights,
When silent Cynthia in her silver car [hills,
Through the blue concave slides, when shine the
Twinkle the streams,and woods look tip'd with gold,
To seek some level mead, and there invoke
Old Midnight's sister, Contemplation sage,
(Queen of the rugged brow, and stern-fix'd eye)
To lift my soul above this little earth,
This folly-fetter'd world: to purge my ears,
That I may hear the rolling planets' song,
And tuneful turning spheres: if this be barr'd,
The little fays that dance in neighbouring dales,

charm me with aërial notes.—As thus
ler musing, lo, what awful forms
r appear! sharp-ey'd Philosophy
n dun robes, an eagle on his wrist,
neets my eye; next, virgin Solitude
, who blushes at each gazer's sight;
Wisdom's hoary head, with crutch in hand,
ling, and bent with age; last, Virtue's self
g, in white array'd, who with her leads
Innocence, that prattles by her side,
ed boy!—Harass'd with fear I stop,
, when Virtue thus—"Whoe'er thou art,
, by whom I deign to be beheld
se my midnight walks, depart, and say
ienceforth I and my immortal train
:e Britannia's isle; who fondly stoops
:e, her favourite paramour." She spoke,*
s she turn'd her round and rosy neck,
owing train, and long ambrosial hair
ing rich odours, I enamour'd view.
who will bear me then to western climes,
Virtue leaves our wretched land) to fields
polluted with Iberian swords:
les of Innocence, from mortal view
/ retir'd, beneath a plantane's shade,
: Happiness and Quiet sit enthron'd
imple Indian swains, that I may hunt
ear and tiger through savannahs wild,
gh fragrant deserts, and through citron groves
fed on dates and herbs, would I despise
r-fetch'd cates of Luxury, and hoards
row-hearted Avarice; nor heed
stant din of the tumultuous world.

* Virg. Æn. lib. i.

So when rude whirlwinds rouse the roaring main,
Beneath fair Thetis sits, in coral caves,
Serenely gay; nor sinking sailors' cries
Disturb her sportive nymphs, who round her form
The light fantastic dance, or for her hair
Weave rosy crowns, or with according lutes
Grace the soft warbles of her honied voice.

FASHION.

A SATIRE.

Horatius putamus, quod frequentius; recti apud nos locum tenet error, ubi publicus factus.

Yes, yes, my friend, disguise it as you will,
To right or wrong 'tis Fashion guides us still;
A few perhaps rise singularly good,
Defy and stem the fool-o'erwhelming flood;
The rest to wander from their brethren fear,
As social herrings in large shoals appear.
'Twas not a taste, but powerful mode, that bade
Yon purblind, poking peer, run picture-mad;
With the same wonder-gaping face he stares
On flat Dutch daubing, as on Guido's airs;
What might his oak-crown'd manors mortgag'd gain!
Alas! five faded landscapes of Loraine.*
Not so Gargilius—sleek, voluptuous lord,
A hundred dainties smoke upon his board;
Earth, air, and ocean's ransack'd for the feast,
In masquerade of foreign olios dress'd;
Who praises, in this sauce-enamour'd age,
Calm, healthful temperance, like an Indian sage:

* Claude Loraine.

But could he walk in public, were it said,
"Gargilius din'd on beef, and eat brown bread?"
Happy the grotto'd hermit with his pulse,
Who wants no truffles, rich ragouts—nor Hulse.*
How strict on Sundays gay Lætitia's face!
How curl'd her hair, how clean her Brussels lace!
She lifts her eyes, her sparkling eyes to Heav'n,
Most nun-like mourns, and hopes to be forgiv'n.
Think not she prays, or is grown penitent,—
She went to church—because the parish went.

Close Chremes, deaf to the pale widow's grief,
Parts with an unsun'd guinea for relief;
No meltings o'er his ruthless bosom steal,
More than fierce Arabs, or proud tyrants feel;
Yet since his neighbours give, the churl unlocks,
Damning the poor, his triple-bolted box.

Why loves not Hippia rank obscenity?
Why would she not with twenty porters lie?
Why not in crowded Malls quite naked walk?
Not aw'd by virtue—but "The world would talk."—
Yet how demurely looks the wishing maid,
For ever, but in bed, of man afraid!
Thus Hammon's† spring by day feels icy-cool,
At night is hot as hell's sulphureous pool.

Each panting warble of Vesconti's throat,
To Dick, is heav'nlier than a seraph's note;
The trills, he swears, soft stealing to his breast,
Are lullabies, to sooth his cares to rest;
Are sweeter far than Laura's luscious kiss,
Charm the whole man, and lap his soul in bliss:
Who can such counterfeited raptures bear
Of a deaf fool who scarce can thunders hear?

* Sir Edward Hulse, the physician.

† Lucretius, lib. vi. 848.

Crowdero might with him for Festin pass,
And touching Handel yield to trifling Hasse.
But curd-fac'd Curio comes! all prate, and smile,
Supreme of beaux, great bulwark of our isle!
Mark well his feather'd hat, his gilt cockade;
Rich rings, white hand, and coat of stiff brocade;
Such weak-wing'd May-flies Britain's troops disgrace,
That Flandria, wondering, mourns our alter'd race.
With him the fair, enraptur'd with a rattle,
Of Vauxhall, Garrick, and Pamela prattle.
This self-pleas'd king of emptiness permit
At the dear toilet harmlessly to sit;
As mirthless infants, idling out the day,
With wooden swords, or toothless puppies play:
'Tis meaner (cries the manling) to command
A conquering host, or save a sinking land,
Than furl fair Flavia's fan, or lead a dance,
Or broach new-minted fashions fresh from France.
O France, whose edicts govern dress and meat,
Thy victor, Britain, bends beneath thy feet!
Strange! that pert grasshopper should lions lead,
And teach to hop, and chirp across the mead:
Of fleets and laurell'd chiefs let others boast,
Thy honours are to bow, dance, boil, and roast.
Let Italy give mimic canvass fire,
Carve rock to life, or tune the lulling lyre;
For gold let rich Potosi be renown'd,
Be balmy-breathing gums in India found;
'Tis thine for sleeves to teach the shantiest cuts,
Give empty coxcombs more important struts;
Prescribe new rules for knots, hoops, manteaus, wigs,
Shoes, soups, complexions, coaches, farces, jigs.

Muscalia dreams of last night's ball till ten,
Drinks chocolate, strokes Fop, and sleeps again;
Perhaps at twelve dares ope her drowsy eyes,
Asks Lucy if 'tis late enough to rise;
By three each curl and feature justly set,
She dines, talks scandal, visits, plays piquet:
Meanwhile her babes with some foul nurse remain;
For modern dames a mother's care disdain;
Each fortnight once she bears to see the brats,
"For oh! they stun one's ears, like squalling cats!"
Tigers and pards protect, and nurse their young,
The parent-snake will roll her fork'd tongue,
The vulture hovers vengeful o'er her nest,
If the rude hand her helpless brood infest;
Shall lovely woman, softest frame of heav'n,
To whom were tears and feeling pity giv'n,
Most fashionably cruel, less regard
Her offspring, than the vulture, snake, and pard?
What art, O Fashion, power supreme below!
You make us virtue, nature, sense, forego;
You sanctify knave, atheist, whore, and fool,
And shield from justice, shame, and ridicule.
Our grandames' modes, long absent from our eyes,
At your all-powerful bidding duteous rise;
As Arethusa sunk beneath the plain
For many a league, emerging flows again;
Now Mary's mobs,* and flounces you approve,
Now shape-disguising sacks, and slippers love:
Scarce have you chose (like Fortune fond to joke)
Some reigning dress, but you the choice revoke:
So when the deep-tongued organ's notes swell high,
And loud hosannahs reach the distant sky;

* Mary Queen of Scots' mobs, much worn by the ladies.

Hark, how at once the dying strains decay,
And soften unexpectedly away.
The peer, prince, peasant, soldier, squire, divine,
Goddess of Change, bend low before your shrine,
Swearing to follow, wheresoe'er you lead,
Though you eat toads, or walk upon your head.
'Tis hence belles game, intrigue, sip citron drams,
And hide their lovely locks with heads of rams;*
Hence girls, once modest, without blush appear,
With legs display'd, and swan-soft bosoms bare;
Hence stale, autumnal dames, still deck'd with laces,
Look like vile canker'd coins in velvet cases.
Ask you, why whores are more belov'd than wives?
Why, weeping virtue exil'd, flattery thrives?
Why, mad for pensions, Britons young and old
Adore base ministers, those calves of gold?
Why witling templars on religion joke,
Fat, rosy justices, drink, doze, and smoke,
Dull critics on best bards pour harmless spite,
As babes that mumble coral cannot bite?
Why knaves malicious, brother-knaves embrace,
With hearts of gall, but courtly smiling face?
Why scornful Folly from her gaudy coach,
At starving houseless Virtue points reproach?
Why Avarice is the great all-worship'd god?
Methinks some demon answers—"'Tis the mode!"
At this Corruption smiles with ghastly grin,
Presaging triumphs to her mother, Sin;
Who as with baneful wings aloft she flies,
"This falling land be mine!"—exulting cries;
Grim Tyranny attends her on her way,
And frowns, and whets his sword, that thirsts to slay.

* Tête de mouton, literally translated.

Look from the frigid to the torrid zone,
By custom all are led, by nature none.
The hungry Tartar* rides upon his meat,
To cook the dainty flesh with buttock's heat:
The Chinese complaisantly takes his bed
With his big wife, and is with caudle fed.
How would our tender British beauties shriek,
To see slim beaux on bulls their lances break!
Yet no Lucinda, in heroic Spain,
Admits a youth, but who his beast has slain.
See, wondrous lands, where the fell victor brings,
To his glad wives, the heads of slaughter'd kings,
The mangled heads!—o'er which they sing and laugh,
And in dire banquets the warm life-blood quaff;
Where youths their grandsires, age-bent, trembling, grey,
Pitying their weary weakness, kindly slay:
Where sainted brachmans, sick of life, retire,
To die spontaneous on the spicy pyre;
Where (stranger still!) with their wild dates content,
The simple swains no sighs for gold torment.
How fondly partial are our judgments grown,
We deem all manners odious but our own!
O teach me, friend, to know wise Nature's rules,
And laugh, like you, at Fashion's hood-wink'd fools;
You, who to woods remov'd from modish sin,
Despise the distant world's hoarse, busy din:
As shepherds from high rocks hear far below,
Hear unconcern'd loud torrents fiercely flow;

* The following facts are taken from the accounts of different countries.

You, though mad millions the mean taste upbraid,
Who still love Virtue, fair, forsaken maid;
As Bacchus charming Ariadne bore,
By all abandon'd, from the lonesome shore.

VERSES

WRITTEN AT MONTAUBAN, 1750.

Tarn, how delightful wind thy willow'd waves,
But ah! they fructify a land of slaves.
In vain thy barefoot sun-burnt peasants hide
With luscious grapes yon hill's romantic side;
No cups nectareous shall their toils repay,
The priests', the soldiers', and the farmers' prey.
Vain glows this sun in cloudless glory dress'd,
That strikes fresh vigour through the pining breast;
Give me, beneath a colder, changeful sky,
My soul's best, only pleasure, Liberty!
What millions perish'd near thy moanful flood*
When the red papal tyrant cried out—"Blood!"
Less fierce the Saracen, and quiver'd Moor,
That dash'd thy infants 'gainst the stones of yore.
Be warn'd, ye nations round; and trembling see
Dire superstition quench humanity!
By all the chiefs in Freedom's battles lost;
By wise and virtuous Alfred's awful ghost;
By old Galgacus' scythed, iron car,
That swiftly whirling through the walks of war,

* Alluding to the persecutions of the Protestants, and the wars of the Saracens, carried on in the Southern provinces of France.

Dash'd Roman blood, and crush'd the foreign
throngs;
By holy Druids' courage-breathing songs;
By fierce Bonduca's shield, and foaming steeds;
By the bold peers that met on Thames's meads;
By the fifth Henry's helm, and lightning spear,
O Liberty, my warm petition hear;
Be Albion still thy joy! with her remain,
Long as the surge shall lash her oak-crown'd plain!

THE REVENGE OF AMERICA.

When fierce Pizarro's legions flew
O'er ravag'd fields of rich Peru,
Struck with his bleeding people's woes,
Old India's awful Genius rose.
He sat on Andes' topmost stone,
And heard a thousand nations groan;
For grief his feathery crown he tore,
To see huge Plata foam with gore;
He broke his arrows, stamp'd the ground,
To view his cities smoking round.
"What woes," he cried, "hath lust of gold
O'er my poor country widely roll'd;
Plunderers proceed! my bowels tear,
But ye shall meet destruction there;
From the deep-vaulted mine shall rise
The' insatiate fiend, pale Avarice,
Whose steps shall trembling Justice fly,
Peace, Order, Law, and Amity!

I see all Europe's children cure'd
With lucre's universal thirst;
The rage that sweeps my sons away,
My baneful gold shall well repay."

THE DYING INDIAN.

"The dart of Izabel prevails! 'twas dip'd
In double poison—I shall soon arrive
At the bless'd island, where no tigers spring
On heedless hunters; where ananas bloom
Thrice in each moon; where rivers smoothly glide,
Nor thundering torrents whirl the light canoe
Down to the sea; where my forefathers feast
Daily on hearts of Spaniards!—O my son,
I feel the venom busy in my breast,
Approach and bring my crown, deck'd with the teeth
Of that bold Christian who first dar'd deflower
The virgins of the sun; and, dire to tell!
Robb'd Pachacamac's altar of its gems!
I mark'd the spot where they inter'd this traitor,
And once at midnight stole I to his tomb,
And tore his carcass from the earth, and left it
A prey to poisonous flies. Preserve this crown
With sacred secrecy: if e'er returns
Thy much-lov'd mother from the desert woods,
Where, as I hunted late, I hapless lost her,
Cherish her age; tell her I ne'er have worship'd
With those that eat their God. And when disease

Preys on her languid limbs, then kindly stab her
With thine own hands, nor suffer her to linger
Like christian cowards, in a life of pain.
I go! great Copac beckons me: farewell!

SELECT POEMS

OF

THOMAS WARTON:

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

THE LIFE

OF

THOMAS WARTON.

MR. THOMAS WARTON was descended from an ancient and honourable family of Beverly, in Yorkshire. His father was fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, poetry professor in that university, and afterwards vicar of Basingstoke, Hants, and Cobham, Surry: Thomas was born at Basingstoke, in 1728, and from his earliest years discovered a fondness for reading and a taste for poetry. In his ninth year, he sent to his sister the following translation, from the Latin of Martial.

> When bold Leander sought his distant fair,
> (Nor could the sea a braver burthen bear)
> Thus to the swelling waves he spoke his woe,
> "Drown me on my return—but spare me as I go."

In March 1743, in his sixteenth year, he was admitted a commoner of Trinity College, and soon after was elected a scholar. How much he was ever attached to that college, his writings, and a residence of forty-seven years, with very few intervals, sufficiently show. In 1745, he published five pastoral eclogues. About the same time, he sent one or two articles to Dodsley's Museum; his next detached publication was, The Pleasures of Melancholy. On the appearance of Mason's Isis,

reflecting on the loyalty of Oxford, which a foolish riot among some students had brought into question, Mr. Warton, encouraged by Dr. Huddesford, the president of Trinity, published, in 1749, The Triumph of Isis, in which he retaliated on the sons of Cam in no very courtly strains. The poem, however, discovered beauties of a more unmixed kind, which pointed him out as a youth of great promise. It is remarkable, that although he omitted this piece in an edition of his poems, printed in 1777, he restored it in that of 1779. This is said to have been done at Mason's suggestion, who was candid enough to own that it greatly excelled his own elegy, both in poetical imagery and correct flow of versification.

In 1750, Warton contributed a few small pieces to the Student, or Oxford and Cambridge Miscellany, then published by Newberry. Among these was the Progress of Discontent, which had been written in 1746, and was founded on a copy of Latin verses, a weekly exercise, much applauded by Dr. Huddesford, and, at his desire, paraphrased into English verse. In this state Dr. Warton preferred it to any imitation of Swift he had ever seen. The talents of our author were now generally acknowledged, and, in 1747 and 1748, he held the office of poet laureate, conferred upon him according to an ancient practice in the common room of Trinity College. The duty of this office was to celebrate the lady chosen by the same authority, as the lady patroness, and Warton performed his task, on an appointed day, crowned with a wreath of laurel.

In 1750, he took his master's degree, and in 1751 succeeded to a fellowship. In this last year, he published his excellent satire, entitled Newmarket; An Ode to Music, performed at the theatre; and Verses on the death of Frederick prince of Wales, which he inserted in the Oxford collection, under the fictitious name of John Wetham. In 1753, ap-

peared at Edinburgh, The Union, or Select Scots and English Poems. Mr. Warton was the editor of this small volume, in which he inserted his Triumph of Isis and other pieces, particularly the Ode on the Approach of Summer, and the pastoral in the manner of Spenser, which is said to have been written by a gentleman formerly of the university of Aberdeen. Why he made use of such a deception, cannot now be discovered.

About the year 1754, he drew up, from the Bodleian and Savilian statutes, a body of statutes for the Radcliffe library. In the same year, he published his Observations on the Faerie Queen of Spenser, in one volume octavo, but afterwards enlarged and published them in two volumes, 1762. By this work he not only established his character as an acute critic, but opened to the world at large, that new and important field of criticism and illustration which has since been so ably cultivated by Steevens, Malone, Reed, Todd, and other commentators on the ancient poets of Great Britain.

Mr. Warton, who was now in his thirty-sixth year, had employed fully half that time in an unwearied perusal of the old English poets, and such contemporary writers as could throw light on their obscurities. The observations on Spenser are evidently the result of much industry, and various reading, aided by a happy memory.

In 1757, on the resignation of Mr. Hawkins, of Pembroke College, our author was elected professor of poetry, which office, according to the usual practice, he held for ten years. His lectures were elegant and original. The translations from the Greek anthologies, now a part of his collected poems, were first introduced in them, and his Dissertatio de Poesi Bucolica Græcorum, which he afterwards enlarged and prefixed to his edition of Theocritus, was also part of the same course. During the publication of the Idler, he sent to Dr.

Johnson, with whom he had long been intimate, numbers 33, 93, and 96, of that paper.

In 1760, he published, but without his name, A Description of the City, College, and Cathedral of Winchester, 12mo. In the same year (1760) he published a piece of exquisite humour, entitled, A Companion to the Guide, and a Guide to the Companion, being a complete Supplement to all the accounts of Oxford hitherto published. This passed through three editions in a very short time.

About the year 1760 he wrote, for the Biographia Britannica, the Life of Sir Thomas Pope, which he republished in 8vo. 1772, and again in 1780, with very considerable additions and improvements: and in 1761, he published the Life and Literary Remains of Dr. Bathurst. His next publication was the Oxford Sausage, or Select Pieces, written by the most celebrated Wits of the University of Oxford. The preface and several of the poems are undoubtedly his, and the latter are authenticated by his adding them afterwards to his avowed productions. In 1766, he superintended an edition from the Clarendon press of Cephalus's Anthology, to which he prefixed a very curious learned preface. In this he announced his edition of Theocritus, which made its appearance in two volumes 4to, 1770, a most correct and splendid, although not absolutely faultless, work, that extended his fame to the continent.

In 1774 he published the first volume of his History of English Poetry, the most important of all his works, and to the execution of which the studies of his whole life appear to have been bent. How much it is to be regretted that he did not live to complete his plan, every student in ancient British literature must be deeply sensible. He intended to carry the history down to the commencement of the eighteenth century. A second volume accordingly appeared in 1778, and a third

in 1781, after which he probably relaxed from his pursuit, as at the period of his death, in 1790, a few sheets only of the fourth volume were printed, and no part left in a state for printing. His original intention was to comprise the whole in two or three volumes, but it is now evident, and he probably soon became aware, that five would have scarcely been sufficient, if he continued to write on the same scale, and to deviate occasionally into a notice of manners, laws, customs, &c. that had either a remote or an immediate connection with his principal subjects. What his reasons were for discontinuing his labours cannot now be ascertained. It is certain that he wished the public to think that he was making his usual progress, for in 1785, when he published Milton's Juvenile Poems, he announced the *speedy* publication of the fourth volume of the history, of which from that time to his death ten sheets only were finished. His brother, Dr. Joseph, was long supposed to be engaged in completing this fourth volume. In one of his letters, lately published by Mr. Wool, and dated 1792, he says, "At any leisure I get busied in finishing the last volume of Mr. Warton's History of Poetry, which I have engaged to do; for the booksellers are clamorous to have the book finished (though the ground I am to go over is so beaten) that it may be a complete work." Yet on his death, in 1800, it did not appear that he had made any progress.

In 1777, Mr. Warton published a collection of his poems, but omitting some which had appeared before: a second edition followed in 1778, a third in 1779, and a fourth in 1789.

In 1781 he seems to have diverted his mind to a plan as arduous as his History of Poetry: He had been for some time making collections for a Parochial History, or, as it is more usually called, a Country History of Oxfordshire. As a specimen, he

printed a few copies of the History of the Parish of Kiddington, which were given to his friends, but in 1782 an edition was offered to the public. Topography had long formed one of his favourite studies, and the acuteness with which he had investigated the progress of ancient architecture, gave him undoubtedly high claims to the honours of an antiquary; but as he stood pledged for the completion of his poetical history, it is to be regretted that he should have begun, at this advanced period of life, to indulge the prospect of an undertaking which he never could complete.

In 1782 he took an active part in the Chattertonian controversy, by publishing an Enquiry into the authenticity of the Poems attributed to Thomas Rowley. He had already introduced the question into his History, and now more decidedly gave his opinion that these poems were the fabrication of Chatterton. The same year, he published his verses on Sir Joshua Reynolds's painted window in New College chapel. This produced a letter to him from Sir Joshua, in which, with a pardonable vanity, if it at all deserve that appellation, he expresses a wish that his name had appeared in the verses. In a second edition, Warton complied with a wish so flattering to himself as it implied the duration of his poetry, and REYNOLDS was substituted for the word ARTIST.

In this year also he was presented by his college to the donative of Hill Farrance in Somersetshire, and about the same time became a member of the Literary Club, composed of those friends of Dr. Johnson whose conversation form so interesting a part of his life by Boswell. In 1785 he was chosen Camden professor of history, on the resignation of Dr. (afterwards Sir William) Scott. By the letters added to Wool's life of his brother, we find that our author was making interest for the professorship of modern history in 1768, when Vivian was preferred. Warburton on this occasion sent him a

letter, complimenting him on the heroic manner in which he bore his disappointment, and informing him, as a piece of consolation, that Vivian had an ulcer in his bladder, which was likely to prove fatal in a short time!—As Camden professor he delivered an inaugural lecture, ingenious, learned and full of promise; but, says his biographer, "he suffered the rostrum to grow cold while it was in his possession."

The office of poet laureate was accepted by him this year, as it was offered at the express desire of the king, and he filled it with credit to himself and to the place. Whitehead, his immediate predecessor, had the misfortune to succeed Cibber, and could with difficulty make the public look seriously on the periodical labours of the laureate; yet by perseverance he contrived to restore some degree of respect to the office. Warton succeeded better, by varying the accustomed modes of address, and by recalling the mind to gothic periods and splendid events. The facetious authors, indeed, of the Probationary Odes, (a set of political satires) took some freedom with his name, but they seemed to be aware that another Cibber would have suited their purpose better; and Warton, who possessed a large share of humour, and a quick sense of ridicule, was not to be offended because he had for once been "the occasion of wit in other men."

His last publication was an edition of the Juvenile Poems of Milton, with notes, the object of which was "to explain his author's allusions, to illustrate or to vindicate his beauties, to point out his imitations, both of others and of himself, to elucidate his obsolete diction, and, by the adduction and juxtaposition of parallels gleaned both from his poetry and prose, to ascertain his favourite words, and to show the peculiarities of his phraseology." The first edition of this work appeared in 1785, and the second in 1791, a short time after his

death. It appears that he had prepared the alterations and additions for the press some time before. His intention was to extend his plan to a second volume, containing the Paradise Regained and Sampson Agonistes, and he left notes on both. He had the proof sheets of the first edition printed only on one side, which he carefully bound. The second edition of Milton was enriched by Dr. Charles Burney's learned remarks on the Greek verses, and by some observations on the other poems by Warburton, which were communicated to the editor by Dr. Hurd. At the time of our author's death, a new edition of his poems was also preparing for publication.

His death was somewhat sudden. Until his sixty-second year, he enjoyed vigorous and uninterrupted health. On being seized with the gout, he went to Bath, from which he returned recovered, in his own opinion, but it was evident to his friends that his constitution had received a fatal shock. On Thursday, May 20, 1790, he passed the evening in the common room, and was for some time more cheerful than usual. Between ten and eleven o'clock he was suddenly seized with a paralytic stroke, and expired next day about two o'clock. On the 27th his remains were interred in the anti-chapel of Trinity College, with the highest academical honours: the ceremony being attended, not only by the members of his own College, but by the vice-chancellor, heads of houses, and proctors. His grave is marked by a plain inscription, which enumerates his productions, with his age, and the date of his death.

Mr. Warton's personal character has been drawn at great length by Mr. Mant, in his Life of Warton prefixed to an edition of his poems, published in 1802; and it seems to have had no defects but such as are incident to men who have passed their days in retirement from polished life. In literary com-

pany he is said to have been rather silent, but this, his surviving friends can recollect, was only where the company consisted for the most part of strangers; and a man who has a reputation to guard will not lightly enter into conversation before he knows something of those with whom he is to converse. In the company of his friends, among whom he could reckon the learned, the polite, and the gay, no man was more communicative, more social in his habits and conversation, or descended more frequently from the grave interchange of sentiment to a mere play of wit.

His temper was habitually calm; his disposition gentle, friendly, and forgiving. His resentments, where he could be supposed to have any, were expressed rather in the language of jocularity than anger. Instances of Warton's tenderness of heart, affectionate regard for children, and general humanity, have been accumulated by all who knew him. Nor is this wonderful, for he knew nothing of one quality which ever keeps the heart shut. He had no avarice, no ambition to acquire the superiority which wealth is supposed to confer. For many years he lived on his maintenance from college, and from the profits of a small living, with the occasional fruits of his labour as a teacher, or as a writer. It cannot be doubted that, as he had been tutor to the son of the prime minister, (Lord North) and to the sons of other persons of rank, he might reasonably have expected higher preferment. But it happens with preferment more generally than the world suspects, that what is not asked is not given.

Some amusing eccentricities of his character are mentioned by Dr. Mant. The historian of English poetry would sometimes forget his own dignity so far as to drink ale, and smoke tobacco, with men of vulgar condition; either wishing, as some have gravely alleged, to study undisguised and unlet-

tered human nature, or, which is more probab
enjoy a heartier laugh, and broader humour,
can be found in polite society. He was als
sionately fond, not of critical, but of milita
views, and delighted in martial music. The
strength of association which made him enj
sound of "*the spirit-stirring drum,*" led him t
constant and curious explorer of the archite
monuments of chivalrous times; and, durin
summer excursions into the country, he a
committed to paper the remarks which h
made on ancient buildings. During his visits
brother, Dr. J. Warton, the reverend profes
came an associate and confidant in all the spo
the school-boys. When engaged with th
some culinary occupation, and when alarmed
sudden approach of the master, he has been k
to hide himself in a dark corner of the kit
and has been dragged from thence by the D
who had taken him for some great boy. H
used to help the boys in their exercises, gen
putting in as many faults as would disguise t
sistance.

As a contributor to the literature of his co
few men stand higher than Warton. He wa
first who taught the true method of acqui
taste for the excellencies of the ancient E
poets, and of rescuing their writings from obs
and oblivion. In this respect he is the fat
the school of commentators, and if some ha
certain instances, excelled their master, they
to recollect to whom they are indebted for d
ing them to the paths of research. Of War
may be said as of Addison, "He is now de
by some who, perhaps, would never have se
defects, but by the lights which he afforded t
His erudition was extensive, and his industry
have been at one time incessant. The refer
in his History of Poetry only, indicate a cou

various reading, collation, and transcription, to which the common life of man would seem insufficient. Many of the digressions that have been censured in his history, appear to have been studied, and the relief which his own mind demanded, he thought would not be unacceptable to his fellow-travellers.

From his own copy of the first volume of his History, and of his edition of Milton, it appears that he corrected with fastidious care, and was extremely anxious to render his style what we now find it, perspicuous, vigorous, and occasionally ornamental. His corrections, however, were often written in an indistinct hand, and this perhaps occasioned fresh errors, which he had not an opportunity to rectify. He had not found out the secret, which appears to be yet a secret to most writers—the danger and inconvenience of sending unfinished works to the press. This was not the practice of the most eminent British historians. Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon completed every line of their volumes before they began to print.

His poetry, as well as that of his brother, has been the occasion of some difference of opinion among the critics; and the school of Warton, as it is called, has not of late been always mentioned with the respect it deserves. Among the characteristics of our author's poetry, however, his style may be considered as manly and energetic, but seldom varied by the graces of simplicity. His habits of thought led him to commence all his poems in a style pompous and swelling: his ideas often ran on the imaginary days of gothic grandeur, and mighty achievement; and where such subjects were to be treated, as in his Triumph of Isis, and in his Laureate Odes, no man could have clothed them in language more appropriate.

The Triumph of Isis was written in his twenty-first year, and exhibits the same beauties and faults

which are to be found in his mature productions. Among the faults, is a redundancy of epithet, which is more frequently a proof of labour than of taste. In general, he seems to have taken Milton for his model, and throughout his poems we find expressions borrowed from Milton, as he has proved that Milton borrowed from others. One piece only, Newmarket, is an imitation of Pope, and is certainly one of the finest satires in our language. In this he has not only adopted the versification of Pope, and emulated his wit and point, but many of his lines are parodies on what he recollected in Pope's Satires. This freedom of borrowing, however, seems so generally allowed, that it can form no higher objection against Warton, than against Pope, Gray, and others of acknowledged eminence.

The descriptive pieces of Warton, had he written nothing else, would have proved his claim to the title of a poet of original genius. Nothing can be more natural, just or delightful, than his pictures of rural life. The First of April, and the Approach of Summer, have seldom been rivalled, and cannot perhaps be excelled. The only objection which some critics have stated is, that his descriptions are not varied by reflection. He gives an exquisite landscape, but does not always express the feelings it creates.

The Suicide, perhaps, deserves a yet higher character, rising to the sublime by gradations which speak to every imagination. It has indeed been objected that it is imperfect, and too allegorical. It appeals, however so forcibly to the heart, awakens so many important reflections, and contains so happy a mixture of terror and consolation, that it seems difficult to lay it down without unmixed admiration. The Crusade and the Grave of Arthur, are likewise specimens of genuine poetical taste, acting on materials that are difficult to

manage. Both in invention and execution, these odes may rank among the finest of their species in our language.

Warton has afforded many proofs of an exquisite relish for humour, in his Panegyric on Oxford Ale, the Progress of Discontent, and other pieces classed under that denomination. His success in these productions leads once more to the remark, that few men have combined so many qualities of mind, a taste for the sublime and the pathetic, the gay and humorous, the pursuits of the antiquary, the labours of research, and the play of imagination.

SELECT POEMS.

THE

TRIUMPH OF ISIS,

OCCASIONED BY

ISIS, AN ELEGY. 1749.

Quid mihi nescio quam, proprio cum Tybride, Romam
Semper in ore geris? Referunt si vera parentes,
Hanc urbem insano nullus qui marte petivit,
Lætatus violasse redit. Nec numina sedem
Destituunt.—— CLAUDIAN.

On closing flowers when genial gales diffuse
The fragrant tribute of refreshing dews,
When chants the milk-maid at her balmy pail,
And weary reapers whistle o'er the vale;
Charm'd by the murmurs of the quivering shade,
O'er Isis' willow-fringed banks I stray'd;
And calmly musing through the twilight way,
In pensive mood I fram'd the doric lay.
When lo! from opening clouds a golden gleam
Pour'd sudden splendours o'er the shadowy stream;
And from the wave arose it's guardian queen,
Known by her sweeping stole of glossy green;
While in the coral crown, that bound her brow,
Was wove the delphic laurel's verdant bough.
As the smooth surface of the dimply flood
The silver-slipper'd virgin lightly trod;
From her loose hair the dropping dew she press'd,
And thus mine ear in accents mild address'd:

"No more, my son, the rural reed employ,
Nor trill the tinkling strain of empty joy;
No more thy love-resounding sonnets suit
To notes of pastoral pipe, or oaten flute.
For hark! high thron'd on yon majestic walls,
To the dear Muse afflicted Freedom calls:
When Freedom calls, and Oxford bids thee sing,
Why stays thy hand to strike the sounding string?
While thus in Freedom's, and in Phœbus' spite,
The venal sons of slavish Cam unite;
To shake yon towers when Malice rears her crest,
Shall all my sons in silence idly rest? [cause;

"Still sing, O Cam, your favourite Freedom's
Still boast of Freedom, while you break her laws:
To power your songs of gratulation pay,
To courts address soft flattery's servile lay.
What though your gentle Mason's plaintive verse
Has hung with sweetest wreaths Musæus' hearse;
What though your vaunted bard's ingenuous woe,
Soft as my stream, in tuneful numbers flow;
Yet strove his Muse, by fame or envy led,
To tear the laurels from a sister's head?—
Misguided youth, with rude unclassic rage
To blot the beauties of thy whiter page!
A rage that sullies e'en thy guiltless lays,
And blasts the vernal bloom of half thy bays.

"Let Granta* boast the patrons of her name,
Each splendid fool of fortune and of fame:
Still of preferment let her shine the queen,
Prolific parent of each bowing dean:
Be her's each prelate of the pamper'd cheek,
Each courtly chaplain, sanctified and sleek:

* Cambridge. The Saxon name of the town was Grantan Bridge, or Granta Bridge.

Still let the drones of her exhaustless hive
On rich pluralities supinely thrive:
Still let her senates titled slaves revere,
Nor dare to know the patriot from the peer;
No longer charm'd by Virtue's lofty song,
Once heard sage Milton's manly tones among,
Where Cam, meandering through the matted reeds,
With loitering wave his groves of laurel feeds.
'Tis ours, my son, to deal the sacred bay,
Where Honour calls, and Justice points the way;
To wear the well earn'd wreath that merit brings,
And snatch a gift beyond the reach of kings.
Scorning and scorn'd by courts, yon Muse's bower
Still nor enjoys, nor seeks, the smile of power.
Though wakeful Vengeance watch my crystal spring,
Though Persecution wave her iron wing,
And, o'er yon spiry temples as she flies,
'These destin'd seats be mine,' exulting cries;
Fortune's fair smiles on Isis still attend:
And, as the dews of gracious Heaven descend
Unask'd, unseen, in still but copious showers,
Her stores on me spontaneous Bounty pours.
See, Science walks with recent chaplets crown'd;
With Fancy's strain my fairy shades resound;
My Muse divine still keeps her 'custom'd state,
The mien erect, and high majestic gait:
Green, as of old, each oliv'd portal smiles,
And still the Graces build my Grecian piles:
My gothic spires in ancient glory rise,
And dare with wonted pride to rush into the skies.
"E'v'n late, when Radcliffe's delegated train
Auspicious shone in Isis' happy plain;*

* The Radcliffe Library was dedicated on the 13th of April, 1749, the same year in which this poem was written.

When yon proud dome, fair Learning's amplest
Beneath its Attic roofs receiv'd the Nine; [shrine;
Was Rapture mute, or ceas'd the glad acclaim,
To Radcliffe due, and Isis' honour'd name?
What free-born crowds adorn'd the festive day,
Nor blush'd to wear thy tributary bay!
How each brave breast with honest ardours heav'd,
When Sheldon's fane* the patriot band receiv'd;
While, as we loudly hail'd the chosen few,
Rome's awful senate rush'd upon the view!

"O may the day in latest annals shine,
That made a Beaufort and a Harley mine:
That bade them leave the loftier scene awhile,
The pomp of guiltless state, the patriot toil,
For bleeding Albion's aid the sage design,
To hold short dalliance with the tuneful Nine.
Then Music left her silver sphere on high,
And bore each strain of triumph from the sky;
Swell'd the loud song, and to my chiefs around
Pour'd the full pæans of mellifluous sound.
My naiads blythe the dying accents caught,
And listening danc'd beneath their pearly grot:
In gentler eddies play'd my conscious wave,
And all my reeds their softest whispers gave;
Each lay with brighter green adorn'd my bowers,
And breath'd a fresher fragrance on my flowers.

"But, lo! at once the pealing concerts cease,
And crowded theatres are hush'd in peace.
See, on yon sage how all attentive stand,
To catch his darting eye, and waving hand.
Hark! he begins, with all a Tully's art,
To pour the dictates of a Cato's heart;

* The theatre, built by Abp. Sheldon about 1670.

Skill'd to pronounce what noblest thoughts inspire,
He blends the speaker's with the patriot's fire;
Bold to conceive, nor timorous to conceal,
What Britons dare to think, he dares to tell.
'Tis his alike the ear and eye to charm,
To win with action, and with sense to warm;
Untaught in flowery periods to dispense
The lulling sounds of sweet impertinence:
In frowns or smiles he gains an equal prize,
Nor meanly fears to fall, nor creeps to rise;
Bids happier days to Albion be restor'd,
Bids ancient Justice rear her radiant sword;
From me, as from my country, claims applause,
And makes an Oxford's a Britannia's cause.

"While arms like these my steadfast sages wield,
While mine is Truth's impenetrable shield;
Say, shall the puny champion fondly dare
To wage, with force like this, scholastic war?
Still vainly scribble on, with pert pretence,
With all the rage of pedant impotence?
Say, shall I foster this domestic pest,
This parricide, that wounds a mother's breast?

"Thus in some gallant ship, that long has bore
Britain's victorious cross from shore to shore,
By chance, beneath her close sequester'd cells,
Some low-born worm, a lurking mischief dwells;
Eats his blind way, and saps with secret guile
The deep foundations of the floating pile:
In vain the forest lent its stateliest pride,
Rear'd her tall mast, and fram'd her knotty side;
The martial thunder's rage in vain she stood,
With every conflict of the stormy flood;
More sure the reptile's little arts devour,
Than wars, or waves, or Eurus' wintry power.

"Ye fretted pinnacles, ye fanes sublime,
Ye towers that wear the mossy vest of time;
Ye massy piles of old munificence,
At once the pride of learning and defence;
Ye cloisters pale, that, lengthening to the sight,
To contemplation, step by step invite;
Ye high-arch'd walks, where oft the whispers clear
Of harps unseen have swept the poet's ear;
Ye temples dim, where pious duty pays
Her holy hymns of ever-echoing praise;
Lo! your lov'd Isis, from the bordering vale,
With all a mother's fondness, bids you hail!—
Hail, Oxford, hail! of all that's good and great,
Of all that's fair, the guardian and the seat;
Nurse of each brave pursuit, each generous aim,
By truth exalted to the throne of fame!
Like Greece in science and in liberty,
As Athens learn'd, as Lacedemon free!

"Ev'n now, confess'd to my adoring eyes,
In awful ranks thy gifted sons arise.
Tuning to knightly tale his British reeds,
Thy genuine bards immortal Chaucer leads:
His hoary head o'erlooks the gazing quire,
And beams on all around celestial fire.
With graceful step see Addison advance,
The sweetest child of Attic elegance:
See Chillingworth the depths of doubt explore,
And Selden ope the rolls of ancient lore:
To all but his belov'd embrace denied,
See Locke lead Reason, his majestic bride:
See Hammond pierce Religion's golden mine,
And spread the treasur'd stores of truth divine.

"All who to Albion gave the arts of peace,
And best the labours plann'd of letter'd ease:

Who taught with truth, or with persuasion mov'd;
Who sooth'd with numbers, or with sense improv'd;
Who rang'd the powers of reason, or refin'd,
All that adorn'd or humaniz'd the mind;
Each priest of health, that mix'd the balmy bowl,
To rear frail man, and stay the fleeting soul;
All crowd around, and echoing to the sky,
'Hail, Oxford, hail,' with filial transport cry.

"And see yon sapient train! with liberal aim,
'Twas theirs new plans of liberty to frame;
And on the gothic gloom of slavish sway
To shed the dawn of intellectual day.
With mild debate each musing feature glows,
And well weigh'd counsels mark their meaning brows.
'Lo! these the leaders of thy patriot line;' [shine.
A Raleigh, Hampden, and a Somers
These from thy source the bold contagion caught,
Their future sons the great example taught:
While in each youth the' hereditary flame
Still blazes, unextinguish'd and the same!

"Nor all the tasks of thoughtful peace engage,
'Tis thine to form the hero as the sage.
I see the sable-suited Prince advance
With lilies crown'd, the spoils of bleeding France,
Edward!* The Muses, in yon cloister'd shade,
Bound on his maiden thigh the martial blade;
Bade him the steel for British freedom draw,
And Oxford taught the deeds that Cressy saw.

"And see, great Father of the sacred band,
The Patriot King† before me seems to stand.

* Edward, the Black Prince, was a member of Queen's College.

† Alfred: to whom tradition ascribes the foundation of the university of Oxford.

He by the bloom of this gay vale beguil'd,
That cheer'd with lively green the shaggy wild,
Hither of yore, forlorn, forgotten maid,
The Muse in prattling infancy convey'd;
From Vandal rage the helpless virgin bore,
And fix'd her cradle on my friendly shore:
Soon grew the maid beneath his fostering hand,
Soon stream'd her blessings o'er the' enlighten'd land.
Though simple was the dome where first to dwell
She deign'd, and rude her early Saxon cell,
Lo! now she holds her state in sculptur'd bowers,
And proudly lifts to Heaven her hundred towers.
'Twas Alfred first, with letters and with laws,
Adorn'd, as he advanc'd, his country's cause:
He bade relent the Briton's stubborn soul,
And sooth'd to soft society's control
A rough untutor'd age. With raptur'd eye,
Elate he views his laurell'd progeny:
Serene he smiles to find, that not in vain
He form'd the rudiments of learning's reign:
Himself he marks in each ingenuous breast,
With all the founder in the race exprest:
Conscious he sees fair Freedom still survive
In yon bright domes, ill-fated fugitive!
(Glorious, as when the goddess pour'd the beam
Unsullied on his ancient diadem;)
Well pleas'd, that at his own Pierian springs
She rests her weary feet, and plumes her wings;
That here at last she takes her destin'd stand,
Here deigns to linger, ere she leave the land."

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF

FREDERIC PRINCE OF WALES. 1751.

O for the warblings of the doric ote, [tide!
That wept the youth deep whelm'd in ocean's
Or Mulla's muse, who chang'd her magic note
To chant how dear the laurell'd Sidney died!
Then should my woes in worthy strain be sung,
And with due cypress crown thy hearse, O Frederic! hung.

But though my novice hands are all too weak
To grasp the sounding pipe, my voice unskill'd
The tuneful phrase of poesy to speak,
Uncouth the cadence of my carols wild;
A nation's tears shall teach my song to trace
The Prince that deck'd his crown with every milder grace.

How well he knew to turn from flattery's shrine,
To drop the sweeping pall of sceptred pride;
Led by calm thought to paths of eglantine,
And rural walks on Isis' tufted side;
To rove at large amid the landscapes still, [hill!
Where Contemplation sate on Clifden's beech-clad

How, lock'd in pure affection's golden band,
Through sacred wedlock's unambitious ways,
With even step he walk'd, and constant hand,
His temples binding with domestic bays:
Rare pattern of the chaste connubial knot,
Firm in a palace kept, as in the clay-built cot!

How with discerning choice, to nature true,
He cropp'd the simple flowers, or violet,
Or crocus bud, that with ambrosial hue
The banks of silver Helicon beset:
Nor seldom wak'd the Muse's living lyre [quire!
To sounds that call'd around Aonia's listening

How to the few with sparks ethereal stor'd,
He never barr'd his castle's genial gate, [board,
But bade sweet Thomson share the friendly
Soothing with verse divine the toil of state!
Hence fir'd, the Bard forsook the flowery plain,
And deck'd the regal masque, and tried the tragic strain.

ON THE DEATH OF

KING GEORGE THE SECOND.

TO MR. SECRETARY PITT.* 1761.

So stream the sorrows that embalm the brave,
The tears that Science sheds on Glory's grave!
So pure the vows which classic duty pays,
To bless another Brunswick's rising rays!
O Pitt! if chosen strains have power to steal
Thy watchful breast awhile from Britain's weal;
If votive verse from sacred Isis sent
Might hope to charm thy manly mind, intent
On patriot plans, which ancient freedom drew,
Awhile with fond attention deign to view

* Afterwards Earl of Chatham. This and the two following poems close the collection of Oxford Verses on their respective occasions; and were written while the Author was Poetry Professor.

This ample wreath, which all the' assembled Nine
With skill united have conspir'd to twine.
Yes, guide and guardian of thy country's cause!
Thy conscious heart shall hail with just applause
The duteous Muse, whose haste officious brings
Her blameless offering to the shrine of kings:
Thy tongue, well tutor'd in historic lore,
Can speak her office and her use of yore:
For such the tribute of ingenuous praise
Her harp dispens'd in Grecia's golden days;
Such were the palms, in isles of old renown,
She cull'd, to deck the guiltless monarch's crown;
When virtuous Pindar told, with Tuscan gore
How sceptred Hiero* stain'd Sicilia's shore,
Or to mild Theron's† raptur'd eye disclos'd
Bright vales, where spirits of the brave repos'd:
Yet still beneath the throne, unbrib'd, she sate,
The decent handmaid, not the slave of state;
Pleas'd in the radiance of the regal name
To blend the lustre of her country's fame:
For, taught like ours, she dar'd, with prudent pride,
Obedience from dependence to divide:
Though princes claim'd her tributary lays,
With truth severe she temper'd partial praise;
Conscious she kept her native dignity,
Bold as her flights, and as her numbers free.
And sure if e'er the Muse indulg'd her strains,
With just regard to grace heroic reigns,

* Hiero was Tyrant of Syracuse, about 500 years before Christ. His victories at the Grecian games are the subjects of the 1st Olympic, and the 1st, 2d, and 3d Pythian Odes of Pindar.

† Theron was Tyrant of Agrigentum; his victories are celebrated in the 2d and 3d Olympic Odes.

Where could her glance a theme of triumph own
So dear to fame—as George's trophied throne?
At whose firm base, thy steadfast soul aspires
To wake a mighty nation's ancient fires:
Aspires to baffle Faction's specious claim,
Rouse England's rage, and give her thunder aim.
Once more the main her conquering banners sweep,
Again her commerce darkens all the deep.
Thy fix'd resolve renews each firm decree
That made, that kept of yore, thy country free.
Call'd by thy voice, nor deaf to war's alarms,
Its willing youth the rural empire arms:
Again the lords of Albion's cultur'd plains
March the firm leaders of their faithful swains;
As erst stout archers, from the farm or fold,
Flam'd in the van of many a baron bold.

Nor thine the pomp of indolent debate,
The war of words, the sophistries of state;
Nor frigid caution checks thy free design,
Nor stops thy stream of eloquence divine:
For thine the privilege, on few bestow'd,
To feel, to think, to speak, for public good.
In vain Corruption calls her venal tribes;
One common cause, one common end prescribes:
Nor fear nor fruad, or spares or screens the foe,
But spirit prompts, and valour strikes, the blow.

O Pitt! while honour points thy liberal plan,
And o'er the minister exalts the man,
Isis congenial greets thy faithful sway,
Nor scorns to bid a statesman grace her lay.
For 'tis not hers, by false connexions drawn,
At splendid Slavery's sordid shrine to fawn:
Each native effort of the feeling breast,
To friends, to foes, in equal fear, suppress:

'Tis not for her to purchase or pursue
The phantom favours of the cringing crew.
More useful toils her studious hours engage,
And fairer lessons fill her spotless page.
Beneath ambition, but above disgrace,
With noble arts she forms the rising race.
With happier tasks, and less refin'd pretence,
In elder times, she woo'd Munificence
To rear her arched roofs in regal guise,
And lift her temples nearer to the skies;
Princes and prelates stretch'd the social hand,
To form, diffuse, and fix her high command:
From kings she claim'd, yet scorn'd to seek the prize;
From kings, like George, benignant, just, and wise!
Lo, this her genuine lore.—Nor thou refuse
This humble present of no partial Muse,
From that calm bower,* which nurs'd thy thoughtful youth
In the pure precepts of Athenian truth;
Where first the form of British Liberty
Beam'd in full radiance on thy musing eye;
That form, whose mien sublime, with equal awe,
In the same shade unblemish'd Somers saw:
Where once (for well she lov'd the friendly grove
Which every classic grace had learn'd to rove)
Her whispers wak'd sage Harrington, to feign
The blessings of her visionary reign;
That reign, which now no more, an empty theme,
Adorns Philosophy's ideal dream,
But crowns at last, beneath a George's smile,
In full reality, this favour'd isle.

* Trinity-College, Oxford: in which also Lord Somers, and James Harrington, author of the Oceana, were educated. W.

ON THE

MARRIAGE OF THE KING. 1761.

TO HER MAJESTY.

When first the kingdom to thy virtues due,
Rose from the billowy deep in distant view;
When Albion's isle, old Ocean's peerless pride,
Tower'd in imperial state above the tide;
What bright ideas of the new domain
Form'd the fair prospect of thy promis'd reign!
And well with conscious joy thy breast might beat,
That Albion was ordain'd thy regal seat:
Lo! this the land, where Freedom's sacred rage
Has glow'd untam'd through many a martial age.
Here patriot Alfred, stain'd with Danish blood,
Rear'd on one base the king's, the people's good:
Here Henry's archers fram'd the stubborn bow,
That laid Alanzon's haughty helmet low;
Here wak'd the flame, that still superior braves
The proudest threats of Gaul's ambitious slaves:
Here Chivalry, stern school of valour old,
Her noblest feats of knightly fame enroll'd;
Heroic champions caught the clarion's call,
And throng'd the feast in Edward's banner'd hall;
While chiefs, like George, approv'd in worth alone,
Unlock'd chaste beauty's adamantine zone.
Lo! the fam'd isle, which hails thy chosen sway,
What fertile fields her temperate suns display!
Where Property secures the conscious swain,
And guards, while Plenty gives, the golden grain:
Hence with ripe stores her villages abound,
Her airy downs with scatter'd sheep resound;

Fresh are her pastures with unceasing rills,
And future navies crown her darksome hills.
To bear her formidable glory far,
Behold her opulence of hoarded war!
See, from her ports a thousand banners stream;
On every coast her vengeful lightnings gleam!
Meantime, remote from Ruin's armed hand,
In peaceful majesty her cities stand;
Whose splendid domes, and busy streets, declare,
Their firmest fort, a king's parental care.
And O! blest Queen, if e'er the magic powers
Of warbled truth have won thy musing hours;
Here Poësy, from awful days of yore,
Has pour'd her genuine gifts of raptur'd lore.
Mid oaken bowers, with holy verdure wreath'd,
In druid songs her solemn spirit breath'd:
While cunning bards at ancient banquets sung
Of paynim foes defied, and trophies hung.
Here Spenser tun'd his mystic minstrelsy,
And dress'd in fairy robes a Queen like thee.
Here, boldly mark'd with every living hue,
Nature's unbounded portrait Shakspeare drew:
But chief, the dreadful group of human woes
The daring artist's tragil pencil chose;
Explor'd the pangs that rend the royal breast,
Those wounds that lurk beneath the tissued vest!
Lo! this the land, whence Milton's muse of fire
High soar'd, to steal from Heaven a seraph's lyre;
And told the golden ties of wedded love
In sacred Eden's amaranthine grove.
Thine too, majestic Bride, the favour'd clime,
Where Science sits enshrin'd in roofs sublime.
O mark, how green her wood of ancient bays
O'er Isis' marge in many a chaplet strays!

Thither, if haply some distinguish'd flower
Of these mix'd blooms, from that ambrosial bower,
Might catch thy glance, and rich in Nature's hue,
Entwine thy diadem with honour due;
If seemly gifts the train of Phœbus pay,
To deck imperial Hymen's festive day;
Thither thyself shall haste, and mildly deign
To tread with nymph-like step the conscious plain;
Pleas'd in the muse's nook, with decent pride,
To throw the sceptred pall of state aside:
Nor from the shade shall George be long away,
That claims Charlotta's love, and courts her stay.
These are Britannia's praises. Deign to trace
With rapt reflection Freedom's favourite race!
But though the generous isle, in arts and arms,
Thus stand supreme, in nature's choicest charms;
Though George and Conquest guard her sea-girt throne,
One happier blessing still she calls her own;
And, proud to cull the fairest wreath of Fame,
Crowns her chief honours with a Charlotte's name.

ON THE BIRTH OF

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

(WRITTEN AFTER THE INSTALLATION AT WINDSOR, IN 1762.)

Imperial dome of Edward, wise and brave!
Where warlike Honour's brightest banners wave;
At whose proud tilts, unmatch'd for hardy deeds,
Heroic kings have frown'd on barbed steeds:

Though now no more thy crested chiefs advance
In arm'd array, nor grasp the glittering lance;
Though Knighthood boasts the martial pomp no more,
That grac'd its gorgeous festivals of yore;
Say, conscious dome, if e'er thy martiall'd knights
So nobly deck'd their old majestic rites,
As when, high thron'd amid thy trophied shrine,
George shone the leader of the garter'd line?

Yet future triumphs, Windsor, still remain;
Still may thy bowers receive as brave a train:
For lo! to Britain and her favour'd pair,
Heaven's high command has sent a sacred heir!
Him the bold pattern of his patriot sire
Shall fill with early fame's immortal fire:
In life's fresh spring, ere buds the promis'd prime,
His thoughts shall mount to virtue's meed sublime:
The patriot sire shall catch, with sure presage,
Each liberal omen of his opening age;
Then to thy courts shall lead, with conscious joy,
In stripling beauty's bloom, the princely boy;
There firmly wreathe the braid of heavenly die,
True valour's badge, around his tender thigh.

Meantime, thy royal piles that rise elate
With many an antique tower, in massy state,
In the young champion's musing mind shall raise
Vast images of Albion's elder days.
While, as around his eager glance explores
Thy chambers, rough with war's constructed stores,
Rude helms, and bruised shields, barbaric spoils
Of ancient chivalry's undaunted toils;
Amid the dusky trappings, hung on high,
Young Edward's sable mail shall strike his eye;
Shall fire the youth, to crown his riper years
With rival Cressys, and a new Poitiers;

On the same wall, the same triumphal base,
His own victorious monuments to place.
Nor can a fairer kindred title move
His emulative age to glory's love
Than Edward, laureate prince. In letter'd truth,
Oxford, sage mother, school'd his studious youth:
Her simple institutes, and rigid lore,
The royal nursling unreluctant bore;
Nor shun'd, at pensive eve, with lonesome pace,
The cloister's moonlight-chequer'd floor to trace;
Nor scorn'd to mark the sun, at matins due,
Stream through the storied window's holy hue.
And O, young prince! be thine his moral praise;
Nor seek in fields of blood his warrior bays.
War has its charms terrific. Far and wide
When stands the' embattled host in banner'd pride;
O'er the vext plain when the shrill clangors run,
And the long phalanx flashes in the sun;
When now no dangers of the deathful day
Mar the bright scene, nor break the firm array;
Full oft, too rashly glows with fond delight
The youthful breast, and asks the future fight;
Nor knows that Horror's form, a spectre wan,
Stalks, yet unseen, along the gleamy van.
May no such rage be thine: no dazzling ray
Of specious fame thy steadfast feet betray.
Be thine domestic glory's radiant calm,
Be thine the sceptre wreath'd with many a palm!
Be thine the throne with peaceful emblems hung,
The silver lyre to milder conquests strung.
Instead of glorious feats achiev'd in arms,
Bid rising arts display their mimic charms!
Just to thy country's fame, in tranquil days,
Record the past, and rouse to future praise:

Before the public eye, in breathing brass,
Bid thy fam'd father's mighty triumphs pass:
Swell the broad arch with haughty Cuba's fall,
And clothe with Minden's plain the' historic hall.
Then mourn not, Edward's dome, thine ancient
Thy tournaments, and listed combats lost! [boast,
From Arthur's board, no more, proud castle, mourn
Adventurous Valour's gothic trophies torn!
Those elfin charms, that held in magic night
Its elder fame, and dimm'd its genuine light,
At length dissolve in Truth's meridian ray,
And the bright order bursts to perfect day:
The mystic round, begirt with bolder peers,
On Virtue's base its rescued glory rears;
Sees Civil Prowess mightier acts achieve,
Sees meek Humanity distress relieve;
Adopts the Worth that bids the conflict cease,
And claims its honours from the Chiefs of Peace.

ON

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS' PAINTED WINDOW,

AT NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD. 1782.

"Ah, stay thy treacherous hand, forbear to trace
Those faultless forms of elegance and grace!
Ah, cease to spread the bright transparent mass,
With Titian's pencil, o'er the speaking glass!
Nor steal, by strokes of art with truth combin'd,
The fond illusions of my wayward mind:
For long, enamour'd of a barbarous age,
A faithless truant to the classic page;

Long have I lov'd to catch the simple chime
Of minstrel harps, and spell the fabling rhyme;
To view the festive rites, the knightly play,
That deck'd heroic Albion's elder day;
To mark the mouldering halls of barons bold,
And the rough castle, cast in giant mould;
With gothic manners gothic arts explore,
And muse on the magnificence of yore.
"But chief, enraptur'd have I lov'd to roam,
A lingering votary, the vaulted dome,
Where the tall shafts that mount in massy pride,
Their mingling branches shoot from side to side;
Where elfin sculptors with fantastic clew,
O'er the long roof their wild embroidery drew;
Where Superstition with capricious hand
In many a maze the wreathed window plann'd,
With hues romantic ting'd the gorgeous pane,
To fill with holy light the wondrous fane;
To aid the builder's model, richly rude,
By no Vitruvian symmetry subdued;
To suit the genius of the mystic pile:
Whilst as around the far-retiring aisle,
And fretted shrines, with hoary trophies hung,
Her dark illumination wide she flung,
With new solemnity, the nooks profound,
The caves of death, and the dim arches frown'd.
From bliss long felt unwillingly we part:
Ah, spare the weakness of a lover's heart!
Chase not the phantoms of my fairy dream,
Phantoms that shrink at Reason's painful gleam!
That softer touch, insidious artist, stay,
Nor to new joys my struggling breast betray!"
Such was a pensive bard's mistaken strain.
But, oh, of ravish'd pleasures why complain?

No more the matchless skill I call unkind,
That strives to disenchant my cheated mind,
For when again I view thy chaste design,
The just proportion, and the genuine line;
Those native portraitures of Attic art,
That from the lucid surface seem to start;
Those tints, that steal no glories from the day,
Nor ask the sun to lend his streaming ray:
The doubtful radiance of contending dyes,
That faintly mingle, yet distinctly rise;
'Twixt light and shade the transitory strife;
The feature blooming with immortal life:
The stole in casual foldings taught to flow,
Not with ambitious ornaments to glow;
The tread majestic, and the beaming eye,
That lifted, speaks its commerce with the sky;
Heaven's golden emanation, gleaming mild
O'er the mean cradle of the Virgin's child:
Sudden, the sombrous imagery is fled,
Which late my visionary rapture fed:
Thy powerful hand has broke the gothic chain,
And brought my bosom back to truth again;
To truth, by no peculiar taste confin'd,
Whose universal pattern strikes mankind;
To truth, whose bold and unresisted aim
Checks frail caprice, and fashion's fickle claim;
To truth, whose charms deception's magic quell,
And bind coy Fancy in a stronger spell.

Ye brawny Prophets, that in robes so rich,
At distance due, possess the crisped niche;
Ye rows of Patriarchs, that sublimely rear'd
Diffuse a proud primeval length of beard:
Ye Saints, who, clad in crimson's bright array,
More pride than humble poverty display:

Ye Virgins meek, that wear the palmy crown
Of patient faith, and yet so fiercely frown:
Ye Angels, that from clouds of gold recline,
But boast no sembiance to a race divine:
Ye Tragic Tales of legendary lore,
That draw devotion's ready tear no more;
Ye martyrdoms of unenlighten'd days,
Ye miracles, that now no wonder raise:
Shapes, that with one broad glare the gazer strike,
Kings, Bishops, Nuns, Apostles, all alike!
Ye colours, that the' unwary sight amaze,
And only dazzle in the noontide blaze!
No more the sacred window's round disgrace,
But yield to Grecian groups the shining space.
Lo, from the canvass Beauty shifts her throne,
Lo, Picture's powers a new formation own!
Behold, she prints upon the crystal plain,
With her own energy, the' expressive stain!
The mighty master spreads his mimic toil
More wide, nor only blends the breathing oil;
But calls the lineaments of life complete
From genial alchymy's creative heat;
Obedient forms to the bright fusion gives,
While in the warm enamel Nature lives.
Reynolds, 'tis thine, from the broad window's height,
To add new lustre to religious light:
Not of its pomp to strip this ancient shrine,
But bid that pomp with purer radiance shine:
With arts unknown before, to reconcile
The willing Graces to the gothic pile.

MONODY.

WRITTEN NEAR STRATFORD UPON AVON.

Avon ! thy rural views, thy pastures wild,
The willows that o'erhang thy twilight edge,
Their boughs entangling with the' embattled sedge;
Thy brink with watery foliage quaintly fring'd,
Thy surface with reflected verdure ting'd;
Sooth me with many a pensive pleasure mild.
But while I muse, that here the bard divine,
Whose sacred dust yon high-arch'd aisles inclose,
Where the tall windows rise in stately rows
Above the' embowering shade,
Here first, at Fancy's fairy-circled shrine,
Of daisies pied his infant offering made;
Here playful yet, in stripling years unripe,
Fram'd of thy reeds a shrill and artless pipe:
Sudden thy beauties, Avon, all are fled,
As at the waving of some magic wand;
An holy trance my charmed spirit wings,
And awful shapes of warriors and of kings
People the busy mead,
Like spectres swarming to the wizard's hall;
And slowly pace, and point with trembling hand
The wounds ill cover'd by the purple pall.
Before me Pity seems to stand,
A weeping mourner, smote with anguish sore,
To see Misfortune rend in frantic mood
His robe, with regal woes embroider'd o'er.
Pale Terror leads the visionary band,
And sternly shakes his sceptre, dropping blood.

THE

PLEASURES OF MELANCHOLY. 1745.

——Præcipe lugubres
Cantus, Melpomene!——

Mother of musings, Contemplation sage,
Whose grotto stands upon the topmost rock
Of Teneriffe; 'mid the tempestuous night,
On which, in calmest meditation held,
Thou hear'st with howling winds the beating rain
And drifting hail descend; or if the skies
Unclouded shine, and through the blue serene
Pale Cynthia rolls her silver-axled car,
Whence gazing steadfast on the spangled vault
Raptur'd thou sitt'st, while murmurs indistinct
Of distant billows sooth thy pensive ear
With hoarse and hollow sounds; secure, self-blest,
There oft thou listen'st to the wild uproar
Of fleets encountering, that in whispers low
Ascends the rocky summit, where thou dwell'st
Remote from man, conversing with the spheres!
O lead me, queen sublime, to solemn glooms
Congenial with my soul; to cheerless shades,
To ruin'd seats, to twilight cells and bow'rs,
Where thoughtful Melancholy loves to muse,
Her favourite midnight haunts. The laughing scenes
Of purple Spring, where all the wanton train
Of Smiles and Graces seem to lead the dance
In sportive round, while from their hands they show'r
Ambrosial blooms and flowers, no longer charm.
Tempé, no more I court thy balmy breeze,
Adieu, green vales! ye broider'd meads, adieu!

Beneath yon ruin'd abbey's moss-grown piles
Oft let me sit, at twilight hour of eve,
Where through some western window the pale moon
Pours her long-levell'd rule of streaming light;
While sullen sacred silence reigns around, [bow'r
Save the lone screech-owl's note, who builds his
Amid the mouldering caverns dark and damp,
Or the calm breeze, that rustles in the leaves
Of flaunting ivy, that with mantle green
Invests some wasted tower. Or let me tread
Its neighbouring walk of pines, where mus'd of old
The cloister'd brothers: through the gloomy void,
That far extends beneath their ample arch,
As on I pace, religious horror wraps
My soul in dread repose. But when the world
Is clad in Midnight's raven-colour'd robe,
Mid hollow charnel let me watch the flame
Of taper dim, shedding a livid glare
O'er the wan heaps; while airy voices talk
Along the glimmering walls; or ghostly shape
At distance seen, invites with beckoning hand
My lonesome steps, through the far-winding vaults.
Nor undelightful is the solemn noon
Of night, when haply wakeful from my couch
I start: lo, all is motionless around!
Roars not the rushing wind; the sons of men
And every beast in mute oblivion lie;
All nature's hush'd in silence and in sleep.
O then how fearful is it to reflect,
That through the still globe's awful solitude,
No being wakes but me! till stealing sleep
My drooping temples bathes in opiate dews.
Nor then let dreams, of wanton folly born,
My senses lead through flowery paths of joy;

But let the sacred Genius of the night
Such mystic visions send, as Spenser saw,
When through bewildering Fancy's magic maze,
To the fell house of Busyrane, he led
The' unshaken Britomart; or Milton knew,
When in abstracted thought he first conceiv'd
All Heaven in tumult, and the Seraphim
Come towering, arm'd in adamant and gold.
Let others love soft Summer's evening smiles,
As listening to the distant water-fall,
They mark the blushes of the streaky west:
I choose the pale December's foggy glooms.
Then, when the sullen shades of evening close,
Where throughthe room a blindly-glimmeringgleam
The dying embers scatter, far remote [roof
From Mirth's mad shouts,that through the' illumin'd
Resound with festive echo, let me sit,
Blest with the lowly cricket's drowsy dirge.
Then let my thought contemplative explore
This fleeting state of things, the vain delights,
The fruitless toils, that still our search elude,
As through the wilderness of life we rove.
This sober hour of silence will unmask
False Folly's smile, that like the dazzling spells
Of wily Comus cheat the' unweeting eye
With blear illusion, and persuade to drink
That charmed cup, which Reason's mintage fair
Unmoulds, and stamps the monster on the man.
Eager we taste, but in the luscious draught
Forget the poisonous dregs that lurk beneath.
Few know that elegance of soul refin'd,
Whose soft sensation feels a quicker joy
From Melancholy's scenes, than the dull pride
Of tasteless splendour and magnificence

Can e'er afford. Thus Eloise, whose mind
Had languish'd to the pangs of melting love,
More genuine transport found, as on some tomb
Reclin'd, she watch'd the tapers of the dead;
Or through the pillar'd aisles, amid pale shrines
Of imag'd saints, and intermingled graves,
Mus'd a veil'd votaress, than Flavia feels,
As through the mazes of the festive ball,
Proud of her conquering charms, and beauty's blaze,
She floats amid the silken sons of dress,
And shines the fairest of the' assembled fair.

When azure noontide cheers the dædal globe,
And the blest region of the golden day
Rejoices in his bright meridian tower,
How oft my wishes ask the night's return,
That best befriends the melancholy mind.
Hail, sacred Night! thou too shalt share my song:
Sister of ebon-sceptred Hecat, hail!
Whether in congregated clouds thou wrap'st
Thy viewless chariot, or with silver crown
Thy beaming head encirclest, ever hail!
What though beneath thy gloom the sorceress train,
Far in obscured haunt of Lapland moors,
With rhymes uncouth the bloody cauldron bless;
Though Murder wan beneath thy shrouding shade
Summons her slow-ey'd votaries to devise
Of secret slaughter, while by one blue lamp
In hideous conference sit the listening band,
And start at each low wind, or wakeful sound:
What though thy stay the pilgrim curseth oft,
As all benighted in Arabian wastes
He hears the wilderness around him howl
With roaming monsters, while on his hoar head
The black descending tempest ceaseless beats;

Yet more delightful to my pensive mind
Is thy return, than blooming Morn's approach,
Ev'n then, in youthful pride of opening May,
When from the portals of the saffron east
She sheds fresh roses, and ambrosial dews.
Yet not ungrateful is the morn's approach,
When dropping wet she comes, and clad in clouds,
While through the damp air scowls the lowering south,
Blackening the landscape's face, that grove and hill
In formless vapours undistinguish'd swim:
The' afflicted songsters of the sadden'd groves
Hail not the sullen gloom; the waving elms
That, hoar through time, and rang'd in thick array,
Enclose with stately row some rural hall,
Are mute, nor echo with the clamours hoarse
Of rooks rejoicing on their airy boughs;
While to the shed the dripping poultry crowd,
A mournful train: secure the village hind
Hangs o'er the crackling blaze, nor tempts the storm;
Fix'd in the' unfinish'd furrow rests the plough:
Rings not the high wood with enliven'd shouts
Of early hunter: all is silence drear;
And deepest sadness wraps the face of things.
Through Pope's soft song though all the Graces breathe,
And happiest art adorn his Attic page; [
Yet does my mind with sweeter transport glow,
As at the root of mossy trunk reclin'd,
In magic Spenser's wildly warbled song
I see deserted Una wander wide
Through wasteful solitudes, and lurid heaths,
Weary, forlorn; than when the fated fair
Upon the bosom bright of silver Thames
Launches in all the lustre of brocade,

Amid the splendours of the laughing Sun.
The gay description palls upon the sense,
And coldly strikes the mind with feeble bliss.
Ye youths of Albion's beauty-blooming isle,
Whose brows have worn the wreath of luckless love,
Is there is a pleasure like the pensive mood,
Whose magic wont to sooth your soften'd souls?
O tell how rapturous the joy, to melt
To Melody's assuasive voice; to bend
The' uncertain step along the midnight mead,
And pour your sorrows to the pitying moon,
By many a slow trill from the bird of woe
Oft interrupted; in embowering woods
By darksome brook to muse, and there forget
The solemn dulness of the tedious world,
While Fancy grasps the visionary fair:
And now no more the' abstracted ear attends
The water's murmuring lapse, the entranced eye
Pierces no longer through the' extended rows
Of thick-rang'd trees; till haply from the depth
The woodman's stroke, or distant tinkling team,
Or heifers rustling through the brake, alarms
The' illuded sense, and mars the golden dream.
These are delights that absence drear has made
Familiar to my soul, e'er since the form
Of young Sapphira, beauteous as the Spring,
When from her violet-woven couch awak'd
By frolic Zephyr's hand, her tender cheek
Graceful she lifts, and blushing from her bow'r
Issues to clothe in gladsome glistering green
The genial globe, first met my dazzled sight.
These are delights unknown to minds profane,
And which alone the pensive soul can taste.
The taper'd choir, at the late hour of pray'r,

Oft let me tread, while to the' according voice
The many-sounding organ peals on high,
The clear slow-dittied chant, or varied hymn,
Till all my soul is bath'd in ecstacies,
And lapp'd in Paradise. Or let me sit
Far in sequester'd aisles of the deep dome,
There lonesome listen to the sacred sounds,
Which, as they lengthen through the gothic vaults,
In hollow murmurs reach my ravish'd ear.
Nor when the lamps, expiring, yield to night,
And solitude returns; would I forsake
The solemn mansion; but attentive mark
The due clock swinging slow with sweepy sway,
Measuring Time's flight with momentary sound.
Nor let me fail to cultivate my mind
With the soft thrillings of the tragic Muse,
Divine Melpomene, sweet Pity's nurse,
Queen of the stately step, and flowing pall.
Now let Monimia mourn with streaming eyes
Her joys incestuous, and polluted love:
Now let soft Juliet in the gaping tomb
Print the last kiss on her true Romeo's lips,
His lips yet reeking from the deadly draught:
Or Jaffier kneel for one forgiving look.
Nor seldom let the Moor on Desdemone
Pour the misguided threats of jealous rage.
By soft degrees the manly torrent steals
From my swoln eyes: and at a brother's woe
My big heart melts in sympathizing tears.
What are the splendours of the gaudy court,
Its tinsel trappings, and its pageant pomps?
To me far happier seems the banish'd lord,
Amid Siberia's unrejoicing wilds,
Who pines all lonesome, in the chambers hoar

Of some high castles shut, whose windows dim
In distant ken discover trackless plains,
Where winter ever whirls his icy car;
While still repeated objects of his view,
The gloomy battlements, and ivied spires,
That crown the solitary dome, arise;
While from the topmost turret the slow clock,
Far heard along the' inhospitable wastes,
With sad returning chime awakes new grief;
Ev'n he far happier seems than is the proud,
The potent Satrap, whom he left behind,
Mid Moscow's golden palaces, to drown
In ease and luxury the laughing hours.
Illustrious objects strike the gazer's mind
With feeble bliss, and but allure the sight,
Nor rouse with impulse quick the' unfeeling heart.
Thus seen by shepherd from Hymettus' brow,
What dædal landscapes smile! here palmy groves,
Resounding once with Plato's voice, arise,
Amid whose umbrage green her silver head
The' unfading olive lifts; here vine-clad hills
Lay forth their purple store, and sunny vales
In prospect vast their level laps expand,
Amid whose beauties glistering Athens towers.
Though through the blissful scenes Ilissus roll
His sage-inspiring flood, whose winding marge
The thick-wove laurel shades: though roseate Morn
Pour all her splendours on the' empurpled scene;
Yet feels the hoary hermit truer joys,
As from the cliff, that o'er his cavern hangs,
He views the piles of fall'n Persepolis
In deep arrangement hide the darksome plain.
Unbounded waste! the mouldering obelisk

Here, like a blasted oak, ascends the clouds;
Here Parian domes their vaulted halls disclose,
Horrid with thorn; where lurks the' unpitying thief,
Whence flits the twilight-loving bat at eve,
And the deaf adder wreathes her spotted train,
The dwelling once of elegance and art.
Here temples rise, amid whose hallow'd bounds
Spires the black pine, while thro' the naked street,
Once haunt of tradeful merchants, springs the grass:
Here columns heap'd on prostrate columns, torn
From their firm base, increase the mouldering mass.
Far as the sight can pierce, appear the spoils
Of sunk magnificence! a blended scene
Of moles, fanes, arches, domes, and palaces,
Where, with his brother Horror, Ruin sits.
O come then, Melancholy, queen of thought!
O come with saintly look, and steadfast step,
From forth thy cave embower'd with mournful yew,
Where ever to the curfew's solemn sound
Listening thou sitt'st, and with thy cypress bind
Thy votary's hair, and seal him for thy son.
But never let Euphrosyne beguile
With toys of wanton mirth my fixed mind,
Nor in my path her primrose garland cast.
Though mid her train the dimpled Hebe bare
Her rosy bosom to the' enamour'd view;
Though Venus, mother of the Smiles and Loves,
And Bacchus, ivy-crown'd, in citron bow'r
With her on nectar-streaming fruitage feast:
What though 'tis hers to calm the lowering skies,
And at her presence mild the' embattled clouds
Disperse in air, and o'er the face of Heav'n
New day diffusive gleam at her approach;

Yet are these joys that Melancholy gives,
Than all her witless revels happier far;
These deep-felt joys, by Contemplation taught.
Then ever, beauteous Contemplation, hail!
From thee began, auspicious maid, my song,
With thee shall end; for thou art fairer far
Than are the nymphs of Cirrha's* mossy grot;
To loftier rapture thou canst wake the thought,
Than all the fabling poet's boasted pow'rs.
Hail, queen divine! whom, as tradition tells,
Once in his evening walk a druid found,
Far in a hollow glade of Mona's woods;
And piteous bore with hospitable hand
To the close shelter of his oaken bow'r.
There soon the sage admiring mark'd the dawn
Of solemn musing in your pensive thought;
For when a smiling babe, you lov'd to lie
Oft deeply listening to the rapid roar
Of wood-hung Menai,† stream of druids old.

* The town and plain of Cirrha, or Cyrrha, are in Phocis, at the foot of Mount Parnassus.

† Menai, or Meneu, the strait which divides the isle of Anglesey from Caernarvonshire.

INSCRIPTIONS.

IN A HERMITAGE,

AT ANSLEY HALL, IN WARWICKSHIRE.

Beneath this stony roof reclin'd,
I sooth to peace my pensive mind;
And while, to shade my lowly cave,
Embowering elms their umbrage wave;
And while the maple dish is mine,
The beechen cup, unstain'd with wine;
I scorn the gay licentious crowd,
Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.

Within my limits lone and still
The blackbird pipes in artless trill;
Fast by my couch, congenial guest,
The wren has wove her mossy nest;
From busy scenes, and brighter skies,
To lurk with innocence, she flies;
Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,
Nor aught suspects the sylvan cell.

At morn I take my custom'd round,
To mark how buds yon shrubby mound:
And every opening primrose count,
That trimly paints my blooming mount:
Or o'er the sculptures, quaint and rude,
That grace my gloomy solitude,
I teach in winding wreaths to stray
Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.

At eve, within yon studious nook,
I ope my brass-embossed book,
Pourtray'd with many a holy deed
Of martyrs, crown'd with heavenly meed:
Then, as my taper waxes dim,
Chant, ere I sleep, my measur'd hymn;
And, at the close, the gleams behold
Of parting wings bedropt with gold.

While such pure joys my bliss create,
Who but would smile at guilty state?
Who but would wish his holy lot
In calm Oblivion's humble grot?
Who but would cast his pomp away,
To take my staff, and amice gray;
And to the world's tumultuous stage
Prefer the blameless hermitage?

ON A

BEAUTIFUL GROTTO NEAR THE WATER.

The Graces sought in yonder stream
To cool the fervid day,
When Love's malicious godhead came,
And stole their robes away.

Proud of the theft, the little god
Their robes bade Delia wear;
While they, asham'd to stir abroad,
Remain all naked here.

OVER A

CALM AND CLEAR SPRING

IN BLENHEIM GARDENS.

HERE quench your thirst, and mark in *me*
An emblem of true Charity;
Who, while my bounty I bestow,
Am neither heard nor seen to flow.

EPITAPH

ON MR. READ.

OH spare his youth, O stay thy threatening hand,
Nor break too soon young wedlock's early band!
But if his gentle and ingenuous mind,
The generous temper, and the taste refin'd,
A soul unconscious of corruption's stain,
If learning, wit, and genius plead in vain;
O let the mourning Bride, to stop thy spear,
Oppose the meek resistance of a tear!
And when to sooth thy force his virtues fail,
Let weeping faith and widow'd love prevail!

JOB,

CHAPTER XXXIX.

DECLARE, if heavenly wisdom bless thy tongue,
When teems the Mountain-Goat with promis'd young?
The stated seasons tell, the month explain,
When feels the bounding Hind a mother's pain;
While, in the' oppressive agonies of birth,
Silent they bow the sorrowing head to earth?
Why crop their lusty seed the verdant food?
Why leave their dams to search the gloomy wood?
Say, whence the Wild-Ass wantons o'er the plain,
Sports uncontrol'd, unconscious of the rein?
'Tis his o'er scenes of solitude to roam,
The waste his house, the wilderness his home:
He scorns the crowded city's pomp and noise,
Nor heeds the driver's rod, nor hears his voice;
At will on every various verdure fed,
His pasture o'er the shaggy cliffs is spread.
Will the fierce Unicorn obey thy call,
Enslav'd to man, and patient of the stall?
Say, will he stubborn stoop thy yoke to bear,
And through the furrow drag the tardy share?
Say, canst thou think, O wretch of vain belief!
His labouring limbs will draw thy weighty sheaf?
Or canst thou tame the temper of his blood,
With faithful feet to trace the destin'd road?

Who paints the Peacock's train with radiant eyes,
And all the bright diversity of dyes?
Whose hand the stately Ostrich has supplied
With glorious plumage, and her snowy pride?
Thoughtless she leaves amid the dusty way
Her eggs, to ripen in the genial ray; [blood,
Nor heeds, that some fell beast, who thirsts for
Or the rude foot, may crush the future brood.
In her no love the tender offspring share,
No soft remembrance, no maternal care:
For God has steel'd her unrelenting breast,
Nor feeling sense, nor instinct mild impress'd,
Back her the rapid-rushing steed despise,
Outstrip the rider's rage, and tower amidst the skies.
Didst thou the Horse with strength and beauty deck?
Hast thou in thunder cloth'd his nervous neck?
Will he, like groveling grasshoppers afraid,
Start at each sound, at every breeze dismay'd?
A cloud of fire his lifted nostrils raise,
And breathe a glorious terror as they blaze.
He paws indignant, and the valley spurns,
Rejoicing in his might, and for the battle burns.
When quivers rattle, and the frequent spear
Flies flashing, leaps his heart with languid fear?
Swallowing with fierce and greedy rage the ground,
"Is this, (he cries) the trumpet's warlike sound?"
Eager he scents the battle from afar,
And all the mingling thunder of the war.
Flies the fierce Hawk by thy supreme command,
To seek soft climates, and a southern land?
Who bade the' aspiring Eagle mount the sky,
And build her firm aërial nest on high?
On the bare cliff, or mountain's shaggy steep,
Her fortress of defence she dares to keep;

Thence darts her radiant eye's prevading ray,
Inquisitive to ken the distant prey;
Seeks with her thirsty brood the' ensanguin'd plain,
There bathes her beak in blood, companion of the slain.

A PASTORAL.

IN THE MANNER OF SPENSER.

(FROM THEOCRITUS, IDYLL. XX.)

As late I strove Lucilla's lip to kisse,
She with discurtesie reprov'd my will;
"Dost thou, (she said) affect so pleasant blisse,
A simple shepherd, and a losell vile?
Not Fancy's hand shall join my courtly lip
To thine, as I myself were fast asleep."

As thus she spake, full proud and boasting lasse,
And as a peacocke pearke, in dalliance
She bragly turned her ungentle face,
And all disdaining ey'd my shape askaunce:
But I did blush, with grief and shame yblent,
Like morning rose with hoary dewe besprent.

Tell me, my fellows all, am I not fair?
Hast fell enchantress blasted all my charms?
Whilom, mine head was sleek with tressed haire,
My laughing eyne did shoot out love's alarms:
E'en Kate did deemen me the fairest swain,
When erst I won this girdle on the plain.

My lip with vermeil was embellished,
My bagpipe's notes loud and delicious were;
The milk-white lily, and the rose so red,
Did on my face depeinten lively cheere;

My voice as soote as mounting larke did shrill,
My looke was blythe as Margaret's at the mill.

But she forsooth, more fair than Madge or Kate,
A dainty maid, did deign not shepherd's love;
Nor wist what Thenot told us swains of late,
The Venus sought a shepherd in a grove;
Nor that a heavenly God, who Phœbus hight,
To tend his flock with shepherds did delight.

Ah! 'tis that Venus with accurst despight,
That all my dolour and my shame has made!
Nor does remembrance of her own delight,
For me one drop of pity sweet persuade!
Aye hence the glowing rapture may she miss;
Like me be scorn'd, nor ever taste a kiss!

FROM HORACE.

(BOOK III. OD. XIII.)

Ye waves, that gushing fall with purest stream,
Blandusian fount; to whom the products sweet
Of richest vines belong,
And fairest flowers of Spring;

To thee a chosen victim will I kill,
A Goat, who, wanton in lascivious youth,
Just blooms with budding horn,
And destines future war,

Elate in vainest thought; but, ah! too soon
His reeking blood with crimson shall pollute
Thy icy-flowing flood,
And tinge thy crystal clear.

Thy sweet recess the sun in mid-day hour
Can ne'er invade; thy streams the labour'd ox
  Refresh with cooling draught,
    And glad the wandering herds.

Thy name shall shine with endless honour grac'd,
While on my shell I sing the hanging oak,
  That o'er thy cavern deep
    Waves his embowering head.

HORACE

(BOOK III. OD. XVIII.)

AFTER THE MANNER OF MILTON.

FAUNUS, who lov'st to chase the light-foot Nymphs,
Propitious guard my fields and sunny farm,
  And nurse with kindly care
    The promise of my flock.

So to thy power a Kid shall yearly bleed,
And the full bowl to genial Venus flow!
  And on thy rustic shrine
    Rich odours incense breathe:

So through the vale the wanton herds shall bound,
When thy December comes, and on the green
  The steer in traces loose
    With the free village sport:

No more the lamb shall fly the' insidious wolf,
The woods shall shed their leaves, and the glad hind
  The ground, where once he dug,
    Shall beat in sprightly dance.

ODES.

TO SLEEP.

On this my pensive pillow, gentle Sleep!
Descend, in all thy downy plumage drest:
Wipe with thy wing these eyes that wake to weep,
And place thy crown of poppies on my breast.

O steep my senses in oblivion's balm,
And sooth my throbbing pulse with lenient hand;
This tempest of my boiling blood becalm!—
Despair grows mild at thy supreme command.

Yet, ah! in vain, familiar with the gloom,
And sadly toiling through the tedious night,
I seek sweet slumber while that virgin bloom,
For ever hovering haunts my wretched sight.

Nor would the dawning day my sorrows charm:
Black midnight and the blaze of noon alike
To me appear, while with uplifted arm
Death stands prepar'd, but still delays, to strike.

THE HAMLET.

WRITTEN IN WHICHWOOD FOREST.

The hinds how blest, who ne'er beguil'd
To quit their hamlet's hawthorn wild;
Nor haunt the crowd, nor tempt the main,
For splendid care, and guilty gain!

When morning's twilight-tinctur'd beam
Strikes their low thatch with slanting gleam,
They rove abroad in ether blue,
To dip the scythe in fragrant dew;
The sheaf to bind, the beech to fell,
That nodding shades a craggy dell.

Midst gloomy glades, in warbles clear,
Wild nature's sweetest notes they hear:
On green untrodden banks they view
The hyacinth's neglected hue:
In their lone haunts, and woodland rounds,
They spy the squirrel's airy bounds:
And startle from her ashen spray,
Across the glen, the screaming jay:
Each native charm their steps explore
Of Solitude's sequester'd store.

For them the moon with cloudless ray
Mounts, to illume their homeward way:
Their weary spirits to relieve,
The meadows incense breathe at eve.
No riot mars the simple fare,
That o'er a glimmering hearth they share;
But when the curfew's measur'd roar
Duly, the darkening valleys o'er,
Has echoed from the distant town,
They wish no beds of cygnet-down,
No trophied canopies, to close
Their drooping eyes in quick repose.

Their little sons, who spread the broom
Of health around the clay-built room,
Or through the primros'd coppice stray,
Or gambol in the new-mown hay:

Or quaintly braid the cowslip twine,
Or drive afield the tardy kine;
Or hasten from the sultry hill,
To loiter at the shady rill;
Or climb the tall pine's gloomy crest,
To rob the raven's ancient nest.

Their humble porch with honied flowers
The curling woodbine's shade imbowers:
From the small garden's thymy mound
Their bees in busy swarms resound:
Nor fell Disease, before his time,
Hastes to consume life's golden prime:
But when their temples long have wore
The silver crown of tresses hoar;
As studious still calm peace to keep,
Beneath a flowery turf they sleep.

WRITTEN AT VALE ROYAL ABBEY,*

IN CHESHIRE.

As evening slowly spreads his mantle hoar,
No ruder sounds the bounded valley fill,
Than the faint din from yonder sedgy shore,
Of rushing waters, and the murmuring mill.

How sunk the scene, where cloister'd Leisure mus
Where war-worn Edward paid his awful vow;
And, lavish of magnificence, diffus'd
His crowded spires o'er the broad mountain's bro

* A monastery for Cistercian Monks, founded by King E ward I. about the year 1300, in consequence of a vow, whi he made when in danger of being shipwrecked, during his turn from a crusade.

The golden fans, that o'er the turrets strown,
Quick glancing to the sun, wild music made.
Are reft, and every battlement o'ergrown
With knotted thorns and the tall sapling's shade.

The prickly thistle sheds its plumy crest,
And matted nettles shade the crumbling mass,
Where shone thepavement'ssurface,smooth,imprest
With rich reflection of the storied glass.

Here hardy chieftains slept in proud repose,
Sublimely shrin'd in gorgeous imagery;
And through the lessening aisles, in radiant rows,
Their consecrated banners hung on high.

There oxen browse, and there the sable yew,
Through the dun void displays its baleful glooms;
And sheds in lingering drops ungenial dew
O'er the forgotten graves and scatter'd tombs.

By the slow clock, in stately-measur'd chime,
That from the massy tower tremendous toll'd,
No more the plowman counts the tedious time,
Nor distant shepherd pens his twilight fold.

High o'er the trackless heath at midnight seen,
No more the windows, rang'd in long array,
(Where the tall shaft and fretted nook between
Thick ivy twines) the taper'd rites betray.

Ev'n now, amid the wavering ivy wreaths,
(While kindredthoughts the pensive sounds inspire)
When the weak breeze in many a whisper breathes,
I seem to listen to the chanting quire.

As o'er these shatter'd towers intent we muse,
Though rear'd by Charity's capricious zeal,
Yet can our breasts soft Pity's sigh refuse,
Or conscious Candour's modest plea conceal?

For though the sorceress, Superstition blind,
Amid the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
O'er the dim roofs, to cheat the tranced mind,
Oft bade her visionary gleams arise:

Though the vain hours unsocial Sloth beguil'd,
While the still cloister's gate Oblivion lock'd;
And through the chambers pale, to slumbers mild
Wan Indolence her drowsy cradle rock'd:

Yet hence, enthron'd in venerable state,
Proud Hospitality dispens'd her store:
Ah, see, beneath yon tower's unvaulted gate,
Forlorn she sits upon the brambled floor!

Her ponderous vase, with gothic portraiture
Emboss'd, no more with balmy moisture flows;
Mid the mix'd shards o'erwhelm'd in dust obscure,
No more, as erst, the golden goblet glows.

Sore beat by storms in Glory's arduous way,
Here might Ambition muse, a pilgrim sage;
Here raptur'd see, Religion's evening ray
Gild the calm walks of his reposing age.

Here ancient Art her dædal fancies play'd
In the quaint mazes of the crisped roof;
In mellow glooms the speaking pane array'd,
And rang'd the cluster'd column, massy proof.

Here Learning, guarded from a barbarous age,
Hover'd awhile, nor dar'd attempt the day;
But patient trac'd upon the pictur'd page
The holy legend, or heroic lay.

Hither the solitary minstrel came,
An honour'd guest, while the grim evening sky
Hung lowering, and around the social flame
Tun'd his bold harp to tales of chivalry.

Thus sings the Muse, all pensive and alone;
Nor scorns, within the deep fane's inmost cell,
To pluck the gray moss from the mantled stone,
Some holy founder's mouldering name to spell.

Thus sings the Muse:—yet partial as she sings,
With fond regret surveys these ruin'd piles:
And with fair images of ancient things
The captive bard's obsequious mind beguiles,

But much we pardon to the' ingenuous Muse;
Her fairy shapes are trick'd by Fancy's pen:
Severer Reason forms far other views,
And scans the scene with philosophic ken.

From these deserted domes new glories rise;
More useful institutes, adorning man,
Manners enlarg'd, and new civilities,
On fresh foundations build the social plan.

Science, on ampler plume, a bolder flight
Essays, escap'd from Superstition's shrine;
While freed Religion, like primeval light
Bursting from chaos, spreads her warmth divine.

SOLITUDE,

AT AN INN. 1769.

Oft upon the twilight plain,
Circled with thy shadowy train,
While the dove at distance coo'd,
Have I met thee, Solitude!
Then was loneliness to me
Best and true society.
But, ah! how alter'd is they mien
In this sad deserted scene!

Here all thy classic pleasures cease,
Musing mild, and thoughtful peace:
Here thou com'st in sullen mood,
Not with thy fantastic brood
Of magic shapes and visions airy,
Beckon'd from the land of Fairy:
Mid the melancholy void
Not a pensive charm enjoy'd!
No poetic being here
Strikes with airy sounds mine ear;
No converse here, to fancy cold,
With many a fleeting form I hold;
Here all inelegant and rude
Thy presence is, sweet Solitude!

SENT TO MR. UPTON,

ON HIS EDITION OF THE FAERIE QUEENE.

As oft, reclin'd on Cherwell's shelving shore,
I trac'd romantic Spenser's moral page,
And sooth'd my sorrows with the dulcet lore
Which Fancy fabled in her elfin age;

Much would I grieve, that envious Time so soon
O'er the lov'd strain had cast his dim disguise;
As lowering clouds, in April's brightest noon,
Mar the pure splendours of the purple skies.

Sage Upton came, from every mystic tale
To chase the gloom that hung o'er fairy ground:
His wizard hand unlocks each guarded vale,
And opes each flowery forest's magic bound.

Thus, never knight with mortal arms essay'd
The castle of proud Busyrane to quell,
Till Britomart her beamy shield display'd,
And broke with golden spear the mighty spell:

The dauntless maid with hardy step explor'd
Each room, array'd in glistering imagery:
And through the' inchanted chamber, richly stor'd,
Saw Cupid's stately mask come sweeping by.

At this, where'er, in distant region sheen,
She roves, embower'd with many a spangled bough,
Mild Una, lifting her majestic mien,
Braids with a brighter wreath her radiant brow.

At this, in hopeless sorrow drooping long,
Her painted wings Imagination plumes;
Pleas'd that her laureate votary's rescued song
Its native charm and genuine grace resumes.

THE SUICIDE.

Beneath the beech, whose branches bare,
Smit with the lightning's livid glare,
O'erhang the craggy road,
And whistle hollow as they wave;
Within a solitary grave,
A slayer of himself holds his accurs'd abode.

Lower'd the grim morn, in murky dyes,
Damp mists involv'd the scowling skies,
And dimm'd the struggling day;
As by the brook, that lingering laves
Yon rush-grown moor with sable waves,
Full of the dark resolve he took his sullen way.

I mark'd his desultory pace,
His gestures strange, and varying face,
With many a mutter'd sound;
And ah! too late aghast I view'd
The reeking blade, the hand embrued;
He fell, and groaning grasp'd in agony the gr

Full many a melancholy night
He watch'd the slow return of light;
And sought the powers of sleep,
To spread a momentary calm
O'er his sad couch, and in the balm
Of bland oblivion's dews his burning eyes to s

Full oft, unknowing and unknown,
He wore his endless noons alone,
Amid the' autumnal wood:
Oft was he wont, in hasty fit,
Abrupt the social board to quit,
And gaze with eager glance upon the tumbling f

Beckoning the wretch to torments new,
Despair, for ever in his view,
A spectre pale, appear'd:
While, as the shades of eve arose,
And brought the day's unwelcome close,
More horrible and huge her giant-shape she re

"Is this, (mistaken Scorn will cry)
Is this the youth whose genius high
Could build the genuine rhyme?
Whose bosom mild the favouring Muse
Had stor'd with all her ample views,
Parent of fairest deeds, and purposes sublime.

Ah! from the Muse that bosom mild
By treacherous magic was beguil'd,
To strike the deathful blow:
She fill'd his soft ingenuous mind
With many a feeling too refin'd, [woe.
And rous'd to livelier pangs his wakeful sense of

Though doom'd hard penury to prove,
And the sharp stings of hopeless love,
To griefs congenial prone;
More wounds than nature gave he knew,
While misery's form his fancy drew
In dark ideal hues, and horrors not its own.

Then wish not o'er his earthy tomb
The baleful nightshade's lurid bloom
To drop its deadly dew:
Nor oh! forbid the twisted thorn,
That rudely binds his turf forlorn, [anew.
With Spring's green-swelling buds to vegetate

What though no marble-piled bust
Adorn his desolated dust,
With speaking sculpture wrought?
Pity shall woo the weeping Nine,
To build a visionary shrine, [brought.
Hung with unfading flowers, from fairy regions

What though refus'd each chanted rite?
Here viewless mourners shall delight
To touch the shadowy shell:
And Petrarch's harp, that wept the doom
Of Laura, lost in early bloom,
In many a pensive pause shall seem to ring his knell.

To sooth a lone, unhallow'd shade,
This votive dirge sad duty paid,
Within an ivied nook:
Sudden the half-sunk orb of day
More radiant shot its parting ray,
And thus a cherub voice my charm'd attention took:

"Forbear, fond bard, thy partial praise;
Nor thus for guilt in specious lays
The wreath of glory twine:
In vain with hues of gorgeous glow
Gay Fancy gives her vest to flow, [fine.
Unless Truth's matron-hand the floating folds con-

"Just Heaven, man's fortitude to prove,
Permits through life at large to rove
The tribes of hell-born Woe:
Yet the same Power that wisely sends
Life's fiercest ills, indulgent lends
Religion's golden shield to break the' embattled foe.

"Her aid divine had lull'd to rest
Yon foul self-murderer's throbbing breast,
And stay'd the rising storm;
Had bade the sun of Hope appear
To gild his darken'd hemisphere, [form.
And give the wonted bloom to Nature's blasted

"Vain man! 'tis Heaven's prerogative
To take, what first it deign'd to give,
Thy tributary breath:
In awful expectation plac'd,
Await thy doom, nor impious haste
To pluck from God's right hand his instruments of death."

*SENT TO A FRIEND,**

ON HIS LEAVING A FAVOURITE VILLAGE IN HAMPSHIRE. 1750.

Ah mourn, thou lov'd retreat! No more
Shall classic steps thy scenes explore!
When morn's pale rays but faintly peep
O'er yonder oak-crown'd airy steep,
Who now shall climb its brows, to view
The length of landscape, ever new,
Where Summer flings, in careless pride,
Her varied vesture far and wide?
Who mark, beneath, each village charm,
Or grange, or elm-encircled farm:
The flinty dove-cote's crowded roof,
Watch'd by the kite that sails aloof:
The tufted pines, whose umbrage tall
Darkens the long-deserted hall:
The veteran beech, that on the plain
Collects at eve the playful train:
The cot that smokes with early fire,
The low-roof'd fane's embosom'd spire?

Who now shall indolently stray
Through the deep forest's tangled way;
Pleas'd at his custom'd task to find
The well-known hoary-tressed hind,
That toils with feeble hands to glean
Of wither'd boughs his pittance mean?

* His brother, Dr. Joseph Warton; who, at the time of this Ode being written, was just leaving his residence at Wynslade, near Basingstoke, and going abroad with Charles Duke of Bolton. The first Sonnet alludes to the same event.

Who mid thy nooks of hazel sit,
Lost in some melancholy fit;
And listening to the raven's croak,
The distant flail, the falling oak?
Who, through the sunshine and the shower,
Descry the rainbow-painted tower?
Who, wandering at return of May,
Catch the first cuckow's vernal lay?
Who musing waste the summer hour,
Where high o'er-arching trees embower
The grassy lane, so rarely pac'd,
With azure flowerets idly grac'd?
Unnotic'd now, at twilight's dawn
Returning reapers cross the lawn;
Nor fond attention loves to note
The wether's bell from folds remote;
While, own'd by no poetic eye,
Thy pensive evenings shade the sky!

For lo! the Bard, who rapture found
In every "rural sight or sound:"
Whose genius warm, and judgment chaste,
No charm of genuine nature pass'd;
Who felt the Muse's purest fires,
Far from thy favour'd haunt retires:
Who peopled all thy vocal bowers
With shadowy shapes, and airy powers.

Behold, a dread repose resumes,
As erst, thy sad sequester'd glooms!
From the deep dell, where shaggy roots
Fringe the rough brink with wreathed shoots,
The' unwilling Genius flies forlorn,
His primrose-chaplet rudely torn.

With hollow shriek the nymphs forsake
The pathless copse, and hedge-row brake;
Where the delv'd mountain's headlong side
Its chalky entrails opens wide,
On the green summit, ambush'd high,
No longer Echo loves to lie.
No pearl-crown'd maids, with wily look,
Rise beckoning from the reedy brook.
Around the glow-worm's glimmering bank,
No fairies run in fiery rank;
Nor brush, half seen, in airy tread,
The violet's unprinted head.
But Fancy, from the thickets brown,
The glades that wear a conscious frown,
The forest oaks, that, pale and lone,
Nod to the blast with hoarser tone,
Rough glens, and sullen waterfalls,
Her bright ideal offspring calls.

So by some sage inchanter's spell,
(As old Arabian fablers tell)
Amid the solitary wild,
Luxuriant gardens gaily smil'd;
From sapphire rocks the fountains stream'd,
With golden fruit the branches beam'd;
Fair forms, in every wondrous wood,
Or lightly tripp'd, or solemn stood;
And oft, retreating from the view,
Betray'd, at distance, beauties new:
While gleaming o'er the crisped bowers
Rich spires arose, and sparkling towers.
If bound on service new to go
The master of the magic show,
His transitory charm withdrew,
Away the' illusive landscape flew:

Dun clouds obscur'd the groves of gold,
Blue lightning wrote the blooming mold.
In visionary glory rear'd,
The gorgeous castle disappear'd;
And a bare heath's unfruitful plain
Usurp'd the wizard's proud domain.

MORNING.

THE AUTHOR CONFINED TO COLLEGE. 1745.

Veriloquus incluse.——
PERS. Sat. I. ver. 13.

Once more the vernal sun's ambrosial beams
The fields as with a purple robe adorn:
Cherwell, thy sedgy banks and glistering streams
All laugh and sing, at mild approach of morn;
Through the deep groves I hear the chanting birds,
And through the clover'd vale the various-lowing herds.

Up mounts the mower from his lowly thatch,
Well pleas'd the progress of the Spring to mark,
The fragrant breath of breezes pure to catch,
And startle from her couch the early lark;
More genuine pleasure soothes his tranquil breast,
Than high-thron'd kings can boast, in eastern glory dress't.

The pensive poet through the green wood steals,
Or treads the willow'd marge of murmuring brook;
Or climbs the steep ascent of airy hills;
There sits him down beneath a branching oak,

Whence various scenes, and prospects wide below,
Still teach his musing mind with fancies high to glow.

But I, nor with the day awake to bliss,
(Inelegant to me fair Nature's face,
A blank the beauty of the morning is,
And grief and darkness all for light and grace;)
Nor bright the sun, nor green the meads appear,
Nor colour charms mine eye, nor melody mine ear.

Me, void of elegance and manners mild,
With leaden rod, stern Discipline restrains;
Stiff Pedantry, of learned Pride the child,
My roving genius binds in gothic chains;
Nor can the cloister'd Muse expand her wing,
Nor bid these twilight roofs with her gay carols ring.

*THE COMPLAINT OF CHERWELL.**
1761.

All pensive from her osier-woven bower
Cherwell arose. Around her darkening edge
Pale Eve began the steaming mist to pour,
And breezes fann'd by fits the rustling sedge:
She rose, and thus she cried in deep despair,
And tore the rushy wreath that bound her streaming hair:

"Ah! why, (she cried) should Isis share alone
The tributary gifts of tuneful fame!

* One of the rivers at Oxford. This ode first appeared in the Oxford collection of verses on the death of George II. in the name of John Chichester, brother to the Earl of Donegall, Gent. Com. of Trin. Coll. It was afterwards published in the first edition of Warton's Poems.

Shall every song her happier influence own,
And stamp with partial praise her favourite name?
While I, alike to those proud domes allied,
Nor hear the Muse's call, nor boast a classic tide.

"No chosen son of all yon fabling band
Bids my loose locks their glossy length diffuse;
Nor sees my coral-cinctur'd stole expand
Its folds, besprent with Spring's unnumber'd hues:
No poet builds my grotto's dripping cell,
Nor studs my crystal throne with many a speckled shell.

"In Isis' vase if Fancy's eye discern
Majestic towers emboss'd in sculpture high;
Lo! milder glories mark my modest urn,
The simple scenes of pastoral imagery:
What though she pace sublime, a stately queen?
Mine is the gentle grace, the meek retiring mien.

"Proud nymph! since late the Muse thy triumphs sung,
No more with mine thy scornful naiads play,
(While Cynthia's lamp o'er the broad vale is hung)
Where meet our streams, indulging short delay;
No more, thy crown to braid, thou deign'st to take
My cress-born flowers, that float in many a shady lake.

"Vain bards! can Isis win the raptur'd soul,
Where Art each wilder watery charm invades?
Whose waves, in measur'd volumes taught to roll,
Or stagnant sleep, or rush in white cascades:
Whose banks with echoing industry resound,
Fenc'd by the foam-beat pier, and torrent-braving mound.

"Lo! here no Commerce spreads the fervent toil,
To pour pollution o'er my virgin tide;
The freshness of my pastures to defile,
Or bruise the matted groves that fringe my side:
But Solitude, on this sequester'd bank,
'Mid the moist lilies sits, attir'd in mantle dank.

"No ruder sounds my grazing herds affright,
Nor mar the milk-maid's solitary song:
The jealous halcyon wheels her humble flight,
And hides her emerald wing my reeds among;
All unalarm'd, save when the genial May [hay.
Bids wake my peopled shores, and rears the ripen'd

"Then scorn no more this unfrequented scene;
So to new notes shall my coy Echo string
Her lonely harp. Hither the brow serene,
And the slow pace of Contemplation bring:
Nor call in vain inspiring Ecstacy,
To bid her visions meet the frenzy-rolling eye.

"Whate'er the theme; if unrequited Love
Seek, all unseen, his bashful griefs to breathe;
Or Fame to bolder flights the bosom move,
Waving aloft the glorious epic wreath;
Here hail the Muses: from the busy throng
Remote, where Fancy dwells, and Nature prompts the song."

THE FIRST OF APRIL.

With dalliance rude young Zephyr wooes
Coy May: full oft with kind excuse
The boisterous boy the Fair denies,
Or with a scornful smile complies.

Mindful of disaster past,
And shrinking at the northern blast,
The sleety storm returning still,
The morning hoar, and evening chill;
Reluctant comes the timid Spring.
Scarce a bee with airy ring,
Murmurs the blossom'd boughs around,
That clothe the garden's southern bound:
Scarce a sickly straggling flower
Decks the rough castle's rifted tower:
Scarce the hardy primrose peeps
From the dark dell's entangled steeps.
O'er the field of waving broom
Slowly shoots the golden bloom;
And, but by fits, the furze-clad dale
Tinctures the transitory gale:
While from the shrubbery's naked maze,
Where the vegetable blaze
Of Flora's brightest 'broidery shone,
Every chequer'd charm is flown;
Save that the lilac hangs to view
Its bursting gems in clusters blue.

Scant along the ridgy land
The beans their new-born ranks expand:
The fresh-turn'd soil with tender blades
Thinly the sprouting barley shades:
Fringing the forest's devious edge,
Half rob'd appears the hawthorn hedge;
Or to the distant eye displays
Weakly green its budding sprays.

The swallow, for a moment seen,
Skims in haste the village-green:

From the gray moor, on feeble wing,
The screaming plovers idly spring:
The butterfly, gay-painted soon
Explores awhile the tepid noon;
And fondly trusts its tender dyes
To fickle suns, and flattering skies.

Fraught with a transient, frozen shower,
If a cloud should haply lower,
Sailing o'er the landscape dark,
Mute on a sudden is the lark:
But when gleams the sun again
O'er the pearl-besprinkled plain,
And from behind his watery veil
Looks through the thin descending hail,
She mounts, and, lessening to the sight,
Salutes the blythe return of light,
And high her tuneful track pursues
Mid the dim rainbow's scatter'd hues.

Where in venerable rows
Widely waving oaks inclose
The moat of yonder antique hall,
Swarm the rooks with clamorous call;
And to the toils of nature true,
Wreathe their capacious nests anew.

Musing through the lawny park,
The lonely poet loves to mark
How various greens in faint degrees
Tinge the tall groups of various trees;
While, careless of the changing year,
The pine cerulean never sere,
Towers distinguish'd from the rest,
And proudly vaunts her winter vest.

Within some whispering osier-isle,
Where Glym's* low banks neglected smile;
And each trim meadow still retains
The wintry torrent's oozy stains:
Beneath a willow, long forsook,
The fisher seeks his custom'd nook;
And bursting through the crackling sedge,
That crowns the current's cavern'd edge,
He startles from the bordering wood
The bashful wild-duck's early brood.

O'er the broad downs, a novel race,
Frisk the lambs with faltering pace,
And with eager bleatings fill
The foss that skirts the beacon'd hill.

His free-born vigour yet unbroke
To lordly man's usurping yoke,
The bounding colt forgets to play,
Basking beneath the noon-tide ray,
And stretch'd among the daisies pied
Of a green dingle's sloping side:
While far beneath, where nature spreads
Her boundless length of level meads,
In loose luxuriance taught to stray,
A thousand tumbling rills inlay
With silver veins the vale, or pass
Redundant through the sparkling grass.

Yet, in these presages rude,
Midst her pensive solitude,
Fancy, with prophetic glance,
Sees the teeming months advance;

* The Glym is a small river in Oxfordshire, which flowed through Mr. Warton's parish of Kiddington.

The field, the forest, green and gay,
The dappled slope, the tedded hay;
Sees the reddening orchard blow,
The harvest wave, the vintage flow;
Sees June unfold his glossy robe
Of thousand hues o'er all the globe;
Sees Ceres grasp her crown of corn,
And Plenty load her ample horn.

ON THE

APPROACH OF SUMMER.

Te, dea, te fugiunt venti, te nubila cœli
Adventumque tuum; tibi suavis daedala tellus
Summittit flores; tibi rident æquora ponti;
Placatumque nitet diffuso lumine cœlum.
LUCRET.

Hence, iron-sceptred Winter, haste
To bleak Siberian waste!
Haste to thy polar solitude;
Mid cataracts of ice, [rude,
Whose torrents dumb are stretch'd in fragments
From many an airy precipice,
Where, ever beat by sleety showers,
Thy gloomy gothic castle towers;
Amid whose howling aisles and halls,
Where no gay sun-beam paints the walls,
On ebon throne thou lov'st to shroud
Thy brows in many a murky cloud.

Ev'n now, before the vernal heat,
Sullen I see thy train retreat:

Thy ruthless host stern Eurus guides,
That on a ravenous tiger rides,
Dim-figur'd on whose robe are shown
Shipwrecks, and villages o'erthrown:
Grim Auster, dropping all with dew,
In mantle clad of watchet hue:
And Cold, like Zemblan savage seen,
Still threatening with his arrows keen;
And next, in furry coat embost
With icicles, his brother Frost.

Winter, farewell! thy forest hoar,
Thy frozen floods delight no more:
Farewell the fields, so bare and wild!
But come, thou rose-cheek'd cherub mild,
Sweetest Summer! haste thee here,
Once more to crown the gladden'd year.
Thee, April blithe, as long of yore,
Bermudas' lawns he frolick'd o'er,
With musky nectar-trickling wing,
(In the new world's first dawning spring)
To gather balm of choicest dews,
And patterns fair of various hues,
With which to paint, in changeful dye,
The youthful earth's embroidery;
To cull the essence of rich smells
In which to dip his new-born bells;
Thee, as he skim'd with pinions fleet,
He found an infant, smiling sweet;
Where a tall citron's shade imbrown'd
The soft lap of the fragrant ground.
There, on an amaranthine bed,
Thee with rare nectarine fruits he fed;
Till soon beneath his forming care,
You bloom'd a goddess debonaire;

And then he gave the blessed isle
Aye to be sway'd beneath thy smile:
There plac'd thy green and grassy shrine,
With myrtle bower'd and jessamine:
And to thy care the task assign'd
With quickening hand, and nurture kind,
His roseate infant-births to rear,
Till Autumn's mellowing reign appear.

Haste thee, nymph! and, hand in hand,
With thee lead a buxom band;
Bring fantastic-footed Joy,
With Sport, that yellow-tressed boy;
Leisure, that through the balmy sky
Chases a crimson butterfly.
Bring Health, that loves in early dawn
To meet the milk-maid on the lawn;
Bring Pleasure, rural nymph; and Peace,
Meek, cottage-loving shepherdess!
And that sweet stripling, Zephyr, bring,
Light, and for ever on the wing.
Bring the dear Muse, that loves to lean
On river-margins, mossy green.
But who is she, that bears thy train,
Pacing light the velvet plain?
The pale pink binds her auburn hair,
Her tresses flow with pastoral air;
'Tis May, the Grace—confest she stands,
By branch of hawthorn in her hands:
Lo! near her trip the lightsome Dews,
Their wings all ting'd in iris-hues;
With whom the powers of Flora play,
And paint with pansies all the way.

Oft when thy season, sweetest Queen,
Has dress'd the groves in livery green;

When in each fair and fertile field
Beauty begins her bower to build:
While Evening, veil'd in shadows brown,
Puts her matron mantle on,
And mists in spreading steams convey,
More fresh, the fumes of new-shorn hay;
Then, Goddess, guide my pilgrim feet
Contemplation hoar to meet,
As slow he winds in useful mood,
Near the rush'd marge of Cherwell's flood;
Or o'er old Avon's magic edge,
Whence Shakspeare cull'd the spiky sedge,
All playful yet, in years unripe,
To frame a shrill and simple pipe.
There through the dusk but dimly seen,
Sweet evening objects intervene:
His wattled cotes the shepherd plants,
Beneath her elm the milk-maid chants,
The woodman, speeding home, awhile
Rests him at a shady stile.
Nor wants there fragrance to dispense
Refreshment o'er my soothed sense;
Nor tangled woodbines' balmy bloom,
Nor grass besprent to breathe perfume:
Nor lurking wild-thyme's spicy sweet
To bathe in dew my roving feet:
Nor wants there note of Philomel,
Nor sound of distant-tinkling bell:
Nor lowings faint of herds remote,
Nor mastiff's bark from bosom'd cot;
Rustle the breezes lightly borne
O'er deep embattled ears of corn:
Round ancient elm, with humming noise,
Full loud the chaffer-swarms rejoice.

Meantime, a thousand dies invest
The ruby chambers of the West!
That all aslant the village tower
A mild reflected radiance pour,
While, with the level-streaming rays
Far seen its arched windows blaze;
And the tall grove's green top is dight
In russet tints, and gleams of light:
So that the gay scene by degrees
Bathes my blithe heart in ecstacies;
And Fancy to my ravish'd sight
Pourtrays her kindred visions bright.
At length the parting light subdues
My soften'd soul to calmer views,
And fainter shapes of pensive joy,
As twilight dawns, my mind employ,
Till from the path I fondly stray
In musings lap'd, nor heed the way;
Wandering through the landscape still,
Till Melancholy has her fill;
And on each moss-wove border damp
The glow-worm hangs his fairy lamp.

But when the Sun, at noon-tide hour,
Sits throned in his highest tow'r;
Me, heart-rejoicing Goddess, lead
To the tann'd haycock in the mead:
To mix in rural mood among
The nymphs and swains, a busy throng;
Or, as the tepid odours breathe,
The russet piles to lean beneath:
There as my listless limbs are thrown
On couch more soft than palace down;
I listen to the busy sound
Of mirth and toil, that hums around;

And see the team shrill tinkling pass,
Alternate o'er the furrow'd grass.

But ever, after summer show'r,
When the bright Sun's returning pow'r,
With laughing beam has chas'd the storm,
And cheer'd reviving Nature's form;
By sweet-brier hedges, bath'd in dew,
Let me my wholesome path pursue:
There issuing forth, the frequent snail
Wears the dank way with slimy trail,
While, as I walk, from pearled bush
The sunny-sparkling drop I brush;
And all the landscape fair I view
Clad in robe of fresher hue:
And so loud the blackbird sings,
That far and near the valley rings.
From shelter deep of shaggy rock
The shepherd drives his joyful flock;
From bowering beech the mower blithe
With new-born vigour grasps the scythe;
While o'er the smooth unbounded meads
His last faint gleam the rainbow spreads.

But ever against restless heat,
Bear me to the rock-arch'd seat,
O'er whose dim mouth an ivied oak
Hangs nodding from the low-brow'd rock:
Haunted by that chaste nymph alone,
Whose waters cleave the smoothed stone;
Which, as they gush upon the ground,
Still scatter misty dews around:
A rustic, wild, grotesque alcove,
Its side with mantling woodbines wove;

Cool as the cave where Clio dwells,
When Helicon's fresh fountain wells;
Or noon-tide grot where Sylvan sleeps
On hoar Lycæum's piny steeps.

Me, Goddess, in such cavern lay,
While all without is scorch'd in day;
Sore sighs the weary swain, beneath
His withering hawthorn on the heath;
The drooping hedger wishes eve,
In vain, of labour short reprieve!
Meantime, on Afric's glowing sands,
Smote with keen heat, the traveller stands:
Low sinks his heart, while round his eye
Measures the scenes that boundless lie,
Ne'er yet by foot of mortal worn,
Where Thirst, wan pilgrim, walks forlorn.
How does he wish some cooling wave
To slake his lips, or limbs to lave!
And thinks, in every whisper low,
He hears a bursting fountain flow.

Or bear me to yon antique wood,
Dim temple of sage Solitude!
There within a nook most dark,
Where none my musing mood may mark,
Let me in many a whisper'd rite
The genius old of Greece invite,
With that fair wreath my brows to bind,
Which for his chosen imps he twin'd,
Well nurtur'd in Pierian lore,
On clear Ilissus' laureate shore.—
Till high on waving nest reclin'd,
The raven wakes my tranced mind!

Or to the forest-fringed vale,
Where widow'd turtle's love to wail,
Where cowslips, clad in mantle meek,
Nod their tall heads to breezes weak:
In the midst, with sedges gray
Crown'd, a scant rivulet winds its way,
And trembling through the weedy wreaths,
Around an oozy freshness breathes.
O'er the solitary green,
Nor cot, nor loitering hind is seen:
Nor aught alarms the mute repose,
Save that by fits an heifer lows:
A scene might tempt some peaceful sage
To rear him a lone hermitage;
Fit place his pensive eld might choose
On virtue's holy lore to muse.

Yet still the sultry noon to' appease,
Some more romantic scene might please;
Or fairy bank, or magic lawn,
By Spenser's lavish pencil drawn:
Or bower on Vallombrosa's shade,
By legendary pens pourtray'd.
Haste, let me shroud from painful light,
On that hoar hill's aërial height,
In solemn state, where waving wide,
Thick pines with darkening umbrage hide
The rugged vaults, and riven towers
Of that proud castle's painted bowers,
Whence Hardyknute, a baron bold,
In Scotland's martial days of old,
Descended from the stately feast,
Begirt with many a warrior guest,
To quell the pride of Norway's king,
With quivering lance and twanging string.

As through the caverns dim I wind,
Might I that holy legend find,
By fairies spelt in mystic rhymes,
To teach enquiring later times,
What open force, or secret guile,
Dash'd into dust the solemn pile.
But when mild Morn in saffron stole
First issues from her eastern goal,
Let not my dew feet fail to climb
Some breezy summit's brow sublime,
Whence Nature's universal face
Illumin'd smiles with new-born grace;
The misty streams that wind below
With silver-sparkling lustre glow;
The groves and castled cliffs appear
Invested all in radiance clear;
O! every village charm beneath!
The smoke that mounts in azure wreath!
O beauteous, rural interchange!
The simple spire, and elmy grange!
Content, indulging blissful hours,
Whistles o'er the fragrant flowers,
And cattle, rous'd to pasture new,
Shake jocund from their sides the dew.
'Tis thou, alone, O Summer mild!
Canst bid me carol wood-notes wild:
Whene'er I view thy genial scenes;
Thy waving woods, embroider'd greens;
What fires within my bosom wake,
How glows my mind the reed to take!
What charms like thine the muse can call,
With whom 'tis youth and laughter all!
With whom each field's a paradise,
And all the globe a bower of bliss!

With thee conversing, all the day,
I meditate my lightsome lay.
These pedant cloisters let me leave,
To breathe my votive song at eve,
In valleys, where mild whispers use
Of shade and stream, to court the muse;
While wandering o'er the brook's dim verge,
I hear the stock-dove's dying dirge.

But when life's busier scene is o'er,
And age shall give the tresses hoar,
I'd fly soft Luxury's marble dome,
And make an humble thatch my home,
Which sloping hills around inclose,
Where many a beech and brown oak grows;
Beneath whose dark and branching bowers
Its tides a far-fam'd river pours:
By Nature's beauties taught to please,
Sweet Tusculane of rural ease!
Still grot of Peace! in lowly shed
Who loves to rest her gentle head.
For not the scenes of Attic art
Can comfort care, or sooth the heart:
No burning cheek, nor wakeful eye,
For gold and Tyrian purple fly.

Thither, kind Heaven, in pity lent,
Send me a little, and content;
The faithful friend, and cheerful night,
The social scene of dear delight:
The conscience pure, the temper gay,
The musing eve, and idle day.
Give me beneath cool shades to sit,
Rapt with the charms of classic wit:

To catch the bold heroic flame,
That built immortal Græcia's fame.
Nor let me fail, meantime, to raise
The solemn song to Britain's praise:
To spurn the shepherd's simple reeds,
And paint heroic ancient deeds:
To chant fam'd Arthur's magic tale,
And Edward, stern, in sable mail;
Or wandering Brutus' lawless doom,
Or brave Bonduca, scourge of Rome.

O ever to sweet Poësy
Let me live true votary!
She shall lead me by the hand,
Queen of sweet smiles, and solace bland!
She from her precious stores shall shed
Ambrosial flowerets o'er my head:
She, from my tender youthful cheek,
Can wipe, with lenient finger meek,
The secret and unpitied tear,
Which still I drop in darkness drear.
She shall be my blooming bride;
With her, as years successive glide,
I'll hold divinest dalliance,
For ever held in holy trance.

THE CRUSADE.

King Richard the first, celebrated for his achievements in the Crusades, was no less distinguished for his patronage of the Provincial minstrels, and his own compositions in their species of poetry. Returning from one of his expeditions in the Holy Land, in disguise, he was imprisoned in a castle of Leopold duke of Austria. His favourite minstrel, Blondel de Nesle, having traversed all Germany in search of his master, at length came to a castle, in which he found there was only one prisoner, and whose name was unknown. Suspecting that he had made the desired discovery, he seated himself under a window of the prisoner's apartment; and began a song, or ode, which the King and himself had formerly composed together. When the prisoner, who was King Richard, heard the song, he knew that Blondel must be the singer: and when Blondel paused about the middle, the King began the remainder, and completed it. The following ode is *supposed* to be this joint composition of the Minstrel and King Richard.

Bound for holy Palestine,
Nimbly we brush'd the level brine,
All in azure steel array'd;
O'er the wave our weapons play'd,
And made the dancing billows glow;
High upon the trophied prow,
Many a warrior-minstrel swung
His sounding harp, and boldly sung:

"Syrian virgins, wail and weep,
English Richard ploughs the deep!
Tremble, watchmen, as ye spy,
From distant towers, with anxious eye,
The radiant range of shield and lance
Down Damascus' hills advance:

From Sion's turrets as afar
Ye ken the march of Europe's war!
Saladin, thou paynim king,
From Albion's isle revenge we bring!
On Acon's* spiry citadel,
Though to the gale thy banners swell,
Pictur'd with the silver moon;
England shall end thy glory soon!
In vain, to break our firm array,
Thy brazen drums hoarse discord bray:
Those sounds our rising fury fan:
English Richard in the van,
On to victory we go,
A vaunting infidel the foe."

Blondel led the tuneful band,
And swept the wire with glowing hand.
Cyprus, from her rocky mound,
And Crete, with piny verdure crown'd,
Far along the smiling main
Echoed the prophetic strain.

Soon we kiss'd the sacred earth
That gave a murder'd Saviour birth;
Then, with ardour fresh endued,
Thus the solemn song renew'd.

"Lo, the toilsome voyage past,
Heaven's favour'd hills appear at last!
Object of our holy vow,
We tread the Tyrian valleys now.
From Carmel's almond-shaded steep
We feel the cheering fragrance creep:

* A city and fortress of Syria, now called St. John d'Acre.

O'er Engaddi's shrubs of balm
Waves the date-empurpled palm,
See Lebanon's aspiring head
Wide his immortal umbrage spread!
Hail Calvary, thou mountain hoar,
Wet with our Redeemer's gore!
Ye trampled tombs, ye fanes forlorn,
Ye stones, by tears of pilgrims worn;
Your ravish'd honours to restore,
Fearless we climb this hostile shore!
And thou, the sepulchre of God!
By mocking pagans rudely trod,
Bereft of every awful rite,
And quench'd thy lamps that beam'd so
For thee, from Britain's distant coast,
Lo, Richard leads his faithful host!
Aloft in his heroic hand,
Blazing, like the beacon's brand,
O'er the far-affrighted fields,
Resistless Kaliburn* he wields.
Proud Saracen, pollute no more
The shrines by martyrs built of yore!
From each wild mountain's trackless cro
In vain thy gloomy castles frown:
Thy battering engines, huge and high,
In vain our steel-clad steeds defy;
And, rolling in terrific state,
On giant wheels harsh thunders grate.
When eve has hush'd the buzzing camp,
Amid the moon-light vapours damp,

* Kaliburn is the sword of King Arthur; which, as the historians say, came into the possession of Richard the F was given by that monarch, in the crusades, to Tancred Sicily, as a royal present of inestimable value, about 1190. See the following Ode. W.

Thy necromantic forms, in vain,
Haunt us on the tented plain:
We bid those spectre shapes avaunt,
Ashtaroth, and Termagaunt;
With many a demon, pale of hue,
Doom'd to drink the bitter dew
That drops from Macon's sooty tree,
'Mid the dread grove of ebony.
Nor magic charms, nor fiends of hell,
The Christian's holy courage quell.

"Salem, in ancient majesty
Arise, and lift thee to the sky!
Soon on thy battlements divine
Shall wave the badge of Constantine.
Ye barons, to the sun unfold
Our Cross with crimson wove and gold!"

THE GRAVE OF KING ARTHUR.

King Henry the Second, having undertaken an expedition into Ireland, to suppress a rebellion raised by Roderick, King of Connaught, commonly called O'Connor Dun, or "the brown Monarch of Ireland," was entertained, in his passage through Wales, with the songs of the Welch Bards. The subject of their poetry was King Arthur, whose history had been so disguised by fabulous inventions, that the place of his burial was in general scarcely known or remembered. But in one of these Welch poems, sung before Henry, it was recited, that King Arthur, after the battle of Camlan, in Cornwall, was interred at Glastonbury Abbey, before the high altar, yet without any external mark or memorial. Afterwards Henry visited the abbey, and commanded the spot, described by the Bard, to be opened: when digging near twenty feet deep, they found the body, deposited under a large stone, inscribed with Arthur's name. This is the ground-work of the following Ode: but, for the better accommodation of the story to our present purpose, it is told with some slight variations from the Chronicle of Glastonbury. The castle of Cilgarran, where this discovery is supposed to have been made, now a romantic ruin, stands on a rock descending to the river Teivi, in Pembrokeshire; and was built by Roger Montgomery, who led the van of the Normans at Hastings. W.

STATELY the feast, and high the cheer:
Girt with many an armed peer,
And canopied with golden pall,
Amid Cilgarran's castle-hall,
Sublime in formidable state,
And warlike splendour, Henry sate;
Prepar'd to stain the briny flood
Of Shannon's lakes with rebel blood.

Illumining the vaulted roof,
A thousand torches flam'd aloof:

From massy cups, with golden gleam
Sparkled the red metheglin's stream:
To grace the gorgeous festival,
Along the lofty-window'd hall,
The storied tapestry was hung:
With minstrelsy the rafters rung
Of harps, that with reflected light
From the proud gallery glitter'd bright:
While gifted bards, a rival throng,
(From distant Mona, nurse of song,
From Teivi, fring'd with umbrage brown,
From Elvy's vale, and Cader's crown,
From many a shaggy precipice
That shades Ierne's hoarse abyss,
And many a sunless solitude
Of Radnor's inmost mountains rude,)
To crown the banquet's solemn close,
Themes of British glory chose;
And to the strings of various chime
Attemper'd thus the fabling rhyme:

"O'er Cornwall's cliffs the tempest roar'd,
High the screaming sea-mew soar'd;
On Tintaggel's* topmost tower
Darksome fell the sleety shower;
Round the rough castle shrilly sung
The whirling blast, and wildly flung
On each tall rampart's thundering side
The surges of the tumbling tide:

* Tintaggel or Tintadgel Castle, where King Arthur is said to have been born, and to have chiefly resided. Some of its huge fragments still remain, on a rocky peninsula cape, of a prodigious declivity towards the sea, and almost inaccessible from the land side, on the northern coasts of Cornwall. W.

When Arthur rang'd his red-cross ranks
On conscious Camlan's crimson'd banks:
By Mordred's faithless guile decreed
Beneath a Saxon spear to bleed!
Yet in vain a paynim foe
Arm'd with fate the mighty blow;
For when he fell, an elfin queen,
All in secret, and unseen,
O'er the fainting hero threw
Her mantle of ambrosial blue;
And bade her spirits bear him far,
In Merlin's agate-axled car,
To her green isle's enamell'd steep,
Far in the navel of the deep.
O'er his wounds she sprinkled dew
From flowers that in Arabia grew:
On a rich inchanted bed
She pillow'd his majestic head;
O'er his brow, with whispers bland,
Thrice she wav'd an opiate wand;
And to soft music's airy sound,
Her magic curtains clos'd around.
There, renew'd the vital spring,
Again he reigns a mighty king;
And many a fair and fragrant clime,
Blooming in immortal prime,
By gales of Eden ever fann'd,
Owns the monarch's high command:
Thence to Britain shall return,
(If right prophetic rolls I learn)
Borne on Victory's spreading plume,
His ancient sceptre to resume;
Once more, in old heroic pride,
His barbed courser to bestride;

His knightly table to restore,
And brave the tournaments of yore "

They ceas'd; when on the tuneful stage
Advanc'd a bard, of aspect sage:
His silver tresses, thin besprent,
To age a graceful reverence lent;
His beard, all white as spangles frore
That clothe Plinlimmon's forest hoar,
Down to his harp descending flow'd;
With Time's faint rose his features glow'd;
His eyes diffus'd a soften'd fire,
And thus he wak'd the warbling wire:

" Listen, Henry, to my rede!
Not from fairy realms I lead
Bright-rob'd Tradition, to relate
In forged colours Arthur's fate;
Though much of old romantic lore
On the high theme I keep in store:
But boastful Fiction should be dumb,
Where Truth the strain might best become.
If thine ear may still be won
With songs of Uther's glorious son,
Henry, I a tale unfold,
Never yet in rhyme enroll'd,
Nor sung nor harp'd in hall or bower;
Which in my youth's full early flower,
A minstrel, sprung of Cornish line,
Who spoke of kings from old Locrine,
Taught me to chant, one vernal dawn,
Deep in a cliff-encircled lawn,
What time the glistening vapours fled
From cloud-envelop'd Clyder's* head;

* Or *Glyder, a mountain in Caernarvonshire.* W.

And on its sides the torrents gray
Shone to the morning's orient ray.

" When Arthur bow'd his haughty crest,
No princess, veil'd in azure vest,
Snatch'd him, by Merlin's potent spell,
In groves of golden bliss to dwell;
Where, crown'd with wreaths of misletoe,
Slaughter'd kings in glory go:
But when he fell, with winged speed,
His champions, on a milk-white steed,
From the battle's hurricane,
Bore him to Joseph's towered fane,
In the fair vale of Avalon:*
There, with chanted orison,
And the long blaze of tapers clear,
The stoled fathers met the bier:
Through the dim aisles, in order dread
Of martial woe, the chief they led,
And deep intomb'd in holy ground,
Before the altar's solemn bound.
Around no dusky banners wave,
No mouldering trophies mark the grave:
Away the ruthless Dane has torn
Each trace that Time's slow touch had worn;
And long, o'er the neglected stone,
Oblivion's veil its shade has thrown:
The faded tomb, with honour due,
'Tis thine, O Henry, to renew!
Thither, when Conquest has restor'd
Yon recreant isle, and sheath'd the sword,

* Glastonbury Abbey, said to be founded by Joseph of Arimathea, in a spot anciently called the island, or valley of Avalonia.

When Peace with palm has crown'd thy brows,
Haste thee, to pay thy pilgrim vows,
There, observant of my lore,
The pavement's hallow'd depth explore;
And thrice a fathom underneath
Dive into the vaults of death.
There shall thine eye, with wild amaze,
On his gigantic stature gaze;
There shalt thou find the monarch laid,
All in warrior weeds array'd;
Wearing in death his helmet-crown,
And weapons huge of old renown.
Martial prince, 'tis thine to save
From dark oblivion Arthur's grave!
So may thy ships securely stem
The western frith: thy diadem
Shine victorious in the van,
Nor heed the slings of Ulster's clan:
Thy Norman pike-men win their way
Up the dun rocks of Harald's bay:*
And from the steeps of rough Kildare
Thy prancing hoofs the falcon scare:
So may thy bow's unerring yew
Its shafts in Roderick's heart imbrew."†

Amid the pealing symphony
The spiced goblets mantled high;
With passion's new the song impress'd
The listening king's impatient breast:

* The bay of Dublin. Harald, or Harsager, the Fairhaired, King of Norway, is said, in the life of Gryffudh ap Conan, Prince of North Wales to have conquered Ireland, and to have founded Dublin. W.

† Henry is supposed to have succeeded in this enterprise chiefly by the use of the long bow, with which the Irish were entirely unacquainted. W.

Flash the keen lightnings from his eyes;
He scorns awhile his bold emprise;
Ev'n now he seems, with eager pace,
The consecrated floor to trace,
And ope, from its tremendous gloom,
The treasure of the wondrous tomb:
Ev'n now he burns in thought to rear,
From its dark bed, the ponderous spear,
Rough with the gore of Pictish kings:
Ev'n now fond hope his fancy wings,
To poise the monarch's massy blade,
Of magic-temper'd metal made,
And drag to day the the dinted shield
That felt the storm of Camlan's field.
O'er the sepulchre profound
Ev'n now with arching sculpture crown'd,
He plans the chantry's choral shrine,
The daily dirge, and rites divine.

FOR MUSIC.

ON THE 2D OF JULY, 1751, BEING THE ANNIVERSARY APPOINTED BY THE LATE LORD CREW, BISHOP OF DURHAM, FOR THE COMMEMORATION OF BENEFACTORS TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

Quique sacerdotes casti, dum vita manebat;
Quique pii vates, et Phœbo digna locuti;
Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes:
Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo;
Omnibus his— VIRGIL.

WHERE shall the Muse, that on the sacred shell,
Of men in arts and arms renown'd,
The solemn strain delights to swell;

Oh! where shall Clio choose a race,
Whom Fame with every laurel, every grace,
Like those of Albion's envied isles, has crown'd?
Daughter and mistress of the sea,
All-honour'd Albion hail!
Where'er thy Commerce spreads the swelling sail,
Ne'er shall she find a land like thee,
So brave, so learned, and so free;
All-honour'd Albion hail!

But in this princely land of all that's good and great,
Would Clio seek the most distinguish'd seat,
Most blest, where all is so sublimely blest,
That with superior grace o'erlooks the rest,
Like a rich gem in circling gold enshrin'd;
Where Isis' waters wind
Along the sweetest shore,
That ever felt fair Culture's hands,
Or Spring's embroider'd mantle wore,
Lo! where majestic Oxford stands;
Virtue's awful throne!
Wisdom's immortal source!
Thee well her best belov'd may boasting Albion own,
Whence each fair purpose of ingenuous praise,
All that in thought or deed divine is deem'd,
In one unbounded tide, one unremitted course,
From age to age has still successive stream'd;
Where Learning and where Liberty have nurs'd,
For those that in their ranks have shone the first,
Their most luxuriant growth of ever-blooming bays.

In ancient days, when she, the Queen endued
With more than female fortitude,
Bonduca led her painted ranks to fight;
Oft times, in adamantine arms array'd,
Pallas descended from the realms of light,

Imperial Britonesse! thy kindred aid.
As once, all-glowing from the well-fought day,
The Goddess sought a cooling stream,
By chance, inviting with their glassy gleam,
Fair Isis' waters flow'd not far away.
Eager she view'd the wave,
On the cool bank she bar'd her breast,
To the soft gale her locks ambrosial gave;
And thus the watery nymph address'd:
"Hear, gentle nymph, whoe'er thou art,
Thy sweet refreshing stores impart:
A goddess from thy mossy brink
Asks of thy crystal stream to drink:
Lo! Pallas asks the friendly gift,
Thy coral-crowned tresses lift,
Rise from the wave, propitious power,
O listen from thy pearly bower."

Her accents Isis' calm attention caught,
As lonesome in her secret cell,
In ever-varying hues, as mimic fancy taught,
She rang'd the many-tinctur'd shell:
Then from her work arose the Nais mild;
She rose, and sweetly smil'd
With many a lovely look,
That whisper'd soft consent:
She smil'd, and gave the goddess in her flood
To dip her casque, though dy'd in recent blood;
While Pallas, as the boon she took,
Thus pour'd the grateful sentiment:
"For this, thy flood the fairest name
Of all Britannia's streams shall glide,
Best favourite of the sons of fame,
Of every tuneful breast the pride:

For on thy borders, bounteous queen,
Where now the cowslip paints the green
With unregarded grace,
Her wanton herds where nature feeds,
As lonesome o'er the breezy reeds
She bends her silent pace;
Lo! there, to wisdom's Goddess dear,
A far-fam'd city shall her turrets rear,
There all her force shall Pallas prove;
Of classic leaf with every crown,
Each olive, meed of old renown,
Each ancient wreath, which Athens wove,
I'll bid her blooming bowers abound;
And Oxford's sacred seats shall tower
To thee, mild Nais of the flood,
The trophy of my gratitude!
The temple of my power!"
Nor was the pious promise vain;
Soon illustrious Alfred came, [plain.
And pitch'd fair Wisdom's tent on Isis' plenteous
Alfred, on thee shall all the Muses wait,
Alfred, majestic name,
Of all our praise the spring!
Thee all thy sons shall sing,
Deck'd with the martial and civic wreath:
In notes most awful shall the trumpet breathe
To thee, great Romulus of Learning's richest state!
Nor Alfred's bounteous hand alone,
Oxford, thy rising temples own:
Soon many a sage munificent,
The prince, the prelate, laurel-crowned crowd,
Their ample bounty lent
To build the beauteous monument,
That Pallas vow'd.

And now she lifts her head sublime,
Majestic in the moss of time;
Nor wants there Græcia's better part,
Mid the proud piles of ancient art,
Whose fretted spires, with ruder hand,
Wainflet and Wickham bravely plann'd;
Nor decent doric to dispense
New charms mid old magnificence;
And here and there soft Corinth weaves
Her dædal coronet of leaves;
While, as with rival pride, their towers invade the sky,
Radcliffe and Bodley seem to vie,
Which shall deserve the foremost place,
Or gothic strength or attic grace.

O Isis! ever will I chant thy praise;
Not that thy sons have struck the golden lyre
With hands most skilful; have their brows entwin'd
With every fairest flower of Helicon,
The sweetest swans of all the' harmonious choir;
And bade the musing mind
Of every science pierce the pathless ways,
And from the rest the wreath of wisdom won:
But that thy sons have dar'd to feel
For Freedom's cause a sacred zeal;
With British breast, and patriot pride,
Have still Corruption's cup defied;
In dangerous days untaught to fear,
Have held the name of honour dear.

But chief on this illustrious day,
The Muse her loudest Pæans loves to pay.
Erewhile she strove with accents weak
In vain to build the lofty rhyme;
At length, by better days of bounty cheer'd,
She dares unfold her wing.

Hail hour of transport most sublime!
In which, the man rever'd,
Immortal Crew commands to sing,
And gives the pipe to breathe, the string to speak.

Blest prelate, hail!
Most pious patron, most triumphant theme!
From whose auspicious hand
On Isis' towers new beauties beam,
New praise her Nursing Fathers gain;
Immortal Crew!
Blest prelate, hail!
Ev'n now fir'd Fancy sees thee lead
To Fame's high-seated fane
The shouting band!
O'er every hallow'd head
Fame's choicest wreaths she sees thee spread;
Alfred superior smiles the solemn scene to view;
And bids the Goddess lift
Her loudest trumpet to proclaim,
O Crew! thy consecrated gift,
And echo with his own, in social strains, thy name.

ON

HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY. 1785.

Amid the thunder of the war,
True Glory guides no echoing car;
Nor bids the sword her bays bequeath,
Nor stains with blood her brightest wreath;
No plumed hosts her tranquil triumphs own;
Nor spoils of murder'd multitudes she brings,
To swell the state of her distinguish'd kings,
And deck her chosen throne.

On that fair throne, to Britain dear,
With the flowering olive twin'd,
High she hangs the hero's spear,
And there with all the palms of peace combin'd,
Her unpolluted hands the milder trophy rear.
To kings like these, her genuine theme,
The Muse a blameless homage pays;
To George, of kings like these supreme,
She wishes honour'd length of days,
Nor prostitutes the tribute of her lays.

'Tis his to bid neglected genius glow,
And teach the regal bounty how to flow.
His tutelary sceptre's sway
The vindicated arts obey,
And hail their patron king;
'Tis his to judgment's steady line
Their flights fantastic to confine,
And yet expand their wing;
The fleeting forms of fashion to restrain,
And bind capricious Taste in Truth's eternal chain.
Sculpture, licentious now no more,
From Greece her great example takes;
With Nature's warmth the marble wakes,
And spurns the toys of modern lore:
In native beauty simply plann'd,
Corinth, thy tufted shafts ascend;
The Graces guide the painter's hand,
His magic mimicry to blend.

While such the gifts his reign bestows,
Amid the proud display,
Those gems around the throne he throws,
That shed a softer ray:

While from the summits of sublime renown
He wafts his favour's universal gale,
With those sweet flowers he bind's a crown,
That bloom in Virtue's humble vale:
With rich munificence the nuptial tie
Unbroken he combines,
Conspicuous in a nation's eye
The sacred pattern shines.
Fair Science to reform, reward, and raise,
To spread the lustre of domestic praise,
To foster Emulation's holy flame,
To build Society's majestic frame,
Mankind to polish, and to teach,
Be this the monarch's aim;
Above Ambition's giant reach
The monarch's meed to claim.

FOR

THE NEW YEAR, 1780.

"DEAR to Jove, a genial isle
Crowns the broad Atlantic wave;
The seasons there in mild assemblage smile,
And vernal blossoms clothe the fruitful prime.
There, in many a fragrant cave,
Dwell the Spirits of the brave,
And braid with amaranth their brows sublime:—"
So feign'd the Grecian bards, of yore;
And veil'd in Fable's fancy-woven vest
A visionary shore,
That faintly gleam'd on their prophetic eye
Through the dark volume of futurity:

Nor knew that in the bright attire they dress'd
Albion, the green-hair'd heroine of the West;
Ere yet she claim'd old Ocean's high command,
And snatch'd the trident from the Tyrant's hand.

Vainly flow'd the mystic rhyme!—
Mark the deeds from age to age,
That fill her trophy-pictur'd page:
And see, with all its strength, untam'd by time,
Still glows her valour's veteran rage.
O'er Calpe's* cliffs, and steepy towers
When stream'd the red sulphureous showers,
And Death's own hand the dread artillery threw.
While far along the midnight main
Its glaring arch the flaming volley drew;
How triumph'd Elliot's patient train,
Baffling their vain confederate foes;
And met the' unwonted fight's terrific form;
And hurling back the burning war, arose
Superior to the fiery storm!

Is there an ocean that forgets to roll,
Beneath the torpid pole,
Nor to the brooding tempest heaves?
Her hardy keel the stubborn billow cleaves.
The rugged Neptune of the wintry brine
In vain his adamantine breast-plate wears:
To search coy Nature's guarded mine,
She bursts the barriers of the' indignant ice;
O'er sunless bays the beam of Science bears:
And rousing far around the polar deep,
Where Drake's bold ensigns fear'd to sweep,
She sees new nations flock to some fell sacrifice.

* Gibraltar.

She speeds, at George's sage command,
Society from deep to deep,
And zone to zone she binds;
From shore to shore, o'er every land,
The golden chain of commerce winds.

Meantime her patriot cares explore
Her own rich woof's exhaustless store,
Her native fleece new fervour feels,
And wakens all its whirling wheels,
And mocks the rainbow's radiant dye;
More wide the labours of the loom she spreads,
In firmer bands domestic commerce weds,
And calls her Sister-isle to share the tie:
Nor heeds the violence that broke
From filial realms her old parental yoke!

Her cities, throng'd with many an Attic dome,
Ask not the banner'd bastion, massy proof;
Firm as the castle's feudal roof,
Stands the Briton's social home.—
Hear, Gaul, of England's liberty the lot!
Right, Order, Law, protect her simplest plain;
Nor scorn to guard the shepherd's nightly fold.
And watch around the forest cot.
With conscious certainty, the swain
Gives to the ground his trusted grain,
With eager hope the reddening harvest eyes;
And claims the ripe autumnal gold,
The meed of toil, of industry the prize.
For ours the King, who boasts a parent's praise,
Whose hand the people's sceptre sways;
Ours is the Senate, not a specious name,
Whose active plans pervade the civil frame:
Where bold debate its noblest war displays,

And, in the kindling strife, unlocks the tide
Of manliest eloquence, and rolls the torrent wide.

Hence then, each vain complaint, away,
Each captious doubt, and cautious fear!
Nor blast the new-born year,
That anxious waits the Spring's slow-shooting ray:
Nor deem that Albion's honours cease to bloom.
With candid glance, the' impartial Muse,
Invok'd on this auspicious morn,
The present scans, the distant scene pursues,
And breaks Opinion's speculative gloom:
Interpreter of ages yet unborn,
Full right she spells the characters of Fate,
That Albion still shall keep her wonted state!
Still in eternal story shine,
Of Victory the sea-beat shrine;
The source of every splendid art,
Of old, of future worlds, the universal mart.

FOR

HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1786.

When Freedom nurs'd her native fire
In ancient Greece, and rul'd the lyre;
Her bards, disdainful, from the tyrant's brow
The tinsel gifts of flattery tore;
But paid to guiltless power their willing vow:
And to the throne of virtuous kings,
Tempering the tone of their vindictive strings,
From truth's unprostituted store,
The fragrant wreath of gratulation bore.

'Twas thus Alcæus smote the manly chord;
And Pindar on the Persian Lord
His notes of indignation hurl'd,
And spurn'd the minstrel slaves of eastern sway,
From trembling Thebes extorting conscious shame;
But o'er the diadem, by Freedom's flame
Illum'd, the banner of renown unfurl'd:
Thus to his Hiero decreed,
'Mongst the bold chieftains of the Pythian game,
The brightest verdure of Castalia's bay;
And gave an ampler meed
Of Pisan palms, than in the field of Fame
Were wont to crown the car's victorious speed:
And hail'd his sceptred champion's patriot zeal,
Who mix'd the monarch's with the people's weal:
From civil plans who claim'd applause,
And train'd obedient realms to Spartan laws.

And he, sweet master of the Doric oat,
Theocritus, forsook awhile
The graces of his pastoral isle,
The lowing vale, the bleating cote,
The clusters on the sunny steep,
And Pan's own umbrage, dark and deep,
The caverns hung with ivy-twine,
The cliffs that wav'd with oak and pine,
And Ætna's hoar romantic pile:
And caught the bold Homeric note,
In stately sounds exalting high
The reign of bounteous Ptolemy:
Like the plenty-teeming tide
Of his own Nile's redundant flood,
O'er the cheer'd nations, far and wide,
Diffusing opulence and public good;

While in the richly warbled lays
Was blended Berenice's name;
Pattern fair of female fame,
Softening with domestic life
Imperial splendour's dazzling rays,
The queen, the mother, and the wife!

To deck with honour due this festal day,
O for a strain from these sublimer bards!
Who free to grant, yet fearless to refuse
Their awful suffrage, with impartial aim
Invok'd the jealous panegyric Muse;
Nor, but to genuine worth's severer claim,
Their proud distinction deign'd to pay,
Stern arbiters of glory's bright awards!
For peerless bards like these alone,
The bards of Greece might best adorn,
With seemly song the Monarch's natal morn;
Who, thron'd in the magnificence of peace,
Rivals their richest regal theme;
Who rules a people like their own,
In arms, in polish'd arts supreme;
Who bids his Britain vie with Greece.

FOR

THE NEW YEAR, 1787.

In rough magnificence array'd,
When ancient Chivalry display'd
The pomp of her heroic games;
And crested chiefs, and tissued dames,
Assembled, at the clarion's call,
In some proud castle's high-arch'd hall,

To grace romantic glory's genial rites:
Associate of the gorgeous festival,
The Minstrel struck his kindred string,
And told of many a steel-clad King,
Who to the turney train'd his hardy knights;
Or bore the radiant red-cross shield
Mid the bold peers of Salem's field;
Who travers'd pagan climes to quell
The wizard foe's terrific spell;
In rude affrays untaught to fear
The Saracen's gigantic spear.
The listening champions felt the fabling rhyme
With fairy trappings fraught, and shook their plumes sublime.

Such were the themes of regal praise
Dear to the Bard of elder days;
The songs, to savage virtue dear,
That won of yore the public ear!
Ere Polity, sedate and sage,
Had quench'd the fires of feudal rage,
Had stem'd the torrent of eternal strife,
And charm'd to rest an unrelenting age.—
No more, in formidable state,
The castle shuts its thundering gate;
New colours suit the scenes of soften'd life;
No more, bestriding barbed steeds,
Adventurous Valour idly bleeds:
And now the Bard in alter'd tones
A theme of worthier triumph owns;
By social imagery beguil'd;
He moulds his harp to manners mild;
Nor longer waves the wreath of war alone,
Nor hails the hostile forms that grac'd the gothic throne.

And now he tunes his plausive lay
To Kings, who plant the civic bay;
Who choose the patriot sovereign's part,
Diffusing commerce, peace, and art:
Who spread the virtuous pattern wide,
And triumph in a nation's pride;
Who seek coy Science in her cloister'd nook,
Where Thames, yet rural, rolls an artless tide;
Who love to view the vale divine,*
Where revel Nature and the Nine,
And clustering towers the tufted grove o'erlook;
To Kings, who rule a filial land,
Who claim a People's vows and pray'rs,
Should Treason arm the weakest hand?†
To these his heartfelt praise he bears,
And with new rapture hastes to greet
This festal morn, that longs to meet,
With luckiest auspices, the laughing Spring;
And opes her glad career, with blessings on her wing!

ON

HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1787.

The noblest Bards of Albion's choir
Have struck of old this festal lyre.
Ere Science, struggling oft in vain,
Had dar'd to break her gothic chain,
Victorious Edward gave the vernal bough
Of Britain's bay to bloom on Chaucer's brow;
Fir'd with the gift, he chang'd to sounds sublime
His Norman minstrelsy's discordant chime;

* Nuneham, near Oxford, the seat of the Earl of Harcourt.
† Allusive to a maniac's attempt on the King's life.

In tones majestic hence he told
The banquet of Cambuscan bold;
And oft he sung (howe'er the rhyme
Has moulder'd to the touch of time)
His martial master's knightly board,
And Arthur's ancient rites restor'd;
The prince in sable steel that sternly frown'd,
And Gallia's captive king, and Cressy's wreath renown'd.

Won from the shepherd's simple meed,
The whispers wild of Mulla's reed,
Sage Spenser wak'd his lofty lay
To grace Eliza's golden sway:
O'er the proud theme new lustre to diffuse,
He chose the gorgeous allegoric Muse,
And call'd to life old Uthers' elfin tale,
And rov'd through many a necromantic vale;
Pourtraying chiefs that knew to tame
The goblin's ire, the dragon's flame,
To pierce the dark enchanted hall,
Where Virtue sate in lonely thrall.
From fabling Fancy's inmost store
A rich romantic robe he bore;
A veil with visionary trappings hung,
And o'er his Virgin Queen the fairy texture flung.

At length the matchless Dryden came,
To light the Muses' clearer flame;
To lofty numbers grace to lend,
And strength with melody to blend;
To triumph in the bold career of song,
And roll the' unwearied energy along.
Does the mean incense of promiscuous praise,
Does servile fear, disgrace his regal bays?

I spurn his panegyric strings,
His partial homage, tun'd to kings!
Be mine, to catch his manlier chord,
That paints the' impassion'd Persian lord,
By glory fir'd, to pity sued,
Rous'd to revenge, by love subdued;
And still, with transport new, the strains to trace,
That chant the Theban pair, and Tancred's deadly vase.

Had these blest Bards been call'd, to pay
The vows of this auspicious day,
Each had confess'd a fairer throne,
A mightier sovereign than his own!
Chaucer had made his hero monarch yield
The martial fame of Cressy's well fought field
To peaceful prowess, and the conquests calm,
That braid the sceptre with the patriot's palm:
His chaplets of fantastic bloom,
His colourings, warm from Fiction's loom,
Spenser had cast in scorn away,
And deck'd with truth alone the lay;
All real here, the Bard had seen
The glories of his pictur'd Queen!
The tuneful Dryden had not flatter'd here,
His lyre had blameless been, his tribute all sincere!

FOR

THE NEW YEAR, 1788.

Rude was the pile, and massy proof,
That first uprear'd its haughty roof

On Windsor's brow sublime, in warlike state:
The Norman* tyrant's jealous hand
The giant fabric proudly plann'd:
With recent victory elate,
"On this majestic steep, (he cried)
A regal fortress, threatening wide,
Shall spread my terrors to the distant hills;
Its formidable shade shall throw
Far o'er the broad expanse below,
Where winds yon mighty flood, and amply fills
With flowery verdure, or with golden grain,
The fairest fields that deck my new domain!
And London's towers, that reach the watchman's eye, [sky."
Shall see with conscious awe my bulwark climb the

Unchang'd, through many a hardy race,
Stood the rough dome in sullen grace;
Still on its angry front defiance frown'd:
Though monarchs kept their state within,
Still murmur'd with the martial din
The gloomy gateway's arch profound;
And armed forms, in airy rows,
Bent o'er the battlements their bows,
And blood-stain'd banners crown'd its hostile head;
And oft its hoary ramparts wore
The rugged scars of conflict sore;
What time, pavilion'd on the neighbouring mead,
The' indignant Barons rang'd in bright array
Their feudal bands, to curb despotic sway:
And leagu'd a Briton's birthright to restore,
From John's reluctant grasp the roll of freedom bore.

* William the First, by whom a castle was first erected at Windsor, in order to serve as a defence of his newly acquired power.

When lo, the King, that wreath'd his shield
With lilies pluck'd on Cressy's field, [frame!—
Heav'd from its base the mouldering Norman
New glory cloth'd the' exulting steep,
The portals tower'd with ampler sweep;
And Valour's soften'd Genius came,
Here held his pomp, and trail'd the pall
Of triumph through the trophied hall;
And War was clad awhile in gorgeous weeds;
Amid the martial pageantries,
While Beauty's glance adjudg'd the prize,
And beam'd sweet influence on heroic deeds.
Nor long, ere Henry's holy zeal, to breathe
A milder charm upon the scenes beneath,
Rear'd in the watery glade his classic shrine,
And call'd his stripling squire, to woo the willing
[Nine.
To this imperial seat to lend
Its pride supreme, and nobly blend
British magnificence with Attic art;
Proud Castle, to thy banner'd bowers
Lo! Picture bids her glowing powers
Their bold historic groups impart:
She bids the' illuminated pane,
Along thy lofty-vaulted fane,
Shed the dim blaze of radiance richly clear.—
Still may such arts of Peace engage
Their Patron's care! But should the rage
Of war to battle rouse the new-born year,
Britain arise, and wake the slumbering fire;
Vindictive dart thy quick-rekindling ire!
Or, arm'd to strike, in mercy spare the foe;
And lift thy thundering hand, and then withhold
the blow!

ON

HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1788.

WHAT native Genius taught the Britons bold
To guard their sea-girt cliffs of old?
'Twas Liberty; she taught disdain
Of death, of Rome's imperial chain:
She bade the drui dharp to battle sound,
In tones prophetic through the gloom profound
Of forests hoar, with holy foliage hung;
From grove to grove the pealing prelude rung;
Belinus call'd his painted tribes around,
And, rough with many a veteran scar,
Swept the pale legions with a scythed car,
While baffled Cæsar fled, to gain
An easier triumph on Pharsalia's plain;
And left the stubborn isle to stand elate
Amidst a conquer'd world, in lone majestic state!

A kindred spirit soon to Britain's shore
The sons of Saxon Elva bore;
Fraught with the' unconquerable soul,
Who died, to drain the warrior bowl,
In that bright Hall, where Odin's gothic throne
With the broad blaze of brandish'd falchions shone;
Where the long roofs rebounded to the din
Of spectre-chiefs, who feasted far within:
Yet, not intent on deathful deeds alone,
They felt the fires of social zeal,
The peaceful wisdom of the public weal;
Though nurs'd in arms and hardy strife,
They knew to frame the plans of temper'd life;
The king's, the people's balanc'd claims to found
On one eternal base, indissolubly bound.

Sudden, to shake the Saxons' mild domain,
Rush'd in rude swarms the robber Dane,
From frozen wastes, and caverns wild,
To genial England's scenes beguil'd;
And in his clamorous van exulting came
The demons foul of Famine and of Flame:
Witness the sheep-clad summits, roughly crown'd
With many a frowning foss and airy mound,
Which yet his desultory march proclaim!—
Nor ceas'd the tide of gore to flow,
Till Alfred's laws allur'd the' intestine foe;
And Harold calm'd his headlong rage
To brave Achievement, and to counsel sage;
For oft in savage breasts the buried seeds
Of brooding virtue live, and freedom's fairest deeds!

But see, triumphant o'er the southern wave,
The Norman sweeps!—Though first he gave
New grace to Britain's naked plain,
With Arts and Manners in his train;
And many a fane he rear'd, that still sublime
In massy pomp has mock'd the stealth of time;
And castle fair, that, stript of half its tow'rs,
From some broad steep in shatter'd glory lowers:
Yet brought he slavery from a softer clime;
Each eve, the curfeu's notes severe
(That now but soothes the musing poet's ear)
At the new tyrant's stern command,
Warn'd to unwelcome rest a wakeful land;
While proud Oppression o'er the ravish'd field
High rais'd his armed hand, and shook the feudal shield.

Stoop'd then that Freedom to despotic sway,
For which in many a fierce affray

The Britons bold, the Saxons bled,
His Danish javelins Leswin led
O'er Hastings' plain, to stay the Norman yoke?
She felt, but to resist, the sudden stroke:
The tyrant baron grasp'd the patriot steel,
And taught the tyrant-king its force to feel;
And quick revenge the regal bondage broke.
And still, unchang'd and uncontroll'd,
Its rescued rights shall the dread empire hold:
For lo, revering Britain's cause,
A King new lustre lends to native laws,
The sacred Sovereign of this festal day
On Albion's old renown reflects a kindred ray!

FOR

HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1789.

As when the demon of the summer-storm
Walks forth the noontide landscape to deform,
Dark grows the vale, and dark the distant grove,
And thick the bolts of angry Jove
Athwart the watery welkin glide,
And streams the' aërial torrent far and wide:
If by short fits the struggling ray
Should dart a momentary day,
The' illumin'd mountain glows awhile,
By faint degrees the radiant glance
Purples the' horizon's pale expanse,
And gilds the gloom with hasty smile!
Ah! fickle smile, too swiftly past!
Again resounds the sweeping blast,
With hoarser din the demon howls;
Again the blackening concave scowls:

Sudden the shades of the meridian night
Yield to the triumph of rekindling light;
The reddening sun regains his golden sway,
And Nature stands reveal'd in all her bright array

Such was the changeful conflict, that possess'd
With trembling tumult every British breast,
When Albion, towering in the van sublime
Of Glory's march, from clime to clime
Envied, belov'd, rever'd, renown'd,
Her brows with every blissful chaplet bound,
When, in her mid career of state,
She felt her monarch's awful fate!
Till Mercy from the' Almighty throne
Look'd down on man, and waving wide
Her wreath, that, in the rainbow dyed,
With hues of soften'd lustre shone,
And bending from her sapphire cloud
O'er regal grief benignant bow'd;
To transport turn'd a people's fears,
And stay'd a people's tide of tears;
Bade this blest dawn with beams auspicious spring,
With hope serene, with healing on its wing;
And gave a Sovereign o'er a grateful land
Again with vigorous grasp to stretch the sceptred hand.

O favour'd King! what rapture more refin'd,
What mightier joy can fill the human mind,
Than what the monarch's conscious bosom feels,
At whose dread throne a nation kneels,
And hails its father, friend, and lord,
To life's career, to patriot sway restor'd;
And bids the loud responsive voice
Of union all around rejoice?

For thus to thee when Britons bow,
Warm and spontaneous from the heart,
As late their tears, their transports start,
And Nature dictates Duty's vow.
To thee, recall'd to sacred health,
Did the proud city's lavish wealth,
Did crowded streets alone display
The long-drawn blaze, the festal ray?
Meek Poverty her scanty cottage grac'd,
And flung her gleam across the lonely waste!
The' exulting isle in one wide triumph strove,
One social sacrifice of reverential love!

Such pure unprompted praise do kingdoms pay,
Such willing zeal, to thrones of lawless sway?
Ah! how unlike the vain, the venal lore,
To Latian rulers dealt of yore,
O'er guilty pomp and hated power
When stream'd the sparkling panegyric shower;
And slaves, to sovereigns unendear'd,
Their pageant trophies coldly rear'd!
For are the charities, that blend
Monarch with man, to tyrants known?
The tender ties, that to the throne
A mild domestic glory lend,
Of wedded love the league sincere,
The virtuous consort's faithful tear?
Nor this the verse, that flattery brings,
Nor here I strike a Syren's strings; [Muse
Here kindling with her country's warmth, the
Her country's proud triumphant theme pursues;
Ev'n needless here the tribute of her lay!
Albion the garland gives on this distinguish'd day.

FOR

HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1790.

WITHIN what fountain's craggy cell
Delights the goddess Health to dwell,
Where from the rigid roof distils
Her richest stream in steely rills?
What mineral gems intwine her humid locks?
Lo! sparkling high from potent springs
To Briton's sons her cup she brings!—
Romantic Matlock! are thy tufted rocks,
Thy fring'd declivities, the dim retreat
Where the coy nymph has fix'd her favourite seat,
And hears, reclin'd along the thundering shore,
Indignant Darwent's desultory tide
His rugged channel rudely chide,
Darwent, whose shaggy wreath is stain'd with Danish gore?—

Or does she dress her naiad-cave
With coral spoils from Neptune's wave,
And hold short revels with the train
Of nymphs that tread the neighbouring main,
And from the cliffs of Avon's cavern'd side
Temper the balmy beverage pure,
That, fraught with drops of precious cure,
Brings back to trembling hope the drooping bride,
That in the virgin's cheek renews the rose,
And wraps the eye of pain in quick repose,
While oft she climbs the mountain's shelving steeps,
And calls her votaries wan to catch the gale,
That breathes o'er Ashton's elmy vale,
And from the Cambrian hills the billowy Severn sweeps!—

Or broods the nymph with watchful wing
O'er ancient Badon's mystic spring,
And speeds from its sulphureous source
The steamy torrent's secret course,
And fans the' eternal sparks of hidden fire,
In deep unfathom'd beds below
By Bladud's magic taught to glow,
Bladud, high theme of Fancy's gothic lyre?—
Or opes the healing power her chosen fount
In the rich veins of Malvern's ample mount,
From whose tall ridge the noontide wanderer views
Pomona's purple realm, in April's pride,
Its blaze of bloom expanding wide,
And waving groves array'd in Flora's fairest hues?—

Haunts she the scene, where Nature lowers
O'er Buxton's heath in lingering show'rs?—
Or loves she more, with sandal fleet
In matin dance the nymphs to meet,
That on the flowery marge of Chelder play?
Who, boastful of the stately train,
That deign'd to grace his simple plain,
Late with new pride along his reedy way
Bore to Sabrina wreathes of brighter hue,
And mark'd his pastoral urn with emblems new.—
Howe'er these streams ambrosial may detain
Thy steps, O genial Health! yet not alone
Thy gifts the naiad sisters own;
Thine too the briny flood, and Ocean's hoar domain.

And lo, amid the watery roar
In Thetis' car she skims the shore,
Where Portland's brows, imbattled high
With rocks, in rugged majesty

Frown o'er the billows, and the storm restrain,
She beckons Britain's sceptred pair
Her treasures of the deep to share!—
Hail then, on this glad morn, the mighty main!
Which lends the boon divine of lengthen'd days
To those who wear the noblest regal bays:
That mighty main, which on its conscious tide
Their boundless commerce pours on every clime,
Their dauntless banner bears sublime;
And wafts their pomp of war, and spreads their thunder wide!

SONNETS.

WRITTEN AT WINSLADE, IN HAMPSHIRE.

INSLADE, thy beech-capt hills, with waving grain
ıntled, thy chequer'd views of wood and lawn,
hilom could charm, or when the gradual dawn
ın the gray mist with orient purple stain,
Evening glimmer'd o'er the folded train:
:r fairest landscapes whence my Muse has drawn,
o free with servile courtly phrase to fawn,
o weak to try the buskin's stately strain:
t now no more thy slopes of beech and corn,
r views invite, since he* far distant strays,
ith whom I trac'd their sweets at eve and morn,
om Albion far, to cull Hesperian bays;
this alone they please, howe'er forlorn,
at still they can recal those happier days.

ON BATHING.

EN late the trees were stript by Winter pale,
ung Health, a dryad maid in vesture green,
like the forest's silver-quiver'd queen,
airy uplands met the piercing gale;
d, ere its earliest echo shook the vale,
ıtching the hunter's joyous horn was seen.
t since, gay thron'd in fiery chariot sheen,
mmer has smote each daisy-dappled dale;

* His brother, Dr. Joseph Warton.

She to the cave retires, high arch'd beneath
The fount that laves proud Isis' towery brim:
And now, all glad the temperate air to breathe,
While cooling drops distil from arches dim,
Binding her dewy locks with sedgy wreath,
She sits amid the quire of Naiads trim.

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF DUGDALE'S MONASTICON.

Deem not devoid of elegance the sage,
By Fancy's genuine feelings unbeguil'd,
Of painful pedantry the poring child;
Who turns, of these proud domes, the' historic page,
Now sunk by Time, and Henry's fiercer rage.*
Think'st thou the warbling Muses never smil'd
On his lone hours? Ingenuous views engage
His thoughts, on themes, unclassic falsely styl'd,
Intent. While cloister'd Piety displays
Her mouldering roll, the piercing eye explores
New manners, and the pomp of elder days,
Whence culls the pensive bard his pictur'd stores.
Nor rough, nor barren are the winding ways
Of hoar Antiquity, but strown with flowers.

WRITTEN AT STONEHENGE.

Thou noblest monument of Albion's isle!
Whether by Merlin's aid from Scythia's shore
To Amber's fatal plain Pendragon bore,
Huge frame of giant hands, the mighty pile,

* Dissolution of the monasteries under Henry VIII.

To' entomb his Britons slain by Hengist's guile:
Or Druid priests, sprinkled with human gore,
Taught 'mid thy massy maze their mystic lore:
Or Danish chiefs, enrich'd with savage spoil,
To Victory's idol vast, an unhewn shrine,
Rear'd the rude heap: or, in thy hallow'd round,
Repose the kings of Brutus' genuine line;
Or here those kings in solemn state were crown'd:
Studious to trace thy wondrous origine,
We muse on many an ancient tale renown'd.

WRITTEN AFTER SEEING WILTON-HOUSE.

From Pembroke's princely dome, where mimic Art
Decks with a magic hand the dazzling bow'rs,
Its living hues where the warm pencil pours,
And breathing forms from the rude marble start,
How to life's humbler scene can I depart!
My breast all glowing from these gorgeous tow'rs,
In my low cell how cheat the sullen hours!
Vain the complaint: for Fancy can impart
(To fate superior, and to Fortune's doom)
Whate'er adorns the stately storied hall:
She, mid the dungeon's solitary gloom,
Can dress the graces in their Attic pall:
Bid the green landscape's vernal beauty bloom;
And in bright trophies clothe the twilight wall.

TO MR. GRAY.

Not that her blooms are mark'd with beauty's hue,
My rustic Muse her votive chaplet brings;
Unseen, unheard, O Gray, to thee she sings!—
While slowly pacing through the churchyard dew,

At curfew time, beneath the dark green yew,
Thy pensive genius strikes the moral strings;
Or borne sublime on Inspiration's wings,
Hears Cambria's bards devote the dreadful clue
Of Edward's race, with murders foul defil'd;
Can aught my pipe to reach thine ear essay?
No, bard divine! For many a care beguil'd
By the sweet magic of thy soothing lay,
For many a raptur'd thought, and vision wild,
To thee this strain of gratitude I pay.

While summer suns o'er the gay prospect play'd,
Through Surry's verdant scenes, where Epsom spreads
Mid intermingling elms her flowery meads,
And Hascombe's hill, in towering groves array'd,
Rear'd its romantic steep, with mind serene
I journey'd blithe. Full pensive I return'd;
For now my breast with hopeless passion burn'd,
Wet with hoar mists appear'd the gaudy scene,
Which late in careless indolence I pass'd;
And Autumn all around those hues had cast
Where past delight my recent grief might trace.
Sad change, that Nature a congenial gloom [chase,
Should wear, when most, my cheerless mood to
I wish'd her green attire, and wonted bloom!

ON KING ARTHUR'S ROUND TABLE,

AT WINCHESTER.

Where Venta's Norman castle still uprears
Its rafter'd hall, that o'er the grassy foss,
And scatter'd flinty fragments, clad in moss,
On yonder steep in naked state appears:

High-hung remains, the pride of warlike years,
Old Arthur's board: on the capacious round
Some British pen has sketch'd the names renown'd,
In marks obscure, of his immortal peers.
Though join'd by magic skill, with many a rhyme,
The druid frame, unhonour'd, falls a prey
To the slow vengeance of the wizard Time,
And fade the British characters away;
Yet Spenser's page, that chants in verse sublime
Those chiefs, shall live unconscious of decay.

*TO THE RIVER LODON.**

Ah! what a weary race my feet have run,
Since first I trod thy banks with alders crown'd,
And thought my way was all through fairy ground,
Beneath thy azure sky, and golden sun:
Where first my Muse to lisp her notes begun!
While pensive Memory traces back the round,
Which fills the varied interval between;
Much pleasure, more of sorrow, marks the scene,
Sweet native stream! those skies and suns so pure
No more return, to cheer my evening road!
Yet still one joy remains, that not obscure,
Nor useless, all my vacant days have flow'd,
From youth's gay dawn to manhood's prime mature;
Nor with the Muse's laurel unbestow'd.

* Near Basingstoke, Warton's native country.

HUMOROUS PIECES.

NEWMARKET,

A SATIRE.

(Published in 1751.)

Πουλυπονος ἱππεια
Ὡς εμολες αιανη
Ταδε γα
SOPHOCL. Elec. 508.

His country's hope, when now the blooming heir
Has lost the parent's or the guardian's care;
Fond to possess, yet eager to destroy,
Of each vain youth, say, what's the darling joy?
Of each rash frolic what's the source and end,
His sole and first ambition what?——to spend.
Some 'squires, to Gallia's cooks devoted dupes,
Whole manors melt in sauce, or drown in soups:
Another doats on fiddlers, till he sees
His hills no longer crown'd with tow'ring trees;
Convinc'd too late that modern strains can move,
Like those of ancient Greece, the' obedient grove:
In headless statues rich, and useless urns,
Marmoreo from the classic tour returns.—
But would ye learn, ye leisure-loving 'squires,
How best ye may disgrace your prudent sires;

How soonest soar to fashionable shame,
Be damn'd at once to ruin—and to fame;
By hands of grooms ambitious to be crown'd,
O greatly dare to tread Olympic ground!
What dreams of conquest flush'd Hilario's breast,
When the good knight, at last, retir'd to rest!
Behold the youth with new-felt rapture mark
Each pleasing prospect of the spacious park:
That park, where beauties undisguis'd engage,
Those beauties less the work of art than age;
In simple state where genuine Nature wears
Her venerable dress of ancient years;
Where all the charms of chance with order meet,
The rude, the gay, the graceful, and the great.
Here aged oaks uprear their branches hoar,
And form dark groves, which druids might adore:
With meeting boughs, and deepening to the view,
Here shoots the broad umbrageous avenue;
Here various trees compose a chequer'd scene,
Glowing in gay diversities of green:
There the full stream, through intermingling glades,
Shines a broad lake, or falls in deep cascades.
Nor wants there hazle copse, or beechen lawn,
To cheer with sun or shade the bounding fawn.
And see the good old seat, whose gothic tow'rs
Awful emerge from yonder tufted bow'rs;
Whose rafted hall the crowding tenants fed,
And dealt to age and want their daily bread;
Where crested knights with peerless damsels join'd,
At high and solemn festivals have din'd;
Presenting oft fair Virtue's shining task,
In mystic pageantries, and moral mask.
But vain all ancient praise, or boast of birth,
Vain all the palms of old heroic worth!

At once a bankrupt and a prosperous heir,
Hilario bets;—park, house, dissolve in air.
With antique armour hung, his trophied rooms
Descend to gamesters, prostitutes, and grooms.
He sees his steel-clad sires, and mothers mild,
Who bravely shook the lance, or sweetly smil'd;
All the fair series of the whisker'd race,
Whose pictur'd forms the stately gallery grace,
Debas'd, abus'd, the price of ill-got gold,
To deck some tavern vile, at auctions sold.
The parish wonders at the unopening door,
The chimneys blaze, the tables groan, no more.
Thick weeds around the untrodden courts arise,
And all the social scene in silence lies.
Himself, the loss politely to repair,
Turns atheist, fiddler, highwayman, or player:
At length, the scorn, the shame, of man and God,
Is doom'd to rub the steeds that once he rode.

Ye rival youths, your golden hopes how vain,
Your dreams of thousands on the listed plain!
Not more fantastic Sancho's airy course,
When madly mounted on the magic horse,*
He pierc'd Heaven's opening spheres with dazzled eyes,
And seem'd to soar in visionary skies.
Nor less, I ween, precarious is the meed
Of young adventurers on the Muse's steed;
For poets have, like you, their destin'd round,
And ours is but a *race* on classic ground.

Long time, the child of patrimonial ease,
Hippolitus, had carv'd sirloins in peace;
Had quaff'd secure, unvex'd by toil or wife,
The mild October of a private life:

* Clavileno. See Don Quixote, B. ii. Chap. 41. W.

Long liv'd, with calm domestic conquests crown'd,
And kill'd his game on safe paternal ground;
And, deaf to Honour's or Ambition's call,
With rural spoils adorn'd his hoary hall.
As bland he puff'd the pipe o'er weekly news,
His bosom kindles with sublimer views. [more!
Lo there, thy triumphs, Taaffe, thy palms, Port-
Tempt him to stake his lands and treasur'd store.
Like a new bruiser on Broughtonic sand,
Amid the lists our hero takes his stand;
Suck'd by the sharper, to the peer a prey,
He rolls his eyes, that witness huge dismay;
When lo! the chance of one inglorious heat
Strips him of genial cheer and snug retreat.
How awkward now he bears disgrace and dirt,
Nor knows the poor's last refuge, to be pert!—
The shiftless beggar bears of ills the worst,
At once with dulness and with hunger curst:
And feels the tasteless breast equestrian fires?
And dwells such mighty rage in graver 'squires?
In all attempts, but for their country, bold,
Britain, thy conscript Counsellors behold;
(For some, perhaps, by fortune favour'd yet,
May gain a borough, from a lucky bet,)
Smit with the love of the laconic boot,
The cap, and wig succinct, the silken suit,
Mere modern Phaëtons, usurp the rein,
And scour in rival race the tempting plain.
See, side by side, his Jockey and Sir John
Discuss the' important point of six to one.
For oh! the boasted privilege how dear,
How great the pride, to gain a Jockey's ear!—
See, like a routed host, with headlong pace,
Thy members pour amid the mingling race!

All ask, what crowds the tumult could produce—
Is Bedlam or the Commons all broke loose?
Their way nor reason guides, nor caution checks,
Proud on a high bred thing to risk their necks.—
Thy sages hear, amid the' admiring crowd,
Adjudge the stakes, most eloquently loud;
With critic skill o'er dubious bets preside,
The low dispute, or kindle, or decide:
All empty wisdom, and judicious prate,
Of distanc'd horses gravely fix the fate:
And, with paternal care, unwearied watch
O'er the nice conduct of a daring match.
Meantime no more the mimic patriots rise,
To guard Britannia's honour, warm and wise:
No more in senates dare assert her laws,
Nor pour the bold debate in Freedom's cause:
Neglect the counsels of a sinking land,
And know no rostrum, but Newmarket's stand.
Is this the band of civil chiefs design'd
On England's weal to fix the pondering mind?
Who, while their country's rights are set to sale,
Quit Europe's balance for the jockey's scale,
O say, when least their sapient schemes are crost,
Or when a nation or a match is lost?
Who dams and sires with more exactness trace,
Than of their country's kings the sacred race:
Think London journeys are the worst of ills;
Subscribe to articles, instead of bills.
Strangers to all our annalists relate,
Theirs are the memoirs of the' equestrian state:
Who, lost to Albion's past and present views,
Heber,* thy chronicles alone peruse.

* Author of an Historical List of the Running Horses, &c. &c.

Go on, brave youths, till in some future age
Whips shall become the senatorial badge;
Till England see her thronging senators
Meet all at Westminster, in boots and spurs;
See the whole house, with mutual frenzy mad,
Her patriots all in leathern breeches clad:
Of bets, not taxes, learnedly debate,
And guide with equal reins—a steed or state.

How would a virtuous Houhnhym* neigh disdain,
To see his brethren brook the' imperious rein;
Bear slavery's wanton whip, or galling goad,
Smoke through the glebe, or trace the destin'd road;
And, robb'd of manhood by the murderous knife,
Sustain each sordid toil of servile life.
Yet oh! what rage would touch his generous mind,
To see his sons of more than human kind;
A kind, with each exalted virtue blest,
Each gentler feeling of the liberal breast,
Afford diversion to that monster base,
That meanest spawn of man's half-monkey race;
In whom pride, avarice, ignorance, conspire,
That hated animal, a Yahoo 'squire.

How are the Therons of these modern days
Chang'd from those chiefs who toil'd for Grecian bays;
Who, fir'd with genuine glory's sacred lust,
Whirl'd the swift axle through the Pythian dust!
Theirs was the Pisan olive's blooming spray,
Theirs was the Theban bard's recording lay. [odds?
What though the grooms of Greece ne'er took the
They won no bets,—but then they soar'd to Gods;
And more an Hiero's palm, a Pindar's ode,
Than all the' united plates of George bestow'd.

* See Gulliver's Travels; Voyage to the Houhnhyms. W.

Greece! how I kindle at thy magic name,
Feel all thy warmth, and catch the kindred flame.
Thy scenes sublime and awful visions rise
In ancient pride before my musing eyes.
Here Sparta's sons in mute attention hang,
While just Lycurgus pours the mild harangue;
There Xerxes' hosts, all pale with deadly fear,
Shrink at her fated hero's flashing spear.
Here hung with many a lyre of silver string,
The laureate alleys of Ilissus spring;
And lo, where rapt in beauty's heavenly dream,
Hoar Plato walks his oliv'd Academe.—

Yet ah! no more the land of arts and arms
Delights with wisdom, or with virtue warms.
Lo! the stern Turk, with more than Vandal rage,
Has blasted all the wreaths of ancient age;
No more her groves by Fancy's feet are trod,
Each Attic grace has left the lov'd abode.
Fall'n is fair Greece! by Luxury's pleasing bane
Seduc'd, she drags a barbarous foreign chain.

Britannia, watch! O trim thy withering bays,
Remember thou hast rivall'd Græcia's praise,
Great nurse of works divine! Yet oh! beware
Lest thou the fate of Greece, my country, share.
Recal thy wonted worth with conscious pride,
Thou too hast seen a Solon in a Hyde;
Hast bade thine Edwards and thine Henries rear
With Spartan fortitude the British spear;
Alike hast seen thy sons deserve the meed
Or of the moral or the martial deed.

PROLOGUE

ON THE

OLD WINCHESTER PLAYHOUSE,

OVER THE BUTCHER'S SHAMBLES.

WHOE'ER our stage examines, must excuse
The wondrous shifts of the dramatic Muse;
Then kindly listen while the prologue rambles
From wit to beef, from Shakspeare to the shambles!
Divided only by one flight of stairs,
The monarch swaggers, and the butcher swears!
Quick the transition, when the curtain drops,
From meek Monimia's moans to mutton chops!
While for Lothario's loss Lavinia cries,
Old women scold, and dealers d—n your eyes!
Here Juliet listens to the gentle lark,
There in harsh chorus hungry bull-dogs bark.
Cleavers and scimitars give blow for blow,
And heroes bleed above, and sheep below!
While tragic thunders shake the pit and box,
Rebellows to the roar the staggering ox.
Cow-horns and trumpets mix their martial tones,
Kidneys and kings, mouthing and marrow-bones.
Suet and sighs, blank verse and blood abound,
And form a tragic-comedy around.
With weeping lovers, dying calves complain,
Confusion reigns—chaos is come again!
Hither your steelyards, butchers, bring to weigh
The pound of flesh, Antonio's bond must pay!
Hither your knives, ye Christians clad in blue,
Bring to be whetted by the ruthless Jew!

Hard is our lot, who, seldom doom'd to eat,
Cast a sheep's-eye on this forbidden meat—
Gaze on sirloins, which ah! we cannot carve,
And in the midst of legs of mutton—starve!
But would you to our house in crowds repair,
Ye generous captains, and ye blooming Fair,
The fate of Tantalus we should not fear,
Nor pine for a repast that is so near.
Monarchs no more would supperless remain,
Nor pregnant queens for cutlets long in vain.

PANEGYRIC

ON OXFORD ALE. 1748.

——— Mea nec Falerna
Temperant vites, neque Formiani
Pocula colles. HOR.

Balm of my cares, sweet solace of my toils,
Hail, Juice benignant! O'er the costly cups
Of riot-stirring wine, unwholesome draught,
Let Pride's loose sons prolong the wasteful night,
My sober evening let the tankard bless,
With toast embrown'd, and fragrant nutmeg fraught,
While the rich draught with oft-repeated whiffs
Tobacco mild improves. Divine repast!
Where no crude surfeit, or intemperate joys
Of lawless Bacchus reign; but o'er my soul
A calm Lethean creeps; in drowsy trance
Each thought subsides, and sweet oblivion wraps

My peaceful brain, as if the leaden rod
Of magic Morpheus o'er mine eyes had shed
Its opiate influence. What, though sore ills
Oppress, dire want of chill-dispelling coals
Or cheerful candle (save the make-weight's gleam
Haply remaining) heart-rejoicing Ale
Cheers the sad scene, and every want supplies.
Meantime, not mindless of the daily task
Of tutor sage, upon the learned leaves
Of deep Smiglecius much I meditate;
While Ale inspires, and lends its kindred aid,
The thought-perplexing labour to pursue,
Sweet Helicon of logic! But if friends
Congenial call me from the toilsome page,
To Pot-house I repair, the sacred haunt,
Where, Ale, thy votaries in full resort,
Hold rites nocturnal. In capacious chair
Of monumental oak and antique mould,
That long has stood the rage of conquering years
Inviolate, (nor in more ample chair
Smokes rosy Justice, when the' important cause,
Whether of hen-roost, or of mirthful rape,
In all the majesty of paunch he tries)
Studious of ease, and provident, I place
My gladsome limbs; while in repeated round
Returns replenish'd the successive cup,
And the brisk fire conspires to genial joy:
While haply, to relieve the lingering hours
In innocent delight, amusive Putt
On smooth joint-stool in emblematic play
The vain vicissitudes of fortune shows.
Nor reckoning, name tremendous! me disturbs,
Nor, call'd for, chills my breast with sudden fear;
While on the wonted door, expressive mark,

The frequent penny stands described to view,
In snowy characters and graceful row.—
Hail, Ticking! surest guardian of distress!
Beneath thy shelter, pennyless I quaff
The cheerful cup, nor hear with hopeless heart
New oysters cry'd;—though much the poet's friend,
Ne'er yet attempted in poetic strain,
Accept this tribute of poetic praise!
Nor Proctor thrice with vocal heel alarms
Our joys secure, nor deigns the lowly roof
Of Pot-house snug to visit: wiser he
The splendid tavern haunts, or coffee-house
Of James or Juggins, where the grateful breath
Of loath'd tobacco ne'er diffus'd its balm;
But the lewd spendthrift, falsely deem'd polite,
While steams around the fragrant Indian bowl,
Oft damns the vulgar sons of humbler Ale:
In vain—the Proctor's voice arrests their joys;
Just fate of wanton pride and loose excess!
Nor less by day delightful is thy draught,
All-powerful Ale! whose sorrow-soothing sweets
Oft I repeat in vacant afternoon,
When tatter'd stockings ask my mending hand
Not unexperienc'd; while the tedious toil
Slides unregarded. Let the tender swain
Each morn regale on nerve-relaxing tea,
Companion meet of languor-loving nymph:
Be mine each morn with eager appetite
And hunger undissembled, to repair
To friendly buttery; there on smoking crust
And foaming Ale to banquet unrestrain'd,
Material breakfast! Thus in ancient days
Our ancestors robust with liberal cups
Usher'd the morn, unlike the squeamish sons

Of modern times: nor ever had the might
Of Britons brave decay'd, had thus they fed,
With British Ale improving British worth.
With Ale irriguous, undismay'd I hear
The frequent dun ascend my lofty dome,
Importunate: whether the plaintive voice
Of laundress shrill, awake my startled ear;
Or barber spruce, with supple look intrude;
Or tailor, with obsequious bow advance;
Or groom invade me, with defying front
And stern demeanour, whose emaciate steeds
(Whene'er or Phœbus shone with kindlier beams,
Or luckier chance the borrow'd boots supplied)
Had panted oft beneath my goring steel.
In vain they plead or threat: all-powerful Ale
Excuses new supplies, and each descends
With joyless pace, and debt-despairing looks:
Ev'n Spacey with indignant brow retires,
Fiercest of duns! and conquer'd quits the field.
Why did the Gods such various blessings pour
On hapless mortals, from their grateful hands
So soon the short-liv'd bounty to recal?—
Thus while, improvident of future ill,
I quaff the luscious tankard uncontroll'd,
And thoughtless riot in unlicens'd bliss;
Sudden (dire fate of all things excellent!)
The' unpitying Bursar's cross-affixing hand
Blasts all my joys, and stops my glad career.
Nor now the friendly Pot-house longer yields
A sure retreat, when night o'ershades the skies;
Nor Sheppard, barbarous matron, longer gives
The wonted trust, and Winter ticks no more.
Thus Adam, exil'd from the beauteous scenes
Of Eden, griev'd, no more in fragrant bow'r

On fruits divine to feast, fresh shade and vale
No more to visit, or vine-mantled grot;
But, all forlorn, the dreary wilderness
And unrejoicing solitudes to trace:
Thus too the matchless bard,* whose lay resounds
The Splendid Shilling's praise, in nightly gloom
Of lonesome garret, pin'd for cheerful Ale;
Whose steps in verse Miltonic I pursue,
Mean follower: like him with honest love
Of Ale divine inspir'd, and love of song.
But long may bounteous Heaven with watchful care
Avert his hapless lot! Enough for me
That burning with congenial flame I dar'd
His guiding steps at distance to pursue,
And sing his favourite theme in kindred strains.

EPISTLE,

SUPPOSED FROM THOMAS HEARNE, ANTIQUARY, TO THE AUTHOR OF "THE COMPANION TO THE OXFORD GUIDE," &c.

FRIEND of the moss-grown spire and crumbling arch,
Who wont'st at eve to pace the long lost bounds
Of lonesome Oseney! What malignant fiend
Thy cloister-loving mind from ancient lore
Hath base seduc'd? urg'd thy apostate pen
To drench deep wounds on antiquaries sage,
And drag the venerable fathers forth,

* John Philips.

Victims to laughter? Cruel as the mandate
Of mitred priests, who Baskett late enjoin'd
To throw aside the reverend letters black,
And print fast-prayers in modern type!—At this
Leland, and Willis, Dugdale, Tanner, Wood;
Illustrious names! with Camden, Aubrey, Lloyd,
Scald their old cheeks with tears! For once they hop'd
To seal thee for their own! and fondly deem'd
The Muses, at thy call, would crowding come
To deck Antiquity with flowerets gay.
But now may curses every search attend
That seems inviting! May'st thou pore in vain
For dubious door-ways! May revengeful moths
Thy ledgers eat! May chronologic spouts
Retain no cipher legible! May crypts
Lurk undiscern'd! Nor mayst thou spell the names
Of saints in storied windows! Nor the dates
Of bells discover! Nor the genuine site
Of Abbot's pantries! And may Godstowe veil,
Deep from thy eyes profane, her gothic charms!

THE PROGRESS OF DISCONTENT. 1746.

When now mature in classic knowledge,
The joyful youth is sent to College,
His father comes, a vicar plain,
At Oxford bred—in Anna's reign,
And thus, in form of humble suitor,
Bowing accosts a reverend tutor;
"Sir, I'm a Glo'stershire divine,
And this—my eldest son of nine;

My wife's ambition and my own
Was—that this child should wear a gown:
I'll warrant that his good behaviour
Will justify your future favour;
And, for his parts, to tell the truth,
My son's a very forward youth;
Has Horace all by heart—you'd wonder—
And mouths out Homer's Greek like thund
If you'd examine—and admit him,
A scholarship would nicely fit him;
That he succeeds 'tis ten to one;
Your vote and interest, Sir!"—'Tis done.
Our pupil's hopes, though twice defeated,
Are with a scholarship completed:
A scholarship but half maintains,
And college rules are heavy chains:
In garret dark he smokes and puns,
A prey to discipline and duns;
And now, intent on new designs,
Sighs for a fellowship—and fines.
When nine full tedious winters past,
That utmost wish is crown'd at last:
But the rich prize no sooner got,
Again he quarrels with his lot:
"These fellowships are pretty things,
We live indeed like petty kings:
But who can bear to waste his whole age
Amid the dulness of a college,
Debar'd the common joys of life,
And that prime bliss—a loving wife!
O! what's a table richly spread,
Without a woman at its head!
Would some snug benefice but fall,
Ye feasts, ye dinners, farewell all!

To offices I'd bid adieu,
Of Dean, Vice Praes.—of Bursar too;
Come joys, that rural quiet yields,
Come tythes, and house, and fruitful fields!"
Too fond of freedom and of ease
A patron's vanity to please,
Long time he watches, and by stealth,
Each frail Incumbent's doubtful health;
At length, and in his fortieth year,
A living drops—two hundred clear!
With breast elate beyond expression,
He hurries down to take possession,
With rapture views the sweet retreat—
"What a convenient house! how neat!
For fuel here's sufficient wood:
Pray God the cellars may be good!
The garden—that must be new plann'd—
Shall these old-fashion'd yew trees stand?—
O'er yonder vacant plot shall rise
The flowery shrub of thousand dyes:—
Yon wall, that feels the southern ray,
Shall blush with ruddy fruitage gay;
While thick beneath its aspect warm
O'er well-rang'd hives the bees shall swarm,
From which, ere long, of golden gleam
Metheglin's luscious juice shall stream:
This awkward hut, o'ergrown with ivy,
We'll alter to—a modern privy:
Up yon green slope of hazels trim,
An avenue so cool and dim
Shall to an harbour, at the end,
In spite of gout, entice a friend.
My predecessor lov'd devotion—
But of a garden had no notion."

Continuing this fantastic farce on,
He now commences country person.
To make his character entire,
He weds—a cousin of the 'Squire;
Not over weighty in the purse,
But many doctors have done worse:
And though she boasts no charms divine,
Yet she can carve and make birch wine.
Thus fixt, content he taps his barrel,
Exhorts his neighbours not to quarrel;
Finds his churchwardens have discerning
Both in good liquor and good learning;
With tythes his barns replete he sees,
And chuckles o'er his surplice-fees;
Studies to find out latent dues,
And regulates the state of pews;
Rides a sleek mare with purple housing,
To share the monthly club's carousing;
Of Oxford pranks facetious tells,
And—but on Sundays—hears no bells;
Sends presents of his choicest fruit,
And prunes himself each sapless shoot;
Plants cauliflowers, and boasts to rear
The earliest melons of the year;
Thinks alteration charming work is,
Keeps Bantam cocks, and feeds his turkeys;
Builds in his copse a favourite bench,
And stores the pond with carp and tench.—
But ah! too soon his thoughtless breast
By cares domestic is oppress;
And a third butcher's bill, and brewing,
Threaten inevitable ruin:
For children fresh expenses yet,
And Dicky now for school is fit.

"Why did I sell my college life
(He cries) for benefice and wife?
Return, ye days, when endless pleasure
I found in reading, or in leisure!
When calm around the common-room
I puff'd my daily pipe's perfume!
Rode for a stomach, and inspected,
At annual bottlings, corks selected:
And din'd untax'd, untroubled, under
The portrait of our pious Founder!
When impositions were supplied
To light my pipe—or sooth my pride—
No cares were then for forward peas,
A yearly-longing wife to please;
My thoughts no christ'ning dinners crost,
No children cried for butter'd toast:
And every night I went to bed,
Without a Modus in my head!"
Oh! trifling head, and fickle heart!
Chagrin'd at whatso'er thou art;
A dupe to follies yet untry'd,
And sick of pleasures, scarce enjoy'd!
Each prize possess'd, thy transport ceases,
And in pursuit alone it pleases.

THE PHAETON,

AND THE ONE-HORSE-CHAIR.

At Blagrave's* once upon a time,
There stood a Phaeton sublime:

* Blagrave, well known at Oxford for letting out carriages, 1763. W.

Unsullied by the dusty road,
Its wheels with recent crimson glow'd;
Its sides display'd a dazzling hue,
Its harness tight, its lining new:
No scheme-enamour'd youth, I ween,
Survey'd the gaily deck'd machine,
But fondly long'd to seize the reins,
And whirl o'er Campsfield's* tempting plains.
Meantime it chanc'd, that hard at hand
A One-Horse-Chair had took its stand:
When thus our vehicle begun
To sneer the luckless chaise and One:—
"How could my master place me here
Within thy vulgar atmosphere?
From classic ground pray shift thy station,
Thou scorn of Oxford education!—
Your homely make, believe me, man,
Is quite upon the gothic plan;
And you, and all your clumsy kind,
For lowest purposes design'd:
Fit only, with a one-ey'd mare,
To drag, for benefit of air,
The country parson's pregnant wife,
Thou friend of dull domestic life!
Or, with his maid and aunt, to school
To carry Dicky on a stool:
Or, haply, to some christening gay
A brace of godmothers convey—
Or, when blest Saturday prepares
For London tradesmen rest from cares,
'Tis thine to make them happy one day,
Companion of their genial Sunday!

* In the road to Blenheim. W.

'Tis thine, o'er turnpikes newly made,
When timely showers the dust have laid,
To bear some alderman serene
To fragrant Hampstead's sylvan scene.
Nor higher scarce thy merit rises
Among the polish'd sons of Isis.
Hir'd for a solitary crown,
Canst thou to schemes invite the gown?
Go, tempt some prig, pretending taste,
With hat new cock'd, and newly lac'd,
O'er mutton chops, and scanty wine,
At humble Dorchester to dine!
Meantime remember, lifeless drone!
I cary bucks and bloods alone.
And oh! whene'er the weather's friendly,
What inn at Abingdon or Henley,
But still my vast importance feels,
And glady greets my entering wheels!
And think, obedient to the thong,
How yon gay street we smoke along:
While all with envious wonder view
The corner turn'd so quick and true."
To check an upstart's empty pride,
Thus sage, the One-Horse-Chair replied:
"Pray, when the consequence is weigh'd,
What's all your spirit and parade?
From mirth to grief what sad transitions,
To broken bones and impositions!
Or if no bones are broke, what's worse,
Your schemes make work for Glass and Nourse.*—
On us pray spare your keen reproaches,
From One-Horse-Chairs men rise to Coaches;

* Surgeons in Oxford.

If calm Discretion's steadfast hand
With cautious skill the reins command.
From me fair Health's fresh fountain springs,
O'er me soft Snugness spreads her wings:
And Innocence reflects her ray
To gild my calm sequester'd way:
Ev'n kings might quit their state to share
Contentment and a One-Horse-Chair.—
What though, o'er yonder echoing street
Your rapid wheels resound so sweet;
Shall Isis' sons thus vainly prize
A Rattle of a larger size?"

Blagrave, who during the dispute
Stood in a corner snug and mute,
Surpris'd, no doubt, in lofty verse
To hear his Carriages converse,
With solemn face, o'er Oxford ale,
To me disclos'd this wondrous tale:
I strait despatch'd it to the Muse,
Who brush'd it up for Jackson's news,
And, what has oft been pen'd in prose,
Added this moral at the close:

"Things may be useful, though obscure;
The pace that's slow is often sure:
When empty pageantries we prize,
We raise but dust to blind our eyes.
The Golden Mean can best bestow
Safety for unsubstantial show."

ODE TO A GRIZZLE WIG.

BY A GENTLEMAN WHO HAD JUST LEFT OFF HIS BOB.

All hail, ye Curls, that rang'd in reverend row,
With snowy pomp my conscious shoulders hide!
That fall beneath in venerable flow,
And crown my brows above with feathery pride!

High on your summit Wisdom's mimic'd air
Sits thron'd, with Pedantry her solemn sire;
And in her net of awe-diffusing hair
Entangles fools, and bids the crowd admire.

O'er every lock, that floats in full display,
Sage Ignorance her gloom scholastic throws;
And stamps o'er all my visage, once so gay,
Unmeaning Gravity's serene repose.

Can thus large wigs our reverence engage?
Have barbers thus the power to blind our eyes?
Is science thus confer'd on every sage,
By Bayliss, Blenkinsop, and lofty Wise?*

But thou, farewell, my Bob! whose thin-wove thatch
Was stor'd with quips and cranks, and wanton wiles
That love to live within the one-curl'd Scratch,
With fun, and all the family of smiles.

Safe in thy privilege, near Isis' brook,
Whole afternoons at Wolvercote I quaff'd;
At eve my careless round in High-Street took,
And call'd at Jolly's for the casual draught.

* Eminent perukemakers in Oxford. W.

No more the wherry feels my stroke so true;
At skittles, in a Grizzle, can I play?
Woodstock, farewell! and Wallingford, adieu!
Where many a scheme reliev'd the lingering day.

Such were the joys that once Hilario crown'd,
Ere grave Preferment came my peace to rob:
Such are the less ambitious pleasures found
Beneath the Liceat of an humble Bob.

THE CASTLE BARBER'S SOLILOQUY.

WRITTEN IN THE LATE WAR.

I WHO with such success—alas! till
The war came on—have shav'd the Castle;
Who by the nose, with hand unshaken,
The boldest heroes oft have taken;
In humble strain am doom'd to mourn
My fortune chang'd, and state forlorn!
My soap scarce ventures into froth,
My razors rust in idle sloth!
Wisdom!* to you my verse appeals;
You share the griefs your Barber feels:
Scarce comes a student once a whole age,
To stock your desolated college.
Our trade how ill an army suits!
This comes of picking up recruits.
Lost is the robber's occupation;
No robbing thrives—but of the nation:
For hardy necks no rope is twisted,
And ev'n the hangman's self is listed.—

* The Governor of Oxford Castle. W.

Thy publishers, O mighty Jackson!
With scarce a scanty coat their backs on,
Warning to youth no longer teach,
Nor live upon a dying speech.
In cassock clad, for want of breeches,
No more the castle chaplain preaches.
Oh! were our troops but safely landed,
And every regiment disbanded!
They'd make, I trust, a new campaign
On Henley's hill, or Campsfield's plain:
Destin'd at home in peaceful state,
By me fresh shav'd, to meet their fate!
Regard, ye justices of peace!
The Castle Barber's piteous case:
And kindly make some snug addition,
To better his distrest condition.
Not that I mean, by such expressions,
To shave your worships at the sessions;
Or would, with vain presumption big,
Aspire to comb the judge's wig:
Far less ambitious thoughts are mine,
Far humbler hopes my views confine.—
Then think not that I ask amiss:
My small request is only this,
That I, by leave of Leigh or Pardo,
May, with the Castle—shave Bocardo.*
Thus, as at Jesus oft I've heard,
Rough servitors in Wales prefer'd,
The Joneses, Morgans, and Ap-Rices,
Keep fiddles with their Benefices.

* The name of a prison in Oxford.

THE OXFORD NEWSMAN'S VERSES,

FOR THE YEAR 1760.

THINK of the Palms, my Masters dear!
That crown the memorable year!
Come fill the glass, my hearts of gold,
To Britain's Heroes brisk and bold;
While into rhyme I strive to turn all
The fam'd events of many a Journal.
France feeds her sons on meagre soup,
'Twas hence they lost their Guadaloupe:
What though they dress so fine and ja'nty?
They could not keep Marigalante.
Their forts in Afric could not repel
The thunder of undaunted Keppel:
Brave Commodore! how we adore ye
For giving us success at Goree.
Ticonderoga, and Niagara,
Make each true Briton sing O rare a!
I trust the taking of Crown-Point
Has put French courage out of joint.
Can we forget the timely check
Wolfe gave the scoundrels at Quebec?*—
That name has stop'd my glad career,—
Your faithful Newsman drops a tear!—
But other triumphs still remain,
And rouse to glee my rhymes again.
On Minden's plains, ye meek Mounseers!
Remember Kingsley's grenadiers.

* Before this place fell the brave Wolfe; yet with the satisfaction of first hearing that his troops were victorious. The other places here enumerated, were conquests of the preceding year. W.

You vainly thought to ballarag us
With your fine squadron off Cape Lagos;
But when Boscawen came, La Clue*
Sheer'd off, and look'd confounded blue.
Conflans,† all cowardice and puff,
Hop'd to demolish hardy Duff;
But soon unlook'd-for guns o'eraw'd him,
Hawke darted forth, and nobly claw'd him.
And now their vaunted Formidable
Lies captive to a British cable.
Would you demand the glorious cause
Whence Britain every trophy draws?
You need not puzzle long your wit;—
Fame, from her trumpet, answers—Pitt!

FOR THE YEAR 1767.

Dismal the news, which Jackson's yearly bard
Each circling Christmas brings,—"The times are hard!"
There was a time when Granby's grenadiers
Trim'd the lac'd jackets of the French Mounseers:
When every week produc'd some lucky hit,
And all our paragraphs were plann'd by Pitt.
We Newsmen drank—as England's heroes fought,
While every victory procur'd—a pot.
Abroad, we conquer'd France, and humbled Spain;
At home, rich harvests crown'd the laughing plain.
Then ran in numbers free the Newsman's verses,
Blithe were our hearts, and full our leathern purses.

* The French Admiral. W.
† Another French Admiral. W.

But now, no more the stream of plenty flows,
No more new conquests warm the Newsman's nose.
Our shatter'd cottages admit the rain,
Our infants stretch their hands for bread in vain.
All hope is fled, our families are undone;
Provisions all are carried up to London;
Our copious granaries distillers thin,
Who raise our bread—but do not cheapen gin.
The' effects of exportation still we rue;
I wish the' exporters were exported too!
In every Pot-house is unpaid our score;
And generous Captain Jolly ticks no more!
Yet still in store some happiness remains,
Some triumphs that may grace these annual strains.
Misfortunes past no longer I repeat—
George has declar'd—that we again shall eat.
Sweet Willhelminy,* spite of wind and tide,
Of Denmark's monarch shines the blooming bride:
She's gone! but there's another in her stead,
For of a princess Charlotte's† brought to bed:—
Oh, could I but have had one single sup,
One single sniff, at Charlotte's caudle-cup!—
I hear—God bless it—'tis a charming girl,
So here's her health in half a pint of purl.
But much I fear, this rhyme-exhausted song
Has kept you from your Christmas cheer too long.
Our poor endeavours view with gracious eye,
And bake these lines beneath a Christmas-Pie!

* Or rather Caroline Matilda, married in 1766.

† Princess Charlotta Augusta Matilda, born Sept. 29, 1766, and married to Frederic William duke of Wirtemberg, May 1, 1797.

FOR THE YEAR 1768.

STILL shall the Newsman's annual rhymes
Complain of taxes and the times?
Each year our Copies shall we make on
The price of butter, bread, and bacon?
Forbid it, all ye powers of verse!
A happier subject I rehearse.
Farewell distress and gloomy cares!
A merrier theme my Muse prepares.
For lo! to save us, on a sudden,
In shape of porter, beef, and pudding,
Though late, Electioneering comes!—
Strike up, ye trumpets, and ye drums!
At length we change our wonted note,
And feast, all winter, on a vote.
Sure, canvassing was never hotter!
But whether Harcourt, Nares, or Cotter,*
At this grand crisis will succeed,
We Freemen have not yet decreed.—
Methinks, with mirth your sides are shaking,
To hear us talk of Member-making!
Yet know, that we direct the state;
On us depends the nation's fate.—
What though some doctor's cast-off wig
O'ershades my pate, not worth a fig;
My whole apparel in decay;
My beard unshav'd—on New-Year's day;
In me behold (the land's protector)
A Freeman, Newsman and Elector!
Though cold, and all unshod, my toes;—
My breast for Britain's freedom glows:—

* Candidates for the city of Oxford. W.

Though turn'd, by poverty, my coat,
It ne'er was turn'd—to give a vote.
Meantime, howe'er improv'd our fate is
By jovial cups, each evening, gratis;
Forget not, midst your Christmas cheer,
The customs of the coming year:—
In answer to this short Epistle,
Your tankard send, to wet our whistle!

FOR THE YEAR 1770.

As now petitions are in fashion
With the first patriots of the nation;
In spirit high, in pocket low,
We patriots of the Butcher-Row,
Thus, like our betters, ask redress
For high and mighty grievances,
Real, though penn'd in rhyme, as those
Which oft our Journal gives in prose:—
"Ye rural 'squires, so plump and sleek,
Who study—Jackson, once a week;
While now your hospitable board
With cold sirloin is amply stor'd;
And old October, nutmeg'd nice,
Send us a tankard and a slice!
Ye country parsons, stand our friends,
While now the driving sleet descends!
Give us your antiquated canes,
To help us through the miry lanes;
Or with a rusty grizzle wig
This Christmas deign our pates to rig.
Ye noble gem'men of the Gown,
View not our verses with a frown!

But, in return for quick despatches,
Invites us to your buttery hatches!
Ye too, whose houses are so handy,
For coffee, tea, rum, wine, and brandy;
Pride of fair Oxford's gawdy streets,
You too our strain submissive greets!
Hear Horseman, Spindlow, King, and Harper![*]
The weather sure was never sharper:—
Matron of Matrons, Martha Baggs!
Dram your poor Newsman clad in rags!
Dire mischiefs folks above are brewing,
The nation's—and the Newsman's ruin;—
'Tis yours our sorrows to remove;
And if thus generous ye prove;
For friends so good we're bound to pray
Till—next returns a New-Year's Day!
"Giv'n at our melancholy cavern,
The cellar of the Sheep's-Head Tavern."

FOR THE YEAR 1771.

Delicious news—a war with Spain!
New rapture fires our Christmas strain.
Behold, to strike each Briton's eyes,
What bright victorious scenes arise!
What paragraphs of English glory
Will master Jackson set before ye!
The governor of Buenos Ayres
Shall dearly pay for his vagaries;
For whether North, or whether Chatham,
Shall rule the roast, we must have-at-'em:

[*] Keepers of noted coffee-houses in Oxford. W.

Galloens—Havannah—Porto Bello,—
Ere long, will make the nation mellow:—
Our late trite themes we view with scorn,
Bellas the bold, and parson Horne:
Nor more, through many a tedious winter,
The triumphs of the patriot Squinter,
The Ins and Outs, with cant eternal,
Shall crowd each column of our Journal.—
After a dreary season past,
Our turn to live is come at last:
Gen'rals, and Admirals, and Jews,
Contractors, Printers, Men of News,
All thrive by war, and line their pockets,
And leave the works of peace to blockheads.
But stay, my Muse, this hasty fit—
The war is not declar'd as yet:
And we, though now so blithe we sing,
May all be press'd to serve the King!
Therefore, meantime, our Masters dear,
Produce your hospitable cheer:—
While we, with much sincere delight,
(Whether we publish news—or fight)
Like England's undegenerate sons,
Will drink—confusion to the Dons!

Galloens Havannah Porto Bello,
Ere long, will make the nation mellow
Our late trite themes we view with scorn,
Bellas the bold, and parson Horne
Nor more, through many a tedious winter,
The triumphs of the patriot Squinter,
The Ins and Outs, with cant eternal,
Shall crowd each column of our Journal.
After a dreary season past,
Our turn to live is come at last
Gen'rals, and Admirals, and Jews,
Contractors, Printers, Men of News,
All thrive by war, and line their pockets,
And leave the works of peace to blockheads
But stay, my Muse, this hasty fit
The war is not declar'd as yet
And we, though now so blithe we sing,
May all be press'd to serve the King!
Therefore, meantime, our Masters dear,
Produce your hospitable cheer
While we, with much sincere delight,
(Whether we publish news or fight)
Like England's undegenerate sons,
Will drink confusion to the Dons!

END OF VOL. XXXIV.

Though turn'd, by poverty, my coat,
It ne'er was turn'd—to give a vote.
Meantime, howe'er improv'd our fate is
By jovial cups, each evening, gratis;
Forget not, midst your Christmas cheer,
The customs of the coming year:—
In answer to this short Epistle,
Your tankard send, to wet our whistle!

FOR THE YEAR 1770.

As now petitions are in fashion
With the first patriots of the nation;
In spirit high, in pocket low,
We patriots of the Butcher-Row,
Thus, like our betters, ask redress
For high and mighty grievances,
Real, though penn'd in rhyme, as those
Which oft our Journal gives in prose:—
"Ye rural 'squires, so plump and sleek,
Who study—Jackson, once a week;
While now your hospitable board
With cold sirloin is amply stor'd;
And old October, nutmeg'd nice,
Send us a tankard and a slice!
Ye country parsons, stand our friends,
While now the driving sleet descends!
Give us your antiquated canes,
To help us through the miry lanes;
Or with a rusty grizzle wig
This Christmas deign our pates to rig.
Ye noble gem'men of the Gown,
View not our verses with a frown!

Galleons—Havannah—Porto Bello,—
Ere long, will make the nation mellow:—
Our late trite themes we view with scorn,
Bellas the bold, and parson Horne:
Nor more, through many a tedious winter,
The triumphs of the patriot Squinter,
The Ins and Outs, with cant eternal,
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